★ PHOTOPLAY

combined with Movie Mirror

15¢

March

SHIRLEY TEMPLE
BY PAUL HESSE

This Issue!

Complete Returns From
PHOTOPLAY'S ANNUAL POLL
Of Favorite Stars
And Pictures
for 1944
Announced By
DR. GEORGE GALLUP

● M-M 2/47 3V R
MRS C SLOSBERG
7 CLEVELAND RD
BROOKLINE MASS 46

Radiant...

Softer, Smoother Skin

with just One Cake of Camay!



Tests by doctors prove— Camay is really mild

Romantic new softness, fresher beauty, for *your* skin—with just *one cake* of Camay! Yes, lovelier skin comes as quickly as that, when you give up careless methods and go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested this mild care on over 100 complexions—on skin like yours. And with the very *first* cake of Camay, most complexions simply bloomed—fresher and clearer and lovelier!

. . . it cleanses without irritation

These tests are your proof of Camay's *mildness* . . . your proof it can benefit the skin. *"Camay is really mild,"* confirmed the doctors, *"it cleansed without irritation."* So why don't you try this tested beauty care . . . and see what striking improvement just *one cake* of Camay can bring to your skin!



. . . go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet

Take only one minute—each night and morning. Cream that mild Camay lather over your face—with special attention to nose and chin. Rinse warm. Give oily skin a final C-O-L-D splash. Start tonight! And watch your skin take on glorious new freshness, softer charm—with just *one cake* of Camay!

Cherish Camay—precious war materials go into soap, so it's patriotic to use the last sliver—every bit!



Mrs. Charles W. Diehl, Jr., Minneapolis

Lovely . . . gossamer wedding veil framing her Camay complexion! *"You'll find exciting new beauty for your skin, too,"* she confides, *"with your very first cake of Camay."*



"Rather hold their hats than their hands, Honey?"





GIRL: Cupid dear... isn't that a sort of silly question?

CUPID: Silly? Listen, Child: My business is Romance.
And the way you let those boys skate off
without you... well, it isn't so good for business.

GIRL: *Let* them skate off? How could I
stop them? I'm no glamour girl!

CUPID: You could have tried smiling at them!
Even a plain girl can be pretty when she smiles.

GIRL: Not *this* plain girl, Cupid. My teeth—honest,
I'm a one-woman dimout. I brush my teeth every—

CUPID: Ever see "pink" on your tooth brush?

GIRL: Well, yes, but...



CUPID: ...you ignore it! By the Everlasting
Double-Ring Ceremony, Child! Don't you know that tinge
of "pink" is a warning to *see your dentist right away?*

GIRL: But—

CUPID: ...because he may say your gums have gotten
tender, robbed of exercise by soft, modern foods. And he
may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: But we were talking about *my smile!* Not my—

CUPID: Listen, Child... Ipana Tooth Paste and massage
were *born* to help your smile! Massaging a little
extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth
helps your gums to healthier, ruddier firmness.
And healthier gums mean sounder teeth, a brighter
smile... and somebody to hold *your* hat while you skate!
Get started on a brighter smile today, Baby!



Product of Bristol-Myers

For the Smile of Beauty— IPANA AND MASSAGE



This month's column should really be called "The Audiences Roar". In the twenty years that this leonine toastmaster has been introducing films, we have yet to experience an audience reaction like that revealed at the previews of "National Velvet".



★ ★ ★ ★

"National Velvet" is a baby we're proud of—almost proudest of. It is something!

★ ★ ★ ★

The story is as simple as an alphabet. The suspense mounts like Everest. You'll just love it.

★ ★ ★ ★

It's the kinship with the characters that makes it. You just want to see "Velvet" win out.

★ ★ ★ ★

After you've seen it you may stop perfect strangers in the street and say "Have you seen 'National Velvet'?" You may get some dirty looks at first, but after those people have gone to the picture they may come around and thank you.

★ ★ ★ ★

What is it that makes this picture so great? Surely it's not just a horse race—even though the Grand National steeplechase—done as it's done—is a high spot in all entertainment annals.

★ ★ ★ ★

No. It's what's behind every action. It's in the playing—in the direction—in the production.

★ ★ ★ ★

That's why Clarence Brown, the director, has reason to be proud. "National Velvet" is enough to allow anyone to rest on laurels. And that goes for Pandro Berman, the producer.

★ ★ ★ ★



Mickey Rooney, as the trainer of "Pi", gives an acting performance that outranks everything he has ever done on the screen.

★ ★ ★ ★



Dear Us! What superlatives! But we can't help it. We'll have to go even further. Elizabeth Taylor's performance means her discovery.

★ ★ ★ ★

Enid Bagnold's best-selling novel could not have been entrusted to a more excellent supporting cast. Special mention for Donald Crisp, Anne Revere, Angela Lansbury, Jackie Jenkins, Arthur Treacher.

★ ★ ★ ★

England's "green and pleasant land" is so beautiful in Technicolor. And the screen play by Theodore Reeves and Helen Deutsch is exceptionally right.

★ ★ ★ ★

It has greatness—charm—excitement. It has our absolute recommendation—

★ ★ ★ ★

That's "Velvet"!

—*Leo*

PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S "FIRST MILLION" MOVIE-GOERS

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Fred R. Sammis, Editorial Director
Elaine Osterman, Hollywood Manager
Edmund Davenport, Art Director
Hymie Fink, Staff Photographer
Helen Gilmore, Editor
Adele Whitely Fletcher, Associate Editor
Sara Hamilton, Associate Editor
Ruth Waterbury, Contributing Editor

Cover: Shirley Temple, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

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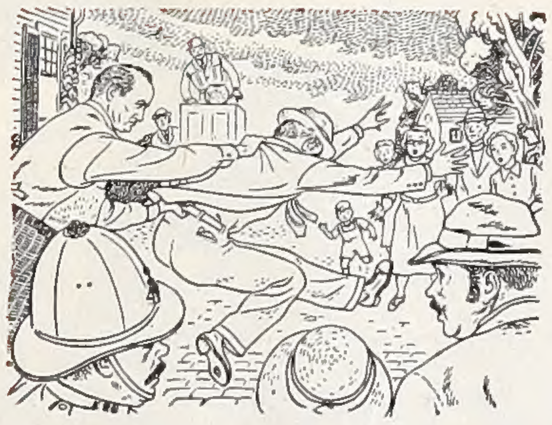
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HERE AT M-G-M, WE SINCERELY BELIEVE



"NATIONAL VELVET" IS ONE OF THE FINEST



PICTURES WE HAVE EVER MADE...AND WE'VE



BEEN MAKING THEM FOR TWENTY YEARS.



National Velvet

in TECHNICOLOR

A CLARENCE BROWN Production

Based on the Novel "National Velvet" by Enid Bagnold

STARRING

MICKEY ROONEY

with

DONALD CRISP • ELIZABETH TAYLOR

ANNE REVERE·ANGELA LANSBURY·JACKIE JENKINS

ARTHUR TREACHER • Directed by CLARENCE BROWN

Produced by PANDRO S. BERMAN • Screen Play by Theodore Reeves and Helen Deutsch • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

INSIDE STUFF

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMIE FINK



New-weds at La Rue: Colonel Elliott Roosevelt and his bride, Faye Emerson

Nuptials in the News: Of course the most excitement that Hollywood had in many a moon was the Faye Emerson-Elliott Roosevelt marriage—and you can bet Faye is still the most excited girl anywhere. Positively beaming all over the place. Faye didn't get to meet her "in-laws," the President and First Lady of the United States, until Christmas. She and Elliott spent a few days at the White House. Her picture schedule made it impossible for her to leave right quick. There were added scenes for "Hotel Berlin" to make before a trip was possible. And is Warners' face red! Faye had, up to becoming a member of the President's family, appeared in thirteen pictures for that studio. In many of them she played a ba-ad girl! Some are yet to be released! But how were Warners to know they'd have F.D.R.'s daughter-in-law in their midst all of a sudden? They might have guessed, though, because this romance started a year ago when Elliott was in Hollywood. He asked Johnny Meyers (Errol Flynn's pal) to take him through the studios. On the second set he met Faye Emerson and there his tour ended. However, no one was more surprised over the wedding than a certain pretty Captain in the WACs who really thought she might be his bride. Faye left a broken heart behind her in the person of Bob Anderson, whom she'd been seeing much of before the surprising (to most) and hectic nuptials!

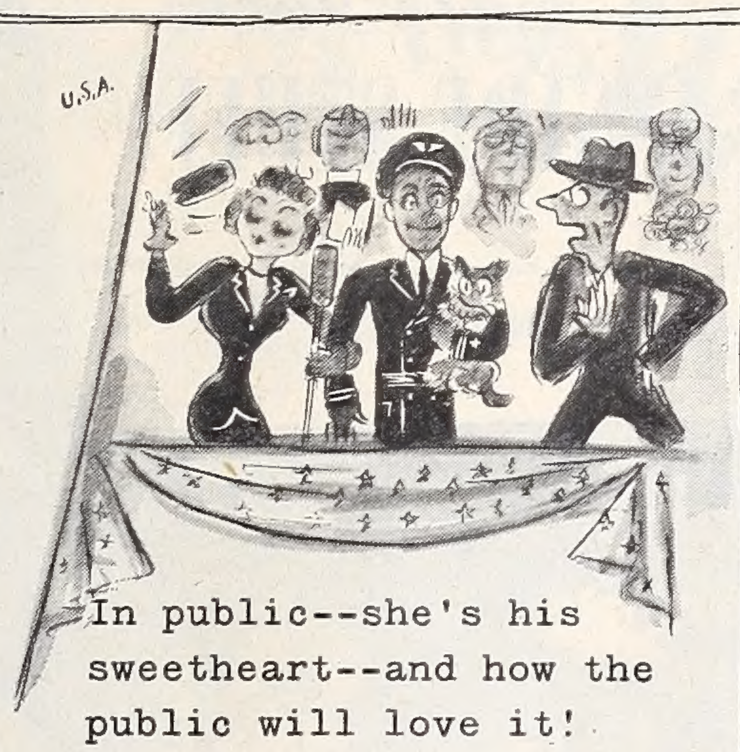
Cal's Town: The Tommy Dorsey-Alan Smiley-Pat Dane-Jon Hall fracas is ended—all but that plastic mask over Jon's rehabilitated nose—but the rumors that float around town as to why Jon couldn't or wouldn't prosecute or testify damagingly are really frightening. Anyway Cal's glad it's over and done with and we wager Frances Langford is too . . . Speaking of court trials, Olivia de Havilland won another victory over Warners in the Second District Court of Appeals . . . The town was shocked over Laird Cregar's sudden death at the age of twenty-eight and at the very beginning of a great future. Perhaps the shedding of too much poundage may have caused the heart attack that ended his life a few days after a hernia operation. Cal recalls the last time he talked to Laird. We were lunching at a corner table in the dining room at Twentieth Century-Fox when Laird wandered in, spied us and sat down. Tony Quinn came strolling in a little later and joined the party. The bartering that went on between Laird and Tony over the purchase of a huge bed that Tony had for sale was worth listening to. We were amused, too, at the look of almost childish disappointment on Laird's face when the waitress set before him the smallest cream puff imaginable. "Haven't you a larger one?" he asked, almost wistfully. Perhaps the desire for a bigger dessert was a throw-back to those awful years of 1939 and 1940 when Laird was hungry and homeless, sleeping in the backs of sedans, eating when friends came to his aid. We were there at the old El Capitan Theater the night Laird electrified audiences in his first professional stage role, "Oscar Wilde." Although we'd seen Robert Morley in the role in New York, Cal had to admit this young man outshone the English actor.

Sad, too, about young Douglas McPhail, whom Lawrence Tibbett once called the greatest young baritone he'd ever heard. Cal remembers the first time he saw Douglas on the screen, and the last time, in "Seven Sweethearts." His marriage to Betty Jaynes was over and so were his ambitions. He (*Continued on page* 6)

Melisse says: "It's practically a riot when a hero comes back to the girl he didn't leave behind him!"



A hero who'd put the Japs on the spot finds himself on the spot--like this!



In public--she's his sweetheart--and how the public will love it!



In private--she's his problem even with 'the other fellow' out of the picture!



A fox-hole was never like this--but beds bore him after what he's been through!



When that collapsible boat expands--they almost scuttle the subway and will surely shuffle away the blues!



What a gay 'dog' MacMurray is--and has! No wonder Claudette's worried!



Paramount presents

Claudette Colbert

She's the loveliest mistake a man ever kissed!

Fred MacMurray

He didn't want to love her —but the way she kisses is terrific!

in

"Practically Yours"

It's a laughing, loving riot that hands a man a sweetheart when he isn't looking.

with GIL LAMB • CECIL KELLAWAY
ROBERT BENCHLEY • JANE FRAZEE • MIKHAIL RASUMNY

A MITCHELL LEISEN Production

Written by Norman Krasna
Directed by MITCHELL LEISEN

You can have *Glamorous Hair* OVERNIGHT!



FAY McKENZIE
young star of Pictures and Radio who last appeared in "The Singing Sheriff"

Try Glover's Famous 3-WAY MEDICINAL TREATMENT

Overnight—you'll *see* and *feel* the difference! One application will convince you! Glover's leaves your hair softer, radiant, sparklingly high-lighted, with *added* loveliness, no matter what style hair-do you like best. Try *all three* Glover's preparations—Glover's Mange Medicine, famous since 1876—GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo—Glover's Imperial Hair Dress! Try them separately, or in one complete treatment. Ask at any Drug Store, today!

TRIAL SIZE—send Coupon for all three products in hermetically-sealed bottles, packed in special carton, with complete instructions for the 3-Way overnight *treatment, and useful FREE booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."*

Apply with massage for DANDRUFF, ANNOYING SCALP and excessive FALLING HAIR.



1—Apply Glover's Mange Medicine, with massage, for Dandruff, Annoying Scalp, excessive Falling Hair.



2—For soft, lustrous hair, use Glo-Ver Beauty Shampoo in hard or soft water.



3—Use Glover's Imperial Non-alcoholic and Antiseptic Hair Dress. The delicate scent lingers.



Glover's, 101 W. 31st St., Dept. 553, New York 1, N. Y.
Send "Complete Trial Application" package in plain wrapper by return mail, containing Glover's Mange Medicine, Glo-Ver Beauty Shampoo and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress, in hermetically-sealed bottles, with informative FREE booklet. I enclose 25c.

Name.....

Address.....

☐ Sent FREE to members of the Armed Forces on receipt of 10c to cover postage and packing.

Cal York's INSIDE STUFF



Two comers and a captain: Jane Wyman, her Captain Ronald Reagan and June Allyson at the "Thirty Seconds" premiere



Big-timer at a big-time premiere: Clark Gable stops to chat with the usherette

(*Continued from page* 4)

drank too much and seemed not to be able to combat it. And now at thirty-eight he's dead by his own hand. Death can take them young, too young, in Hollywood.

News of Our Boys: To be an actor, a good one, a fellow has to be a pretty emotional and sometimes a pretty sensitive fellow. That's why some of our boys are finding it hard to adjust themselves so suddenly to the rigors and demands of military life.

Donald O'Connor, for instance, never knew any life outside show business from his early toddling days. He never attended public school, played football on the corner lot with the gang, or had a chance to learn how to mix with boys outside show business.

Today Donald is a very sick boy confined to a hospital in Santa Ana in the nervous fatigue ward. Donald is just as ill as those boys who have suffered overseas—mentally groping for adjustment, longing with every breath to be allowed to do the thing he knows best—to entertain anywhere, at the front, any front, any time.

Naturally, civilians have no say in this matter, as military authorities know what the rules are, but Hollywood can't help but feel if Donald were permitted at least to try entertaining, here or abroad, a good lad might be saved from serious illness and many boys would profit from it. As it is, he is contributing nothing to the war effort and suffering because of it.

In the same ward was musician Dave Rose, Judy Garland's ex-husband. Perhaps if Dave (more sensitive than Rooney), had been given the same opportunity as Mickey, to lead a band overseas, his nerves would never have given way. As it is now, he is recovering slowly and will probably be back on duty by this time.

Lt. (j.g.) John Howard returned to Hollywood for a brief visit after two years overseas on a mine sweeper. He was thin, nervous and not the least interested in food. His aunt, Mrs. Elizabeth Hill who runs the little hat shop near Photoplay, told us of John's struggle to readjust himself to a life that even now seems foreign to him. And it only seems yesterday John and Hedy Lamarr were going to movies together.

Lt. Howard is now a naval instructor at Cornell University, but expects to be sent overseas again very shortly. Interesting, too, that John received the Navy Cross for his work in commanding a ship under fire and aiding in the rescue of his crew.

Sgt. George Reeves tells an amusing story on himself. While he was still a civilian he went over to Fort Roach to make several training films. The first week after his induction George was sent to study some films showing a soldier going through the manual of arms. To Reeves' amazement he discovered he was sitting there watching himself

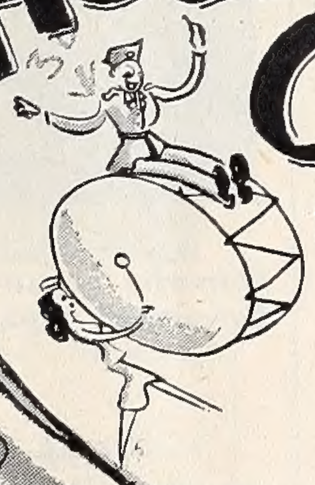
(*Continued on page* 8)

Valentines! from Warners!

62 HOLLYWOOD STARS!

3 SENSATIONAL BANDS in

"HOLLYWOOD CANTEEN"



Songs! "DON'T FENCE ME IN"
Songs! "SWEET DREAMS, SWEETHEART"
Songs! AND MANY MORE!

It's a wonderful, wonder-filled love story too!

That very sensational woman's very sensational debut!

HUMPHREY

BOGART

with

LAUREN BACALL

and

WALTER BRENNAN



in Ernest Hemingway's

"TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT"

A HOWARD HAWKS PRODUCTION

Full of big surprises-- and thrill upon thrill!

ERROL FLYNN



OBJECTIVE BURMA!

with WILLIAM PRINCE • JAMES BROWN
GEO. TOBIAS • HENRY HULL
WARNER ANDERSON

Roses are red, Violets are blue
WARNER BROS.
made these hits for you!

Jack L. Warner, *Executive Producer*



Evening in Paris

YOU'VE NEVER WORN
A MORE FLATTERING

Face Powder!

"Triple Color-Blending"
Creates Gloriously Flattering
Face Powder Shades

The warm, rich, luscious color in face powder that you've always longed for . . . created for you by an amazing French process, *exclusive* in America with Bourjois.

Evening in Paris is truly the face powder of your dreams . . . smooth, long-clinging, veiling drab skin and tiny surface flaws with a delicate mist of exquisite color. Wear this new beauty powder, and learn why it is said "to make a lovely lady even lovelier . . . Evening in Paris face powder."



FACE POWDER $1.00 · ROUGE 50c
LIPSTICK 50c · PERFUME $1.25 to $10.00
(*All prices plus tax*)

BOURJOIS

NEW YORK · DISTRIBUTOR

Tune in "Here's to Romance," with Jim Ameche and Ray Bloch's Orchestra, featuring Larry Douglas with guest stars — Thursday evenings, Columbia Network.

Cal York's



Dorothy Lamour, hostessing at the Wynn Rocamora party, and Zachary Scott

(*Continued from page* 6)

on the screen teach himself in the audience.

Sgt. Reeves is a member of the "Winged Victory" troupe and will soon be seen in that film.

"Him no longer ride elephants, him ride bombers," a friend of Sabu's told Cal recently. And what's more, the lad from India, a belly-gunner in a bomber, has completed his eighth Pacific mission. Two of them were over Leyte.

Navy Lt. Wayne Morris came back to Hollywood on a short leave to see for the first time his six-months-old daughter Pam. Wayne is now an ace, having shot down his seventh Jap plane. The former actor is a member of the 15th Carrier Squadron, called "The Fabulous 15th," because its members together have accounted for 350 enemy planes so far. Wayne was one of the first Hollywood actors to enlist.

On Love: The Bob Huttons have a strange design for marriage, it seems to Cal. "We'll wait till we've been married a year, or maybe longer, before we decide whether we want to stay together" is their decision.

Glimpsed a happy bride and groom driving out the bridal path in Beverly Hills a day or two after their wedding. Through their rear window Cal could see a very blonde head (hair all done up on top, too) nestled close up to the driver of the car. When we were side-by-side we glanced again at the car. It was Veronica Lake snuggled up to Andre De Toth and the look of happiness on Veronica's face almost blinded us. What a change has come over that girl through love. You wouldn't know the hot-tempered, unmanageable Veronica of yore.

INSIDE STUFF



Present too: Bonita Granville and Photoplay's Editorial Director, Fred Sammis

Comments: Paul Hesse's lavish color pictures on Maureen O'Hara have won her the Woman's Home Companion's vote for the most beautiful woman in Hollywood. And what a beautiful home companion, too. . . .

Olivia de Havilland lost ten pounds with pneumonia in the Fiji Islands and looks more beautiful than ever. What a jinx has hounded Livvie this past year in work, love and health. . . .

That pipe Lana Turner is smoking is a chic affair designed to hold loose cigarette tobacco. But what about that cigar Cal saw a prominent Hollywood woman smoking at a night club the other night? Brother, that even smelled like the real thing.

Sonny and Suits: Sonny Tufts can claim to be the world's most-dressed man. He started at dawn the other day in a 1910 outfit for "Miss Susie Slagle." Next switch was to an Army uniform for "Duffy's Tavern." Then he got into 1885 Western garb to make tests for "The Virginian." When he got home (in slacks) Mrs. T. told him they were going to a formal dinner party—and to rush into his tux!

Shhh! Gossip!: Ran into Van Johnson in Ann Meredith's beauty shop and felt darned sorry for him. Due to his red hair and very light lashes it is absolutely necessary, and studio orders, that he have his lashes dyed every so often for the camera. Otherwise, he'd have no expression on the screen. So, once in a while when we'd pop into Meredith's to get our latest dish of gossip (yep, we have our operators everywhere) there would be Van.

Knowing it would cause him endless embarrassment, we pretended not to notice, even when such delectable

Are you in the know?

Try this often, if you aim to be—
- ☐ A good skate
- ☐ A pretty Kitty
- ☐ Queen of the Ice Follies

You're on thin ice, complexion-wise, without a daily workout. If you'd be a pretty Kitty, get that out-of-doors glow . . . it makes your skin look smoother, clearer. And you needn't skip those skating sessions on certain days. Moderate exercise is helpful—and *comfortable*, with Kotex. For Kotex gives you the kind of softness that doesn't just "feel" soft at first touch. Unlike flimsy napkins, Kotex *stays soft while wearing*. You get hours of chafeless comfort with Kotex sanitary napkins.



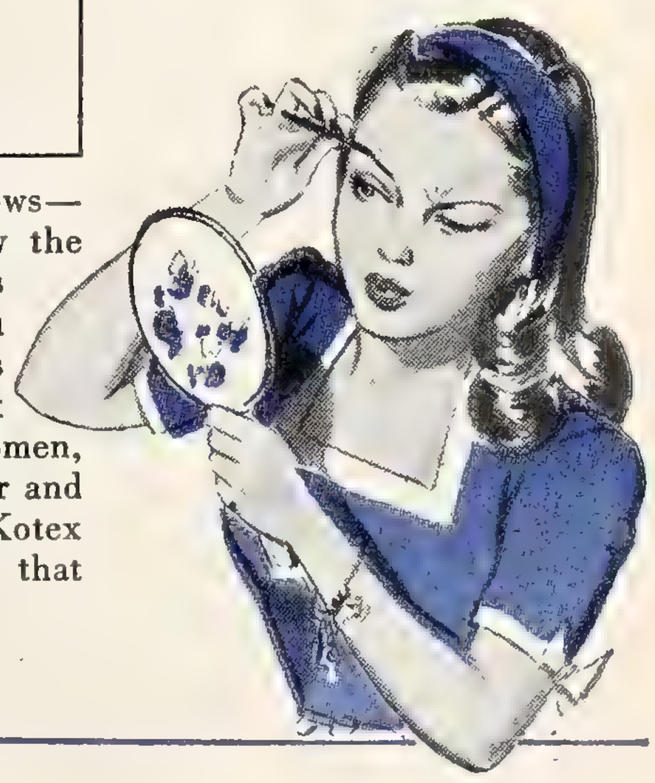


Would you say this character was—
- ☐ Slightly balmy
- ☐ Learning sign language
- ☐ Getting glamour-hands

Time on your hands is well spent. Glamour-hands can be yours by faithfully massaging each finger with a softening cream. (Pretend you're smoothing on a snug glove.) Shrewd grooming helps to banish self-consciousness. So, too, on calendar days, self-consciousness departs when you're shrewd enough to choose Kotex. Kotex is different from thick, stubby napkins because Kotex has *flat, tapered ends* that don't show. So no revealing lines can ruffle your smoothness, your poise.

For tearless tweezing, should you—
- ☐ Soften brows with hot water
- ☐ Spread skin taut
- ☐ Use quick, firm pull

When weeding out wayward eyebrows—weep no more, my lady. Just follow the routine given above. (All three answers are correct.) By the way, did you know that Kotex offers three answers to napkin needs? Yes, *only* Kotex comes in *three sizes*—for different women, different days. There's Regular, Junior and Super Kotex. And all three sizes of Kotex have that special *4-ply safety center* that gives you *extra* protection.





*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins put together

Cal York's INSIDE STUFF

items as Kay Williams came along with him. And then one night a certain radio commentator spilled the beans and in such a way as to make it appear Van was indulging in some personal vanity. So this notice is just to straighten things out and to clear Van, who was acting only on the camera's demands. And here's a tip to Van. Hope, who does the job, couldn't have been more miserable over the broadcast. She has never once mentioned Van's visits. . . .

Incidentally we saw Kay Williams at a party given Col. Elliott Roosevelt just before his marriage to Faye Emerson. We thought Kay looked awfully wistful when the name Clark Gable was mentioned to her by another friend.

"How is Clark?" she asked without even trying to hide the loneliness in her voice.

"Clark?" we said. "Thought it was Van Johnson and you as a steady twosome."



Gay and thoughtful: Diana Lynn and Helmut Dantine

To our relief she laughed, "You call one postcard from Van while in Mexico for three weeks and no dates since his return a romance?" she asked.

By the way, we heard under cover Clark is seeing Virginia Bruce again. But a friend of Clark's told us confidentially the last thing Mr. Gable wants in this world is to get married. And what's more, he isn't getting married. Well, Cal could tell you a story about that, too, but it's too long and besides, true as it is, you wouldn't believe it.

Lana for the Defense: To be loved by Lana Turner is to be loved forthrightly, and by one unafraid to champion the cause of her man. When a writer recently took a poke or two at Turhan Bey in print, Lana telephoned to explain that she felt the jibes were due to the writer's not understanding Turhan, and so, sensibly and logically (but still close to tears, don't forget), Lana "explained" her man. She painted a new picture of the young Turk for those (and that writer included) who might reasonably misunderstand, stressing his gentlemanliness, his breeding, his straightforward thinking, his lack of awe at Hollywood, his fine sense of humor, his bewilderment at Hollywood's determination to misunderstand

irresistible lips are

Dearly Beloved

For heart-stirring lips,

IRRESISTIBLE PINK ORCHID, a brilliant, lustrous, high-voltage pink . . . new favorite in a lipstick famous for color flattery. Non-drying, longer-lasting thanks to Irresistible's secret WHIP-TEXTing process. Matching rouge and powder.



the bride-to-be wears

Irresistible pink orchid Lipstick

10c — 25c SIZES

NEW SWIVEL CASE

WHIP-TEXT TO STAY ON LONGER . . . S-M-O-O-T-H-E-R!

him. And she did her work so well, there will be no more rumors unfounded on fact from that quarter.

Cal, who knows and likes Turhan Bey well, would like to go on record as confirming Lana's analysis one hundred per cent.

Baby Data: Rita Hayworth and Orson Welles are Ma and Pa and it's a daughter. They didn't care whether it was a boy or a girl—but were just crazy for the infant to arrive. And Rita plans on taking a long rest away from Hollywood before she even thinks about making a picture. Speaking of new arrivals, the Dana Andrews have a son born about a week before Christmas. When Dana asked his little boy what he'd like—a little brother or a sister—the child answered, "What else *is* there?"

Pin-ups Again: Betty Grable, being good-natured as all git-out, went over to the studio one afternoon and in one single session in the portrait gallery posed for no less than seventy pictures. And the cameramen say that she made a bunch of pin-ups that are even more successful than that sensational bathing suit picture of last year—remember? One of the gowns they whipped up for Betty to wear in her new picture had eyes popping all over the lot. It is made entirely of mink skins—tacked loosely so that they dangle like fringe when she walks. Underneath is pale pink chiffon over a flesh-colored slip—so it looks as if there were nothing under the minks but Betty! But of course it only looks that way. And it has everybody looking twice—and then twice more!

Chatter: All of June Haver's V-mail is going to Farley Granger these days . . . Irene Dunne is putting a lot of money into a new cosmetic firm . . . Sight of the month: Sydney Greenstreet driving up to the premiere of "The Very Thought Of You" in the sidecar of a motorcycle. Didn't know they built 'em that big! . . . Another sight to see is Sonny Tufts doing his imitations of just about everybody in Hollywood—even Veronica Lake. That one has his co-workers on the set in stitches . . . Garbo and her boy friend Gaylord Hauser are about to start a health farm in upper New York State . . . There are a hundred and ninety-one pages of script for "Weekend At The Waldorf," but Lana Turner and Ginger Rogers, both in the film, never meet face to face in it. Lana is keeping a scrapbook of World War II for her daughter Cheryl. And there are two hundred pages in it already . . . Lt. Bob Preston wrote his wife that after he briefs his pilots in France, he feeds them self-made soup—and they love it . . . Martha Raye and her new spouse, Nick Condos, having verbal tiffs right out loud in public places . . . Evelyn Keyes and Director Charles Vidor didn't make their reconciliation pan out, either. And they'll be telling it to a judge. Evelyn's new interest is an Army captain . . . Frankie-boy Sinatra got back to Hollywood just in time to celebrate his birthday—so Nancy tossed



This is your perfume. A joyous fragrance, light as your heart on a gala night, and fun to wear! A perfume that stirs the mind like the rhythm of a dance . . . and, like music, l-i-n-g-e-r-s on.

Perfume, 6.50; 3.50; *debutante size,* 1.10.
Dusting Powder, 1.00.
Toilet Water, 1.75. *Talcum Powder,* 50c.
(*Plus tax*)

GOODBYE DULL DRAB SKIN!



Make the "PATCH TEST"!

See and feel this exciting difference!



Dry Rough Flakes Disappear! Skin Takes on Instant New Freshness! New Clarity!

In just 30 seconds—half a minute—you can *prove* Lady Esther Face Cream, the most beautifying face cream you have ever used!

Just make the "Patch Test"! Rub a little Lady Esther Face Cream on one cheek—wipe it off—and look in your mirror! See how that patch of skin has taken on radiant new freshness! Touch it! Feel how the dry rough flakes are gone!

Now imagine your *whole face* refreshed that way! Your *whole face* instantly beautified—by a single application of Lady Esther Face Cream! Here's what this one cream does: **(1)** It thoroughly *cleans* your skin. **(2)** It *softens* your skin. **(3)** It helps nature *refine* the pores. **(4)** It leaves a smooth, perfect *base* for powder. The proof of all this is right in your mirror! Just make the "Patch Test"—and *compare!*



Lady Esther **4-Purpose Face Cream**

Cal York's INSIDE STUFF



Cheek-to-cheek: Virginia Mayo and Michael O'Shea at Press Photographers' Ball

him a big shindig at the house. That's the kind of partying they like best—it always winds up with a jam-session. And it always winds up with Nancy's doing most of the cooking herself. She's really a great cook!

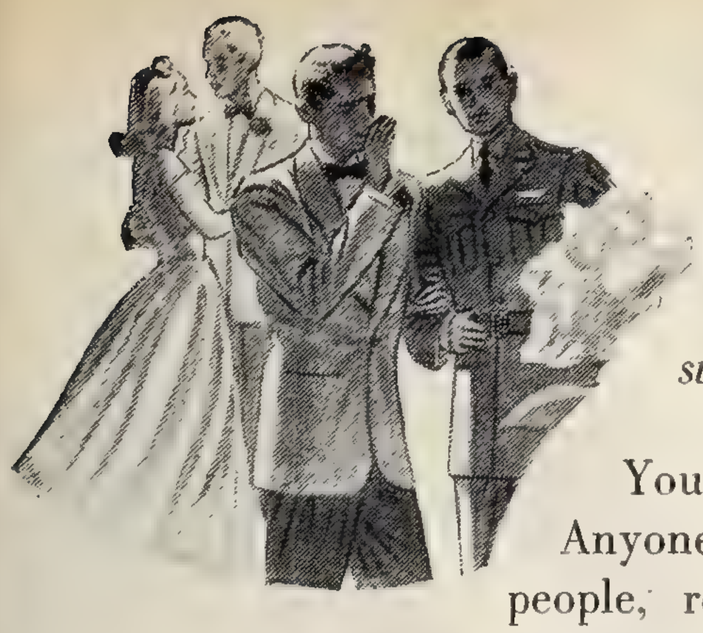
We Remember Lupe: The maid opened the door and asked us to step upstairs. There, in the half-moon-shaped black and silver bed in which she died several years later by her own hand, lay the Mexican spitfire Lupe Velez. "Seet down," she cried. "I don' feel so good so I stay here, eh?"

We remember the almost childlike naivete of her that day, rising from her bed to scream down to the gardener to verify her statement that she and she alone had painted her swimming pool. Still not satisfied, the cook, the secretary, the chauffeur and neighbor's boy must be brought in to prove her story, one we never doubted in the first place.

She talked of love that day. There was an ache in her voice. We knew almost instinctively what it was—memory of the first and great love that she could never forget. The man's name was Gary Cooper.

As we came to know her better we learned many things about Lupe. That

(*Continued on page* 14)



When Karen grew careless *about one little matter* she practically hung on herself the "Don't Disturb" sign. Because, after men found out what her trouble was, they let her severely alone. Too bad . . . she was such a charming girl otherwise.*

You can't always be sure whether or not you have halitosis (bad breath)*. Anyone can offend at some time or other. So many clever people, popular people, realize this and use Listerine Antiseptic before appointments where they want to be at their best. Almost at once Listerine Antiseptic makes the breath purer, sweeter, less likely to offend. Never, never omit it before any date.

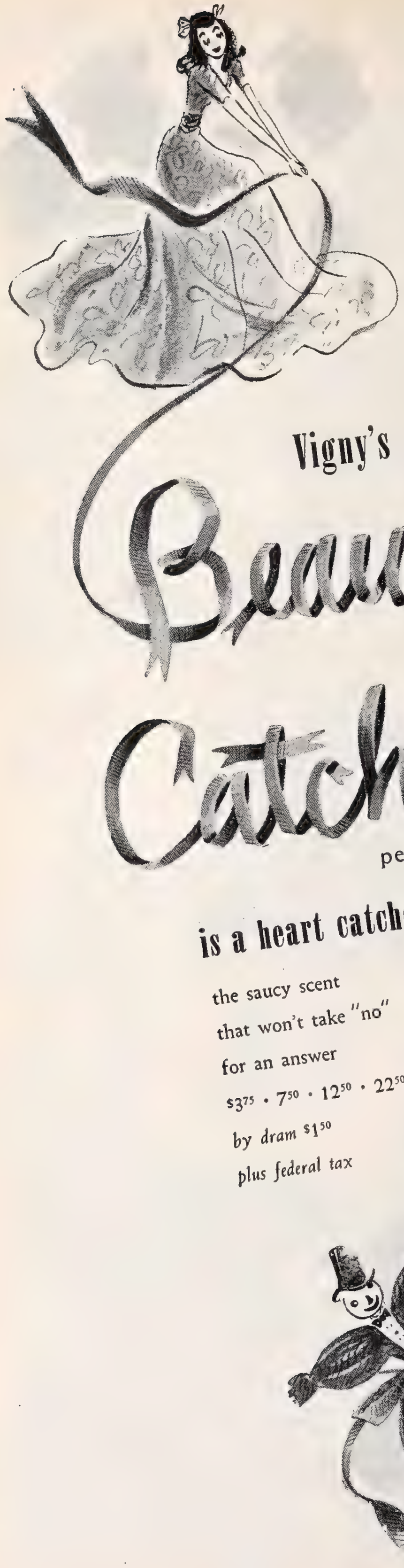
While some cases of halitosis (bad breath) are systemic, most cases, say some noted medical authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation and quickly overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*



LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

. . . for oral hygiene



Cal York's INSIDE STUFF



Ladies-fair: Gene Tierney who wears her "Heart" in initials—and Ann Miller

(*Continued from page* 12)

great pride and sensitiveness hidden behind a strident voice, a laughing front and an I-don't-care attitude, that fooled so many. It was that same pride and sensitiveness that, as sure as Fate, killed Lupe Velez several years later.

It began the day Gary left her to join Dorothy di Frasso for a big game hunt in Africa. Nothing seemed to matter much after that. She slipped into B pictures because—well, it didn't matter, really. She slipped in and out of marriage to Johnny Weissmuller, a marriage punctuated with violent quarrels and disagreements. The color began to fade and the light to dim in Lupe Velez the day Gary walked out of her home. But pride would never let her admit it.

They were like two playful animals together, the big gangling cowboy and this little Mexican fireball, as uninhibited as a monkey, fighting and scratching and howling with laughter. It is odd, recalling the tremendous vitality of her, to think of her dying in that huge bed, desperately alone, with the fire of her burned to ashes.

After Gary married, his wife and Lupe became fast friends for a while, as if each recognized the bond between them. And then Mrs. Cooper went on to other friends and Lupe on to other beaus, Eric Remarque, Big Boy Williams, Arturo de Cordova—but none really mattered. It was only at those Friday-night fights at the American Legion Stadium that the old Lupe blazed forth, a volcano of action. In fact, the audience had a difficult time watching the contestants for Lupe put on a much better show.

The Friday after her death an un-

(*Continued on page* 16)



Your soft, gentle hands make memories... like moonlight.

So through these busier—than—ever days let Trushay help Keep your hands appealing. Always smooth it on before your everyday tasks.

Trushay's the "beforehand" idea in hand care. A rich, creamy heavenly-fragrant lotion... different from all others.

It guards soft hands, even in hot, soapy water. See for yourself... Today.

TRUSHAY

The "Beforehand" Lotion



PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

Permanently Wise



It's a smart gal who insists on the best in a permanent—because she has to live with it a long time.

The same applies to the Bob Pins that keep it in line.



DeLong Bob Pins are the permanent answer. They have a *StrongerGrip* and an indestructible way about them, holding your hair-do firmly when your permanent is only a beautiful memory . . .

StrongerGrip
Won't Slip Out

DeLong

Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years

BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
SNAP FASTENERS STRAIGHT PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SANITARY BELTS

Cal York's INSIDE STUFF

Exclusive-for-each-other smiles: The Dick Haymeses at Slapsie Maxie's



Ssh: It's Jon Hall and his wife Frances Langford dining at Ciro

(*Continued from page* 14)

precedented event took place in that stadium. Her chair was carefully roped off and before the main event, the immense audience rose to its feet while taps was sounded for little Lupe.

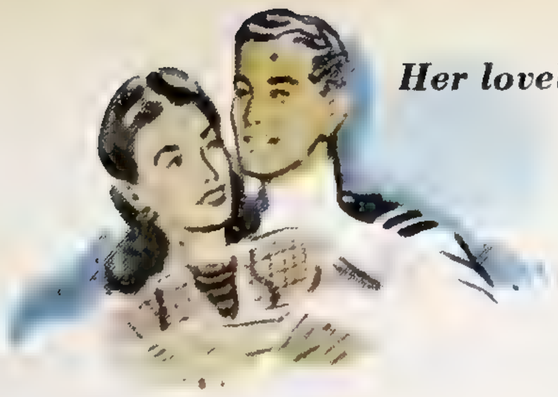
Hollywood loved her. The grips, the carpenters, the secretaries, the publicity boys, the actors who worked with her, the shopgirls, the dressmakers, beauty parlor operators and the press—that same American press she thanked so touchingly in her farewell note.

The housekeeper had gone in to awaken her for breakfast and knew by the strange stillness of her body, so small in that odd black and silver bed, that Lupe was dead. She would have been a mother in five months and the man she loved, Harold Ramond, had not married her.

She first saw Ramond while visiting the "Frenchman's Creek" set. Her romance with de Cordova was then at its peak and Lupe was a frequent visitor on the set, stormily on his side in the set-tos with Joan Fontaine.

Lupe remembered the handsom Ramond, who claimed to be a Frenc actor, but who subsequently proved to be an Austrian, so when Arturo ar Lupe parted, she telephoned Ramon who was flattered at the call from famous a star. And Lupe, anxious find security in home and love, soo found herself seeing the handson actor almost nightly.

And then came the day Lupe ar her doctor told him, and he insisted th marriage be delayed. Had she bee less naive, more scheming, Lupe wou have been living today. But Lupe ha never learned to scheme or conniv Lupe had never bargained for succe with her love. Lupe had been ju Lupe and the town will miss her, n just for a day or two but for always.



Her lovely hair shines just like jet, No wonder she's the brunette threat!

No Other Shampoo

LEAVES YOUR HAIR SO LUSTROUS, YET SO EASY TO MANAGE!



Smart, new combination . . . checks and stripes worn together! A blouse of crisp rayon over a sweater of soft, warm cotton and wool. Her lovely hair, swept up from her face in an unusual new center-part arrangement, owes its shining smoothness to Drene with Hair Conditioner. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Only Drene with Hair Conditioner reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap . . . yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

Does your hair look dull, slightly mousy?

No wonder—if you're washing it with cake soap or liquid soap shampoo! Because soap of any sort leaves a *soap film* which dulls lustre, robs your hair of glamour! Change to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner! Drene never leaves any dulling film. That's why it reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Does your hair-do require constant fiddling?

Men don't like this business of running a comb through your hair in public! Fix your hair so it stays put! And remember Drene with Hair Conditioner leaves hair wonderfully easy to manage, right after shampooing! No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to arrange!

Ssssssshhhhh! But have you dandruff?

Too many girls have! And what a pity. For unsightly dandruff can be easily controlled if you shampoo regularly with Drene. Drene with Hair Conditioner removes every trace of embarrassing dandruff the very first time you use it!

MAKE A DATE WITH Glamour

Tonight . . . don't put it off . . . shampoo your hair the new glamour way! Use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner! Get the combination of beauty benefits only this wonderful improved shampoo can give! ✓ *Extra lustre*. . . up to 33% more than with soap or soap shampoos! ✓ *Manageable hair* . . . easy to comb into smooth shining neatness! ✓ *Complete removal* of dandruff! Insist on Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner, or ask your beauty shop to use it.



Drene Shampoo

WITH

HAIR CONDITIONER

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Product of Procter & Gamble



This is Baby Betty

(SHE HAS IT!)

This is Sister Sue

(HER COMPLEXION NEEDED IT!)





This is what happened

(AFTER SHE GOT IT!)

IT IS THAT IVORY LOOK...YOU CAN HAVE IT, TOO...

It's a promise! Your complexion can be smoother, softer, lovelier. Look at Baby Betty's kissable cheek—and take her beauty tip. Just change from careless complexion care to regular, gentle cleansings with that pure, mild cake of Ivory Soap.

More doctors advise Ivory for your complexion than all other brands put together! No facial soap on earth can bring you more beauty. Ivory contains no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might irritate your skin. Try Ivory care today ...and watch your skin start to glow— with that Ivory Look!



IT FLOATS!

99 44/100% pure

Make your Ivory go further. The ingredients that go into soap have vital war uses.

More doctors advise Ivory—

THAN ALL OTHER BRANDS PUT TOGETHER

The *Shadow* Stage

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding

✓✓ The Keys Of The Kingdom (20th Century-Fox)

POWERFULLY moving and tenderly touching, is A. J. Cronin's story of the humble and seemingly misfit priest who accepts a post in China and endures through plague and revolution, scorn and isolation, with the combined qualities of the true Christian—strength and humility.

Gregory Peck breathes into *Father Francis Chisholm* the character and humanness of the priest who renounced all comfort and offers made through false Christianity, all easy detours to a world of ease, to choose the harder, rougher, but truer path. His is a splendid characterization and one that will definitely establish him as an actor, but we sincerely hope that it will not limit his abilities through typing.

The atmosphere of China has seldom been caught so realistically. His first humble abode and later his church and mission, the paths and lanes and village, the people of every type who live there, have been done with a restraining and understanding touch.

The pompous stuffiness of Vincent Price as *Rev. Angus Mealy* is fitting contrast to the more humble *Father Chisholm*. Thomas Mitchell as the doctor friend, Rosa Stradner as *Mother Maria-Veronica* and Edmund Gwenn as *Rev. Hamish MacNab*, turn in about as fine performances as you'll see in a long time.

In earlier scenes are glimpsed Roddy McDowall, Peggy Ann Garner, Jane Ball, Ruth Nelson and Edith Barrett who, with Ruth Ford and Sara Allgood as Sisters, Leonard Strong as *Chia* and Philip Ahn as *Mr. Pao*, complete a splendid cast that contributes beautifully to a truly beautiful story.

Your Reviewer Says: A spiritual feast of entertainment.



Inspirational: Rosa Stradner and Gregory Peck in "The Keys Of The Kingdom"

✓✓ National Velvet (M-G-M)

HERE is a magnificent story with heart appeal, well directed, acted beyond the dreamed-of capabilities of the players and building heartbeat upon heartbeat to the climax.

Here is a picture to be enjoyed by every member of the family, to be talked about, thought about and loved for its hominess and pathos.

And here, too, is one of Mickey Rooney's outstanding performances. Even those who have never been a Rooney fan will agree that in the role of the groping, rather embittered and homeless kid who finds shelter and hope in the home of a middle-class English family, Mickey is terrific.

Elizabeth Taylor as *Velvet*, the little girl of the family who wins a horse in a lottery and through the encouragement of her mother enters him in the Grand National, is a wonderfully talented youngster among a whole cast of unusually talented people. Anne Revere as the mother turns in a performance that simply glows in its beauty. Angela Lansbury as the beau-catching oldest daughter is a luscious and delightful actress, while little Jackie Jenkins, the youngest of the family, naturally and with the greatest ease, walks off with his every scene.

But it's in the little homey scenes, conversations and daily events that the picture excels, due undoubtedly to the superb direction of Clarence Brown.

Donald Crisp as the father, Juanita Quigley as *Velvet's* sister, along with Arthur Treacher and Reginald Owen, complete the cast of the best picture of this month.

Your Reviewer Says: Chalk this up as an M-G-M winner.



In the race: Mickey Rooney and Elizabeth Taylor in "National Velvet."

✓✓ I'll Be Seeing You (Selznick International-UA)

THE heart will respond to this story with its two-fold purpose—to acquaint us with the care and understanding soon to be needed by our nerve-shattered boys, and to entertain us with one of the sweetest of love stories imaginable.

Ginger Rogers possesses a new depth and sincerity as the girl "on furlough" from prison and Joseph Cotten, the war-shocked soldier, also on furlough, is given a chance to establish two things—the fact that he's a fine actor in any department, and a sure and definite place in the heart of every feminine fan. In the scene when a recurrence of his neurosis reaches out to encompass him, he more than rates the applause given him.

Shirley Temple seems to have found herself as the daughter of the family that Ginger visits on her Christmas reprieve, and for the first time since her comeback, Shirley achieves a naturalness minus all mannerisms. Or maybe her restrained underplaying is due to the splendid direction of William Dieterle.

Tom Tully is our idea of a real family man. It's difficult to believe he's really playacting, and Spring Byington as his wife is equally good. And a salvo of cheers to the sets which keep Tully, the small-town druggist, well within his means.

There's an appeal about "I'll Be Seeing You" that's difficult to describe, but you'll know, each of you who see it, exactly what we mean.

Your Reviewer Says: A different approach to the heart.



Heart-warming: Ginger Rogers and Joseph Cotten in "I'll Be Seeing You"

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 21

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 124

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 24

By Sara Hamilton



BE BRIGHT about your hands — use Campana Cream

Balm to keep them smooth and soft. Use a bright idea like these made-at-home gauntlets *to dress them up!* Campana Cream Balm is the new lotion with lanolin that guards your skin so effectively against dryness and roughness . . that keeps your hands silken-surfaced in spite of work and weather. Why be without it?



25¢, 50¢ and $1

Campana Cream Balm

RICH IN LANOLIN

✓✓ Tomorrow, The World (Lester Cowan-UA)

IT takes a child to lead us into full clear vision of what Germany's tomorrow will be unless drastic measures be taken at peacetime, for in twelve-year-old Skippy Homeier's interpretation of a Nazi-bred youth, we see clearly the future of the men of Germany.

The story is more of a narrative marching in a straight line from start to finish than a play of unexpected plot development, but as such carries a powerful, cumulative suspense which has you sitting on the edge of your chair once it really gets under way.

Into the home of Fredric March, a professor in an American school, comes his sister's child, young Homeier from Germany, and with him all the racial hatred, trickery, lying and underhandedness of his Nazi training. Promptly the boy sets out to break up the home and the community.

The boy gives a wonderful performance. Agnes Moorehead is so good as the aunt. Betty Field and Joan Carroll are excellent. And March, as the liberal American who finally finds murder in his heart, does one of the best jobs of his career.

Your Reviewer Says: Let there be no compromise.

✓✓ Hollywood Canteen (Warners)

EVERY so often Warners splash out with a great big star-studded musical. Everybody, including Trigger the horse, roams through this extravaganza.

The story is more or less a combination history of the Canteen, the adventures of two Purple Hearters who visit there, and the part played by motion-picture celebrities in the propagation of the work. Frankly, we feel all service men who have visited there—and over a million and a half have—will feel that the glamour angle and the overflowing cornucopia of stars milling about is overdone. Newcomers to the Canteen may very well feel an evening that does not present all the stars gathered there for the picture is a dull one.

Dane Clark as the Sergeant and Bob Hutton as the Corporal who meets and falls in love with Joan Leslie are the visiting lads, and both are swell. The natural boyish charm of Hutton is perfectly offset by the brassy comicalness of Clark who is one honey of an actor. Newcomer Janis Paige looks mighty cute to us.

No doubt about it, customers will get their money's worth so far as a conglomeration of stars is concerned, and maybe that's what they want every so often.

Your Reviewer Says: Whopping!

✓✓ Can't Help Singing (Universal)

DEANNA DURBIN'S new picture is a great big beautiful Technicolor doll that walks, talks and sings Jerome Kern's tunes beautifully, but that's about the sum of it—gorgeous scenery, divine color and an attempt at romance (that we for one didn't believe) in a picture structurally weak. Why is it this story, good in theme and idea, is so unbelievably executed? Everything that could go into a picture has gone in—but the real story, it seems.

Nevertheless, we urge you to see it, and listen to the music, rejoice in the lavish color and beauty of Deanna. As a dashing romantic hero, Robert Paige is the most harmless individual we've ever seen.

Akim Tamiroff and Leonid Kinsky at-

tempt comedy and occasionally achieve it. Andrew Tombes, Ray Collins, June Vincent, David Bruce and Thomas Gomez complete a cast that didn't even need to be there—so overwhelming are its other attributes. And what a pleasure it is to see a plump heroine again.

Your Reviewer Says: Oh you beautiful doll!

✓Guest in the House (Stromberg—UA)

THIS is the exciting story of a devoted couple who invite an ill, neurotic young girl to be their house guest. Whereupon they learn that there is literally no end to the unhappiness, misunderstanding and destruction that a neurotic can cause—and enjoy it!

Few pictures boast so many fine performances. Anne Baxter as the guest in the house has a haunting quality. Beneath her lovely frailty always you sense her will for power. Ralph Bellamy, the husband who is a magazine illustrator with a studio in his delightful country house, is so darn warm and masculine that you wonder where he's been hiding his light all this time. Ditto Ruth Warrick as the wife who sees her happy home and family being destroyed and does something about it. There is, also, Aline MacMahon the aunt, Jerome Cowan the family friend and Scott McKay, the young doctor-brother who is in love with the guest. And there is Marie McDonald, eye-filling, gay and laugh provoking, playing the model who lives with the family while she poses for the husband and fills the other house guest's heart with fearful jealousy.

Your Reviewer Says: Never invite a neurotic for the week end.

✓✓ Practically Yours (Paramount)

A THOROUGHLY delightful and enjoyable comedy, polka-dotted with rare bits of comedy, reunites Claudette Colbert

(*Continued on page 115*)

Best Pictures of the Month

National Velvet
Keys Of The Kingdom
Hollywood Canteen
Practically Yours

Best Performances

Mickey Rooney in "National Velvet"

Elizabeth Taylor in "National Velvet"

Gregory Peck in "Keys Of The Kingdom"

Dane Clark in "Hollywood Canteen"

Bob Hutton in "Hollywood Canteen"

Claudette Colbert in "Practically Yours"

Fred MacMurray in "Practically Yours"

Go back, Mary— You forgot something!

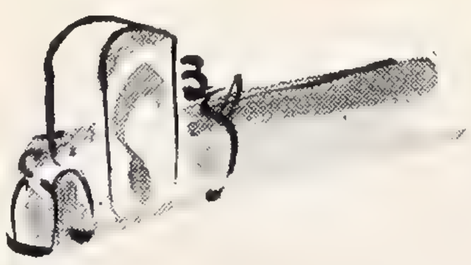
Take half a minute more— or that heavy date may be a dud!



That's the smart girl! Wouldn't he be a disillusioned hero if you let underarm odor spoil your evening—and shatter his dreams of dainty-you. And you might never know what happened!

Wonderful Mum to smooth on in a jif, even *after* you're dressed. *Now* you're set. Yes, your bath took care of *past* perspiration, and Mum will protect underarms against risk of odor *to come.*





The End of a Perfect Date . . . and the beginning of a beautiful romance! Keep those stars in your eyes, Mary. They're as becoming as your flower-fresh charm that lasts all evening. Mum sure helps a girl get along!

MUM'S QUICK—only 30 seconds to use Mum. Even after you're dressed. MUM'S SAFE—won't irritate skin. Won't injure fine fabrics, says American Institute of Laundering. MUM'S CERTAIN—works instantly. Keeps you bath-fresh for a whole day or evening. Get Mum today.

For Sanitary Napkins—*Mum is so gentle, safe, dependable that thousands of women use it this way, too.*



Product of Bristol-Myers

Mum takes the Odor out of Perspiration

RUG "MAGIC" by OLSON



Your OLD RUGS *and Clothing* SAVE to 1/2

It's all so Easy! Free Catalog tells how material is picked up at your door by Freight or Express at our expense—how we shred, merge, and reclaim valuable materials, picker, bleach, card, spin, redye and weave into lovely, deep-textured ***Broadloom Rugs*** woven Reversible for double wear and luxury. Sizes to fit all rooms.

CHOICE: of popular solid colors, rich tweed blends, 18th Century floral and leaf designs, Early American, Oriental patterns, ovals.

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Cary Grant, June Duprez in "None But The Lonely Heart" rate cheers from Gilda Lasko

SPEAK FOR YOURSELF

$10.00 PRIZE
Thanks, from GI Joe

I WENT to the movies last night. With several hundred GI Joes I sat on the cold, manure-splotched floor of a cow-shed somewhere in Western Europe and while barking 155 Long Toms rained death on a nearby German city, *enjoyed* a picture which in civilian life I wouldn't have crossed the street to see.

Over here, where we have learned to place a high premium on anything that reminds us of home, the doggies unanimously stamped "The Girl In The Case" good entertainment—the same verdict which millions of buddies all over this continent had given to all the other pictures shown by Special Services since that day in June when we carved a chunk out of the Normandy coastline. Some were A pictures, some were B's and some worse. But all of them have done something for GI Joe that not even letters from home and good hot chow could accomplish.

I'll never forget the night they showed "Step Lively" with Frank Sinatra. I went to that show prepared to boo at the hungry-looking idol of the bobby-socks clan. Like my buddies, I walked out an hour or so later firmly convinced that Frankie "has something" after all. And, when a war-weary, homesick Joe applauds Sinatra—that, brother, is convincing proof of what movies can do for the boys at the front.

Pvt. Herbert W. Metcalf,
Somewhere in Europe

$5.00 PRIZE
No Sacrifice too Great

I READ the article on the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps in December and I think it is marvelous. One could never put into words what the training is like, being with people, taking care of them, knowing that if they get well you played some small part in their recovery. The reason I know all this is that I am a Cadet Nurse.

To show what this work means to a person, I'd like to tell you of my friend who joined the Cadet Corps the same time I did—September, 1943. In January she began feeling sick and she continued working, seldom complaining. Finally, last month, she became very ill and was brought to the hospital. She had rheumatic fever, a disease that affects the heart. She had this since January. Do you know the first thing she asked? "Will I be able to continue with my work?" She will have to stay in bed for almost a year, but she plans to take up her work again next September.

If this work can mean so much to one girl, more than her health, what wonderful work it must be.

Remember—we need more nurses!

c/n C. Moyer,
Houston, Tex.

$1.00 PRIZE
Plainly Poetic

I FEEL the need to cheer that at last Hollywood has come of age with the advent of a truly brilliant motion picture. I refer to the realistic and compelling "None But The Lonely Heart." All the ugliness of poverty is brought sharply into focus and yet the picture weaves a pattern of pure poetry.

Cary Grant turns in an unusually sensitive and sincere portrait as *Ernie Mott.* He is at all times dominant as the "black-as-the-ace" searching for a noble, peaceful life. Cheers, too, for Ethel Barrymore, the new exciting personality June Duprez and one of Hollywood's best actors, George Colouris. Owing to this truly adult fare,

an inveterate theater-goer is beginning to feel that the movies are beginning to face reality without sacrificing dramatic value.

Gilda Lasko,
Philadelphia, Pa.

$1.00 PRIZE
"Them's Fightin' Words!"

IN the January issue I read and re-read the ten-dollar prize letter and I have come to this conclusion: "Them's fightin' words!" This Shinnston fan cannot understand why women over twenty-one would get excited over Eddie Ryan, William Eythe, Richard Jaeckel, Van Johnson, Robert Walker or Frank Sinatra.

Maybe it's because these are the kind of guys the women really like. Guys who remind them of their own brothers, husbands and boy friends. Guys who enjoy movies, hot dogs, sodas, jive records, Saturday-night dances and a certain park bench.

Sure, Dekker, Gable, Montgomery and Douglas are suave, sophisticated and handsome, but I'll stick to the everyday guys of the film world who are so like our own personal guys on the battlefields, fighting and dying to insure peace for us.

Mary Lou Betzweiser,
N. College Hill, O.

$1.00 PRIZE
He's a Jolly Good Sailor

I THOUGHT I'd write you a line or two about my favorite movie star, Gene Kelly. He is stationed with my brother-in-law at San Diego, California, in the Navy. Here are the exact words my brother-in-law wrote me about him. "Today I worked an hour and a half with Gene Kelly. He talked all the time. I didn't let on I knew who he was. He sure is nice, just another one of us, and he keeps all the boys laughing all the time. We sure think he's swell and if you didn't know who he was you'd think him just an ordinary guy and not the great movie star."

So I say three cheers for Gene Kelly and all the great pictures he has made.

Billie Jo Farmer,
Kerman, Calif.

$1.00 PRIZE
Some More of "Janie"

I HAVE just seen "Janie" and in my opinion it is the best picture produced in Hollywood for a long time!

Maybe I enjoyed it so much because I'm the same age as *Janie*—sixteen. What really sold me on the idea of seeing it was a football game between two high schools. Five kids were going around with big blue

(*Continued on page* 122)

PHOTOPLAY awards $10 first prize, $5 second prize and $1 each to every other letter published in full. Your letters about stars or movies in less than 200 words are judged on the basis of clarity and originality. Do not submit previously published material or material that you are sending to other publications. Plagiarism will be punished to the full extent of the law. Retain a copy of material submitted, as we regret we are not able to return unaccepted material. Address your letter to "Speak For Yourself," PHOTOPLAY, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.



Before



After

"I lost 77 pounds in 6 months!"

—says Mrs. Jane Ende of Rock Island, Ill.

"Most women worry when their weight goes up just a few pounds," says Mrs. Jane Ende. "Can you imagine, then, how I felt—watching those scales go up . . . UP . . . UP! until I actually weighed 202. I think my greatest jolt came when I went to buy a dress and had to take a size 44. Right then was when I decided to start the DuBarry Success Course."

The first six weeks she lost 30 pounds. She kept right on and went through her course again and again. Today she weighs just 125—is slim, trim, attractive.

"Life is very different now," she declares. "I look and feel as a young woman of 28 should. I can wear smart, stylish, youthful dresses in size 14 instead of matronly 44. I have the pep and vitality to keep up with and enjoy my two children. And I know that following the DuBarry way, I need never be overweight again."

MRS. JANE ENDE'S MEASUREMENTS TELL THE STORY

	Before	*After*	*Total Change*
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Height	5'3½"	5'4½"	1"
Bust	42½"	34½"	8" less
Abdomen	44"	32"	12" less
Hip	46"	34½"	11½" less
Thigh	26½"	20"	6½" less

HOW ABOUT YOU? Precious days are slipping away . . . days when you might be discovering for yourself how to have a figure you're proud of, gain vital energy for strenuous wartime living.

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ANN DELAFIELD, *Directing*

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Please send the booklet telling all about the DuBarry Home Success Course.

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All-In!"



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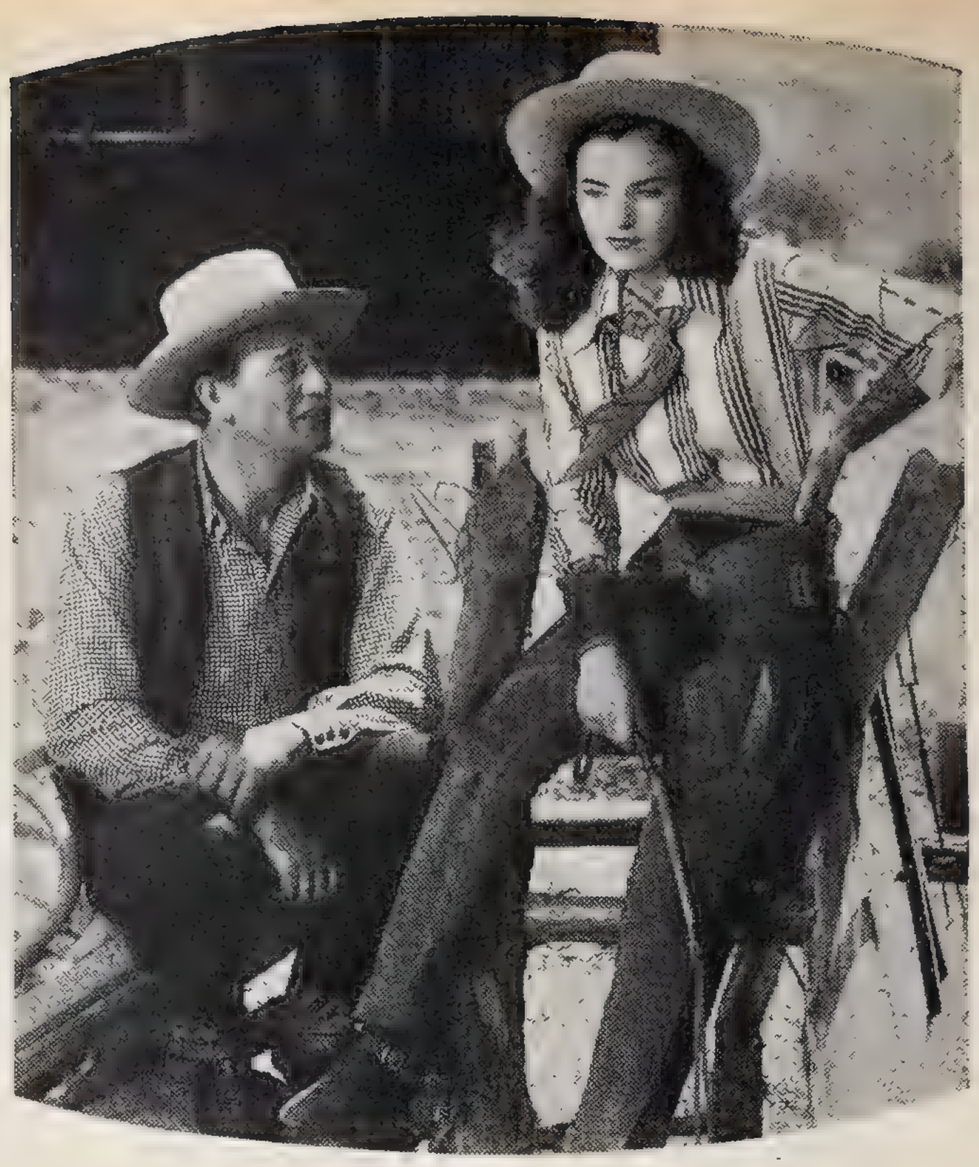
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FREE CATALOG



Since Using This New 11-Minute Home Shampoo

Mothers and daughters stay young together when sunny golden curls are gloriously lovely. That's why Blondex, the special shampoo that helps keep light hair from darkening and brightens faded blonde hair, is so popular. Blondex makes a rich cleansing lather. Instantly removes dingy, dust film that makes hair dark, old looking. Takes only 11 minutes at home. Gives hair attractive new lustre and highlights. Safe for children. At 10c, drug or department stores.



Wooing—Western style: John Wayne and Ella Raines in "Tall In The Saddle"

BRIEF REVIEWS

✓✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED
✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "VERY GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED
✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

ALASKA—Monogram: Kent Taylor plays the heroic lead in a Jack London story of the gold mine era in Alaska and he has quite a time of it, getting arrested for the murder of two claim jumpers, falling in love with Margaret Lindsay who's married to John Carradine, and mixing it up with Nils Asther. Dean Jagger is the U. S. marshal. (Jan.)

✓✓*AND NOW TOMORROW*—Paramount: Alan Ladd returns to the screen in this dramatic story as a young doctor from the wrong side of the tracks who attempts to cure wealthy Loretta Young of the deafness she suffered as the result of meningitis just before her marriage to Barry Sullivan. (Dec.)

✓*BABES ON SWING STREET* — Universal: Peggy Ryan is very peppy and active as the leader of a settlement house who tries to raise money so the most talented members can take advantage of a scholarship. Ann Blyth suggests a night club, so the kids take over a building and set to work on it. Leon Errol helps out. Sydney Miller impersonates, and it's all silly but cute. (Dec.)

✓*BELLE OF THE YUKON*—International: Despite the cast, Randy Scott, Gypsy Rose Lee, Dinah Shore, Bob Burns and William Marshall, this little Yukon number all about dance hall romances and stolen gold that isn't really stolen is a disappointing show, although everyone tried very, very hard. Dinah Shore sings several numbers with her usual appeal. (Feb.)

BLONDE FEVER—M-G-M: Mary Astor doesn't mind her husband, Philip Dorn, cafe proprietor, flirting outrageously with his blonde employee, Gloria Grahame, until Dorn wins a sweepstake. Then the blonde moves in and Mary moves out, and things go around in a circle. Felix Bressart, Curt Bois, Elisabeth Risdon, and Marshall Thompson complete the cast. (Feb.)

BLUEBEARD—PRC: John Carradine gives one swell performance as the mad painter and operator of a puppet show who strangles his models one by one so as not to be disillusioned by them. Jean Parker as the girl he loves, Nils Asther as prefect of police and Teala Loring as one of the victims, contribute to an enjoyably good horror yarn. (Jan.)

✓*BOWERY TO BROADWAY*—Universal: Two quarreling theatrical producers, Jack Oakie and Donald Cook, finally separate over Maria Montez in an arty production. The cast is an important one, including Susanna Foster, Turhan Bey, Ann Blyth, Louise Allbritton and practically everyone on the Universal lot, but it's the same old show-business theme. (Jan.)

✓*BRAZIL*—Republic: Virginia Bruce is an authoress, who takes a few pokes at romantic Latins and travels to South America to get material for another book. There she falls for composer Tito Guizar, is befuddled by Edward Everett Horton, and one thing leads to another. It's a lot of fun and the proceedings are all nice and tuneful. (Jan.)

CONSPIRATORS, THE—Warners: A weak, dull and repetitious story despite Hedy Lamarr's beauty, Paul Henreid's good acting, Sydney Greenstreet's and Peter Lorre's superb performances and Victor Francen's smoothness. It's all about Nazi spies, the underground, traitors and all the things you've seen before. (Jan.)

Shadow Stage

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They Shall Have Faith 118
Three Caballeros, The 116
Tomorrow, The World! 20

✓*DARK MOUNTAIN*—Paramount: When Ellen Drew discovers her husband Regis Toomey is a racketeer crook, she turns to Robert Lowery, her former suitor, for help, and he gives her refuge in a lonely mountain-top cabin. A lot of thought, good acting and a measure of suspense have gone into this B effort. The result is quite worth while. Eddie Quillan is in it too. (Dec.)

✓✓*DARK WATERS*—Bogeaus-United Artists: A top-notch psychological mystery, peopled with interesting characters. Merle Oberon survives the torpedoing of a ship and goes to live with her aunt and uncle in the bayous of Louisiana, where weird things begin to happen. Franchot Tone is a young doctor, Thomas Mitchell a visitor in the house of her relatives, Fay Bainter and John Qualen, and Elisha Cook Jr. the overseer. (Feb.)

DEAD MAN'S EYES—Universal: A gruesome little number, with Acquanetta deliberately blinding Lon Chaney, the painter she loves, in order to prevent his marriage to Jean Parker. When it's discovered his eyesight can be saved by grafted cornea, Edward Fielding wills his eyes at death to Chaney and almost immediately finds himself dead. And let that be a lesson to everybody. (Dec.)

✓*DOUGHGIRLS, THE*—Warners: This doesn't quite hit the jackpot, but it's got attractive names, comical situations and snappy dialogue. Jane Wyman, Ann Sheridan and Alexis Smith are the three almost-wives who crowd into Jane's Washington hotel room along with the almost-grooms, Jack Carson, Craig Stevens and John Ridgely. Eve Arden is a wow as the Russian sergeant. (Dec.)

✓*ENTER ARSENE LUPIN*—Universal: Newcomer Charles Korvin is the news of this picture. What a lad! As the jewel thief who takes great pleasure in out-crooking other crooks, and finds himself all entangled with a precious gem, a beautiful girl, Ella Raines, and a comic detective, J. Carrol Naish, he turns in a charming, polished performance. (Feb.)

FACES IN THE FOG—Republic: Jane Withers is in love with Eric Sinclair, but their parents don't like each other; so when Jane's father, Paul Kelly, sees her in a bungalow court with Sinclair he ups and shoots the lad, not knowing they're married. So then we have the trial and the bitterness, but who wants to sit through this kind of thing? (Jan.)

FALCON IN HOLLYWOOD, THE—RKO: The *Falcon* (Tom Conway as usual) finds his murder mystery this time in Hollywood, where he's gone on vacation. Taxi driver Veda Ann Borg edges him into the case of the murdered leading man, and one corpse leads to another and one mystery to another until Conway finally solves the case. Barbara Hale, Frank Jenks and John Abbott are all mixed up in it too. (Feb.)

✓*FAREWELL MY LOVELY* — RKO: Dick Powell's a hard-fisted detective in this tough murder mystery that starts when stir-crazy Mike Mazurki persuades Powell to locate the girl Mike lost when sent to prison. Claire Trevor is Miles Mander's nasty wife, Anne Shirley his daughter and Otto Kruger a psychiatrist. It's a fast-moving, hard-boiled picture. (Jan.)

✓*FRENCHMAN'S CREEK*—Paramount: A lusty tale of adventure told in Technicolor and starring Joan Fontaine as the wife who leaves her family to join pirate Arturo de Cordova on his expeditions. Ralph Forbes is Joan's weak and blustering husband, Basil Rathbone is his friend and Cecil Kellaway is Arturo's servant who helps Joan. Despite its adventurous theme, the picture lacks punch in spots. (Dec.)

✓*GIRL RUSH, THE*—RKO: Laid out in the Old West during the gold rush, the thin story has to do with a stranded show-girl troupe and the efforts of Wally Brown and Alan Carney to get them back to civilization. Frances Langford sings several numbers beautifully, Vera Vague's clowning keeps you laughing and Wally and Alan try very hard. (Jan.)

GOIN' TO TOWN—Votion-RKO: This fails to catch the homey spirit of *Lum and Abner* and it's packed to the ears with corn. The story has to do with a city slicker who pretends to locate oil beneath the old fellow's store in Pine Ridge, Arkansas. Chester Lauck and Norris Goff play *Lum and Abner* as usual, and Florence Lake, Dick Elliott and Grady Sutton are in it too. (Dec.)

I ACCUSE MY PARENTS—PRC: John Miljan and Vivienne Osborne are rich, doting and heavy drinking parents who neglect their son Robert Lowell. So Lowell meets Mary Beth Hughes, ends up by driving a hold-up car and finally gets mixed up with murder and stands trial for it. But why waste your time? (Jan.)

IN THE MEANTIME, DARLING—20th Century-Fox; Jeanne Crain, used to luxury, undergoes a hasty and unpleasant wedding ceremony to young officer Frank Latimore and then tries to adjust herself to their single shabby room. Gale Robbins, Eugene Pallette and Mary Nash are a few of the many people in this timely little story. (Dec.)

✓✓*IRISH EYES ARE SMILING*—20th Century-Fox: A tuneful and happy musical, with Dick Haymes playing Ernest Ball, a ballad writer of the nineties, and June Haver the girl he's in love with. Monty

(*Continued on page* 119)

SONJA HENIE, STAR OF THE INTERNATIONAL PICTURE "IT'S A PLEASURE!"

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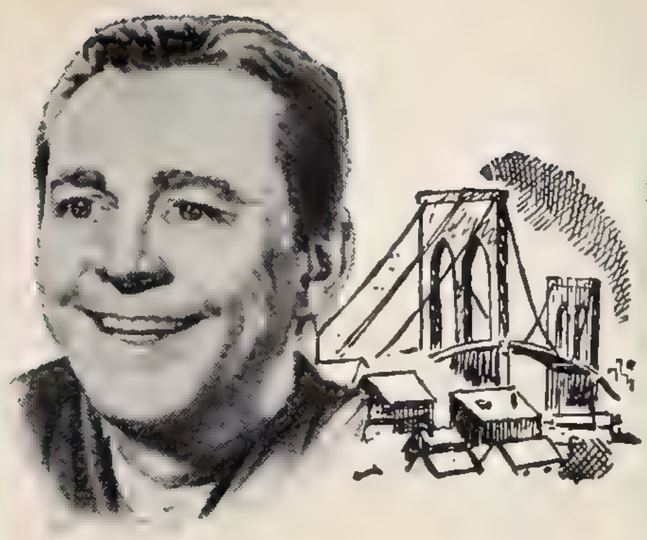


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KATIE...who forgot that loving a man was thinking with your heart!



JOHNNY... who sang 'cause singing was the laughter of the angels!



FRANCIE... the little girl who dreamed... with her eyes wide open!

WHAT A TREMENDOUS MOMENT AWAITS YOU...

When each beloved character of this great book becomes a living reality for you on the screen!

BETTY SMITH'S

A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN

A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

30TH ANNIVERSARY 20th CENTURY-FOX



AUNT SISSY... who wasn't bad... she was only friendly!



NEELEY... whose world was Brooklyn... and "alla candy you can eat"!



McSHANE... and wasn't it an officer's duty to look after the ladies?

DOROTHY McGUIRE as Katie · JOAN BLONDELL as Aunt Sissy · JAMES DUNN as Johnny

LLOYD NOLAN as McShane · PEGGY ANN GARNER as Francie · TED DONALDSON as Neeley

and JAMES GLEASON · RUTH NELSON · JOHN ALEXANDER · B. S. PULLY · Directed by ELIA KAZAN · Produced by LOUIS D. LIGHTON

Screen Play by Tess Slesinger and Frank Davis · Adapted from the Novel by Betty Smith



Ten For The Top

LAST month I lunched with June Haver, dined with Bill Eythe, walked with Dick Crane, drove with Jeanne Crain, chatted with Gloria De Haven, joked with Diana Lynn, smoked with Lauren Bacall, lounged with Turhan Bey, clowned with Van Johnson, hosted Esther Williams.

Ten young people freshly minted from Hollywood's star coinage. Ten new names sprinkled with star dust. All of them names you couldn't have identified a year or so ago.

Something exciting has happened to Hollywood. It's no longer the new star of the year. Now it is a dozen stars of the year. Gone is the studio which wouldn't make a film without personalities with guaranteed popularity. Today a studio knows it is smart box office to co-star a boy and a girl whose unknown names on a marquee wink out at movie-goers.

Of what stuff are these young stars made in whose hands we are to pour wealth and idolatry?

June Haver's Irish eyes are as smiling as her starring picture. They are also French eyes (her father's), quiet and thoughtful in repose. At eighteen, June has a trim figure and a trim mind that helps her write cute songs, hold her own, even against editors.

Bill Eythe is twenty and wishes you would take him for thirty. I didn't, but we got along just the same. Bill's actor friends tease him about his hunger for sophistication, but they respect him because they know he has the instincts of a finished performer.

Dick Crane has the fresh coloring of a wholesome undergraduate and the slow humor of a young man who chooses when to laugh. His seriousness is part of his handsomeness, his constant worry is his weight, his constant delight (as you will read in the next issue), his bride Kay Morley.

Gloria De Haven is eighteen and John Payne's bride. She is also a trouper whose theatrical family has given her a heritage. When she is talking to you, her animation, friendliness and beauty bewitch you (at least if you're a man).

Diana Lynn came to Dorothy Lamour's party for Louella Parsons, her eighteen years and new Paramount stardom ("Our Hearts Were Young And Gay") crowned by her new upswept hair-do. Chic but painful, was Diana's verdict, too honest to pretend.

Lauren Bacall sat across the table at The Players and made stage love to Zachary Scott, who pretended boredom. Lovely Lauren (still Betty to her friends) usually carries over the illusion of sophistication from "To Have And Have Not" until you talk to her a second time. Then the perspective rights itself and you see a slim American girl of twenty-one who is groping her way in an alien star world.

Jeanne Crain at our meeting was suffering from an acute attack of laryngitis and embarrassment. She didn't like the hoarse mimicry of her real speaking voice when she talked. Jeanne, nineteen, knows she is on the threshold of film stardom, knows she is unusually attractive to men, is sweetly determined to make the most of the situation.

Turhan Bey (at a party Lana Turner had decided would be nice to give to this editor—it was) stretched out on the floor before the fireplace and exchanged loving insults with his mother (when he was not exchanging loving glances with his hostess), a relaxed example of a young cosmopolite whose speaking voice and smile explain to you his mountainous fan mail.

Van Johnson (at the same party) is bigger than you expect. Broader shoulders, taller, heavier handclasp. He is more immature. And as well liked by friends as you'd hoped. At first you find it hard to believe as you talk to him that he is this season's sensation, the Ty Power and Robert Taylor and Jimmy Stewart of peacetime days. Then you think, why not? And end by accepting the hysteria of his following.

Esther Williams is common clay, uncommonly molded into a perfection of beauty. With a show girl's height and the figure of a dream, with only a sure instinct for survival (and a heart) to guide her on her star's road.

Ten new faces to make movie history in 1945.

Fred Sammis

Presenting

The Photoplay

For the first time in film history the movie-going public, polled by Dr. George Gallup's famous Audience Research, chooses the man star, the woman star and the picture of the year

BY DR. GEORGE GALLUP



WINNER BING CROSBY



Winning picture for 1944—"Going My

AMERICA'S movie-goers have chosen their favorite movie stars and picture of the year.

By the scientific polling methods employed by our Audience Research Organization, it has been possible to take the popular vote of the movie-going audience of the United States from coast to coast and to determine which stars and which picture are the actual winners in popularity with you who make up film audiences.

Now, after months of vote-taking from men and women, young and old, rich and poor, frequent and infrequent movie-goers, from those living in suburban and rural areas as well as in metropolitan centers, the final tabulations have been made and we can announce the winners, to whom the editors of Photoplay will award the magazine's famed Gold Medals.

America's choices are:

Most popular feminine star of the year—Greer Garson!

Most popular male star of the year—Bing Crosby!

Favorite picture of the year—"Going My Way!"

In the case of red-headed Miss Garson, she was chosen by a comfortable margin over all the other top favorites for whom you cast your vote. No great surprise when you consider how Garson-conscious America has become since seeing her as *Mrs. Miniver.* But more telling than that is the strong lineup of pictures she has had since then—"Random Harvest," "Madame Curie," "Mrs. Parkington," each a quality film in its own right. Thereby she has established her claim on the affections of the public.

Even so, before the final tabulation we were not certain whether the winner might possibly be Bette Davis, Betty Grable, Ginger Rogers, Judy Garland or one of the other contenders who would wear the laurel of being your favorite screen actress for 1944. As a matter of fact, it would have been interesting to have observed how the vote for Judy Garland might have been affected had "Meet Me In St. Louis" been released earlier and had thereby had an opportunity to play more widely before the end of the year.

Bing Crosby as winner of men stars would come under the head of a foregone conclusion to most movie-goers. He has long been one of the leading favorites among men

Gold Medal Awards For 1944!



Way." Barry Fitzgerald and Bing Crosby



WINNER GREER GARSON

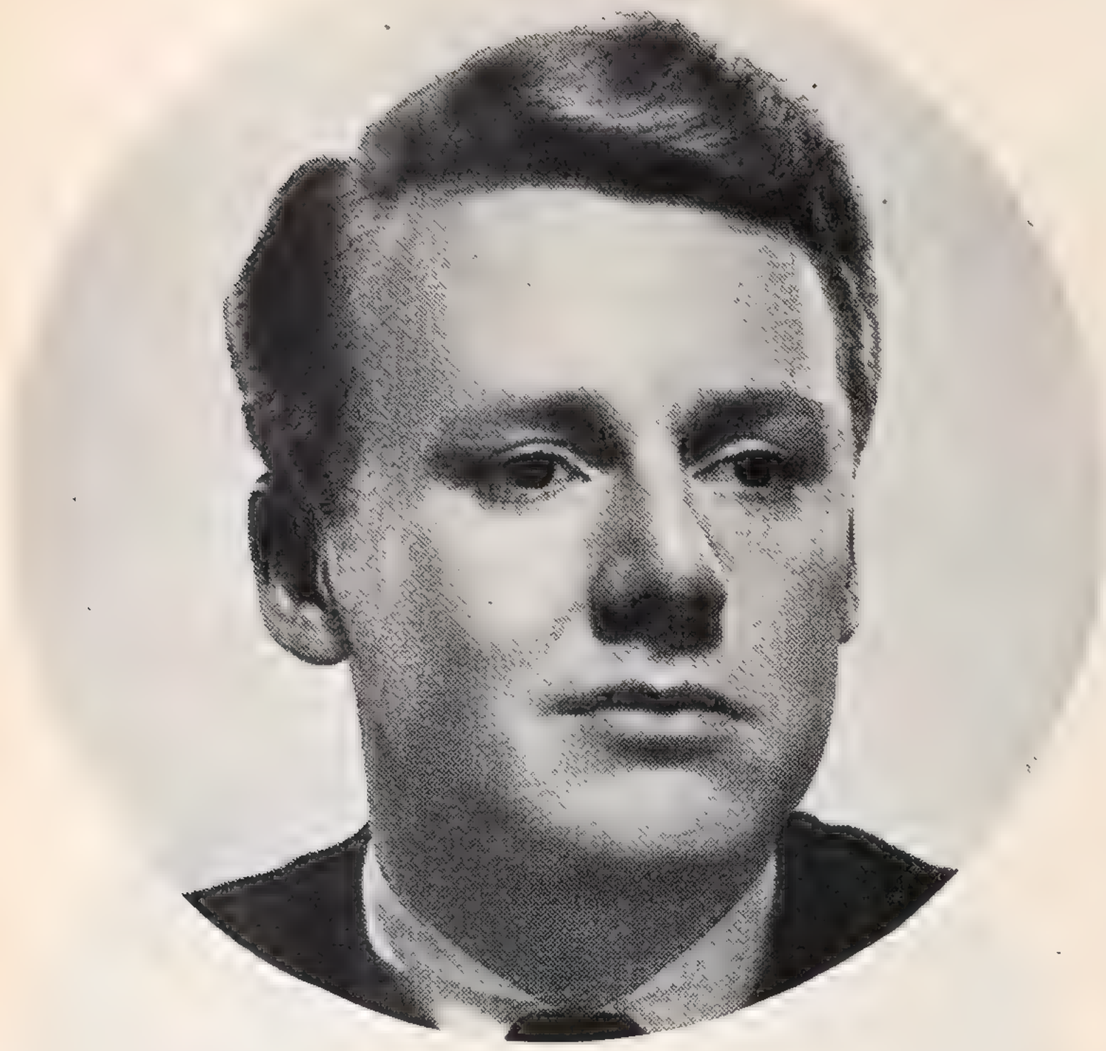
stars, and he moved into undisputed first place with the general release of "Going My Way." One reason for Bing Crosby's continued popularity over a period of time is that he appeals to *all* types of movie-goers, rich and poor, city dweller and suburbanite, young boys who like comedians, young girls who like singers, mature matrons who like dramatic actors.

This year, when the tabulating began, it was not certain which of several top actors would win. These were Crosby, Humphrey Bogart, Bob Hope, Gary Cooper and Cary Grant. The final vote-counting indicated that beyond all question of a doubt, Crosby was the popular selection.

Perhaps you wonder why the new favorite of so many of you doesn't appear in these findings. I am talking about Van Johnson, for whom comparatively large groups of you voted. The answer lies in that word "new." In this business of taking polls we have learned that it requires an appreciable amount of time for a sensational newcomer to register with the vast over-all audience that makes up the movie-going public. Although the rate of acceptance by the public has been stepped up over former years, the time has not yet arrived when a young star, who has had only two major pictures with a third not yet fully released throughout the nation, is likely to land at the top of the popularity ladder. Even if "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" had already had its full run at the time our final results were taken the end of December, it is doubtful that Van Johnson would have had a chance of coming out ahead of an established star like Bing Crosby.

But our figures do reveal the fact that Van Johnson has by all odds shown the greatest gain of any male star in 1944. Who knows but that for 1945 he will be the star to receive Photoplay's Gold Medal Award?

This is also true of Jennifer Jones among actresses. While she did not stand in the top group in the final tabulating, she among all new feminine faces on the screen gained most in public favor. Will Jennifer Jones be among the few names from whom the final winner will be chosen next year?



Van Johnson, star of "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" and "Two Girls And A Sailor," has made the greatest gains in popularity of any male star for the year 1944, as revealed by Photoplay's poll

Now we come to your favorite motion picture for 1944. "Going My Way" was head and shoulders above any other picture presented to the people we interviewed. It was the winner not only in the over-all poll, but also in each classification group—the age, sex, geographical, occupational and income brackets. It made no difference if they were the Saturday junior matinee serial fans or the fastidious three-a-year movie-goers. Nothing could shake the firm hold this picture has taken on the mind and heart of the movie-going public. It is the first time such a thing has happened in any poll we have ever taken.

The two pictures which took second and third places, Cecil B. DeMille's production of "The Story Of Dr. Wassell," which starred Gary Cooper, and "A Guy Named Joe" with Spencer Tracy, Irene Dunne and Van Johnson, were likewise leading contenders among all audience groups. These were followed in order by "Mrs. Parkington," "Laura," "See Here, Private Hargrove," "Destination Tokyo," "Two Girls And A Sailor," "Since You Went Away" and "The Sullivans."

There you have the top ten choices of Mr. and Mrs. American Movie-goer, as well as the junior miss and her boy friend. Study the list and you will arrive at an interesting point which throws light on a question that has been argued bitterly for the past year. Does the American public want war pictures? Frankly, our polls have been showing a public trend away from war films. But these results indicate that it is the individual picture which counts. If a film is good, the fact that its theme has to do with war will not stand in the way of its becoming a popular favorite. For of the ten top pictures in this poll, only three have non-war stories—"Going My Way," "Mrs. Parkington" and "Laura."

For those who would be interested in knowing how the battle of the sexes came out, we have compiled separate lists of the ten pictures selected by each group.

The men chose: "Going My Way," "The Story of Dr. Wassell," "Destination Tokyo," "A Guy Named Joe," "See Here, Private Hargrove," "The Sullivans," "Mrs. Parkington," "The Lodger," "Gung Ho" and "Home In Indiana."

The women selected: "Going My Way," "Mrs. Parkington," "Laura," "A Guy Named Joe," "The Story Of Dr. Wassell," "Since You Went Away," "Two Girls And A Sailor," "Madame Curie," "White Cliffs Of Dover," "Lost Angel." Note that men and women agree on only four.

As a means of getting another type of cross-section of the public's taste, while we were compiling our final scores we broke down the movie-goers into three groups: The frequent attenders, the average attenders and the infrequent attenders. Here are the top ten selections of the frequent attenders: "Going My Way," "The Sullivans," "The Story Of Dr. Wassell," "Gaslight," "Up In Arms,"



Cecil B. De Mille's production, "The Story Of Dr. Wassell," starring Gary Cooper (with Signe Hasso), wins second place

"Mrs. Parkington," "A Guy Named Joe," "Destination Tokyo," "Since You Went Away" and "Two Girls And A Sailor."

The average attenders chose: "Going My Way," "Laura," "The Story Of Dr. Wassell," "Madame Curie," "See Here, Private Hargrove," "Mrs. Parkington," "A Guy Named Joe," "Two Girls And A Sailor," "Since You Went Away" and "White Cliffs Of Dover."

The leading ten preferred by the infrequent movie-goers were: "Going My Way," "Laura," "The Story Of Dr. Wassell," "Madame Curie," "See Here, Private Hargrove," "Mrs. Parkington," "A Guy Named Joe," "Destination Tokyo," "Dragon Seed" and "The Miracle Of Morgan's Creek."

This last list represents the taste of what we might call the most selective group. They go infrequently, only when they find something of special interest playing in the vicinity. Note that "Dragon Seed" and "The Miracle Of Morgan's Creek" appear for the first time on this list.

While we are on the subject of picture lists, I should

like to call your attention to four films in particular which gave indication in our last-minute poll round-up that if they had had earlier releases they would have been among the year's ten most popular pictures. "Meet Me In St. Louis" and "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" we have already mentioned briefly. The other two are "Wilson" and "The Princess And The Pirate." All of these were popular in those quarters where they had been seen.

But those of you who rooted for them may take heart. To avoid penalizing these late pictures and the stars that appeared in them we eliminated from consideration any which had not been seen by at least a third of the persons interviewed at the time of the final poll so that they might be eligible for next year's award.

Equal precaution was taken to see that pictures released in the very early part of the year were not handicapped by the fact that people were no longer thinking about them or the players they featured. One device used was to conduct a separate preliminary poll in the early summer tabulating pictures released up to that time. In fact, the entire operation of this poll has been designed to give every picture and star an even break for your vote.

Always in such elaborate breakdowns there are interesting bits and pieces of information which come to the surface. For instance, one sidelight bears on the oft-battled question of how many pictures a star should make to hold his popularity. Some top players have argued that if their studios put them into too many pictures a year they would go stale at the box office. However, our findings would indicate that the true and loyal admirers never have a chance to see too much of their favorites. As a general rule a star's absence from the screen does not make their hearts grow fonder. The exception is Clark Gable. When he makes his return to pictures, he will find his following very little diminished by the two years he spent in the Army. With movie-goers throughout the nation he is still one of the prime favorites.

And here is food for thought on the part of those who would deplore the taste of the American movie-going public. This poll proves their taste is good by anybody's standards, for "Going My Way" which came in first by popular vote also was the number-one selection of the critics.

In the years to come we hope you will find the result of the Gold Medal Awards as stimulating and as exciting as do we who are on the inside watching the machinery which you have set in operation. Perhaps already you have your ideas of who will be the winners in 1945!

THE END

About George Gallup

Dr. George Gallup is a unique figure in modern journalism. Originator of the famous "Gallup Poll," which has forecast the winning party in five national elections, he has now founded Audience Research, Inc., to survey reactions of the movie-going public. To him Photoplay has entrusted the important job of determining your annual selections



The Ten Top Pictures of 1944

(in order)

1. *Going My Way*
2. *The Story Of Dr. Wassell*
3. *A Guy Named Joe*
4. *Mrs. Parkington*
5. *Laura*
6. *See Here, Private Hargrove*
7. *Destination Tokyo*
8. *Two Girls And A Sailor*
9. *Since You Went Away*
10. *The Sullivans*



Although too new to rate in the group of top poll winners, Jennifer Jones, who has starred in only two pictures—"The Song Of Bernadette" and "Since You Went Away"—showed the greatest rise in popularity among women stars in 1944

"The Difference Is



Honeymoon ahead: John and Gloria after the ceremony

The love story of John Payne and Gloria De Haven is in a song

YOU know how the song goes:

"What a difference a day makes,
Twenty-four little hours. . . ."

On New Year's Eve, standing in a silent little desert street in picturesque Palm Springs, California, trying to prop up their sleepy eyes for one more minute, to watch the waning desert moon and be sure it was authentically, truly 1945, Gloria De Haven and John Payne softly sang that tune to one another.

For they knew when their miracle day had happened. That was September 23, 1944. The difference it made was that, where before they had been like so many young folk today, just two lonely people, only a little more than three months after it, on December 28, 1944, at the Beverly Vista Community Church in Beverly Hills, they became one.

Love did it, of course. Love, that is, using such assistants as Sue Carol Ladd and a blind date and a set of ideals. Love whipped it all up into a wartime romance built on serious wartime emotions but given the sparkle of a Christmas ending.

It began, as all truly romantic stories do, most accidentally. Alan and Susie Ladd were giving a party and they wanted Gloria and Johnny to be among those present. Knowing neither of them had any permanent date, Sue and Alan thought it would be nice if they came together, so Susie, as hostess, rang up John and asked him if he would bring Miss De Haven, even if he had never met her.

As fast as you can say "yes," John, who felt no agony when he recalled the photographs he'd seen of Gloria, said that would be dandy. Sue then called Gloria and Miss De Haven, visualizing the Payne height, profile and shoulders she'd watched on the screen, demurely replied she'd be delighted.

Thus was set up the least blind blind date in history.

Came Saturday night and Miss Pocket Venus had on her favorite black chiffon dress, a neatly concealing, nicely revealing number, but she didn't have on her coat, not wanting to look too eager. Besides, she wasn't absolutely sure she was being called for.

But suddenly a knock sounded on the door. A voice called, "Payne's here." Miss De Haven opened the door, introduced the mass of rugged male grandeur she saw there to her mother, put on her coat and let said male grandeur escort her down to his car.

They drove to the Ladds and they made polite, very stilted conversation all the way and their hearts went right on beating perfectly normally. For, you see, they were both

You"

by

Ruth Waterbury

accustomed to beautiful people of the opposite sex and because they both were lonely and romantic, they wanted a lot more than beauty—a lot more.

The Ladd party turned out to be a gay and giddy affair and, as at all such gay gatherings, there were some guests who got so high they climbed right up into the stratosphere. But not Mr. Payne and Miss De Haven. Gloria doesn't drink at all, so she sat quietly and prettily by John's side at one of the tables out under the trees, and John, being a gentleman and her escort, didn't go barging around and leaving her. Presently they departed, quite early. As they drove past Ciro's, they commented that a new show was opening there the following Wednesday.

"Would you like to go?" asked John.

"Yes, I would," said Gloria.

"I'll call for you Wednesday at eight."

Now Gloria didn't know that this Ciro's date was a test, but it was. To Johnny, out of the Army for only three weeks, deepened by the contact with the men he had met in the camps, all values were serious. In fact, seriousness had been a keynote of his life.

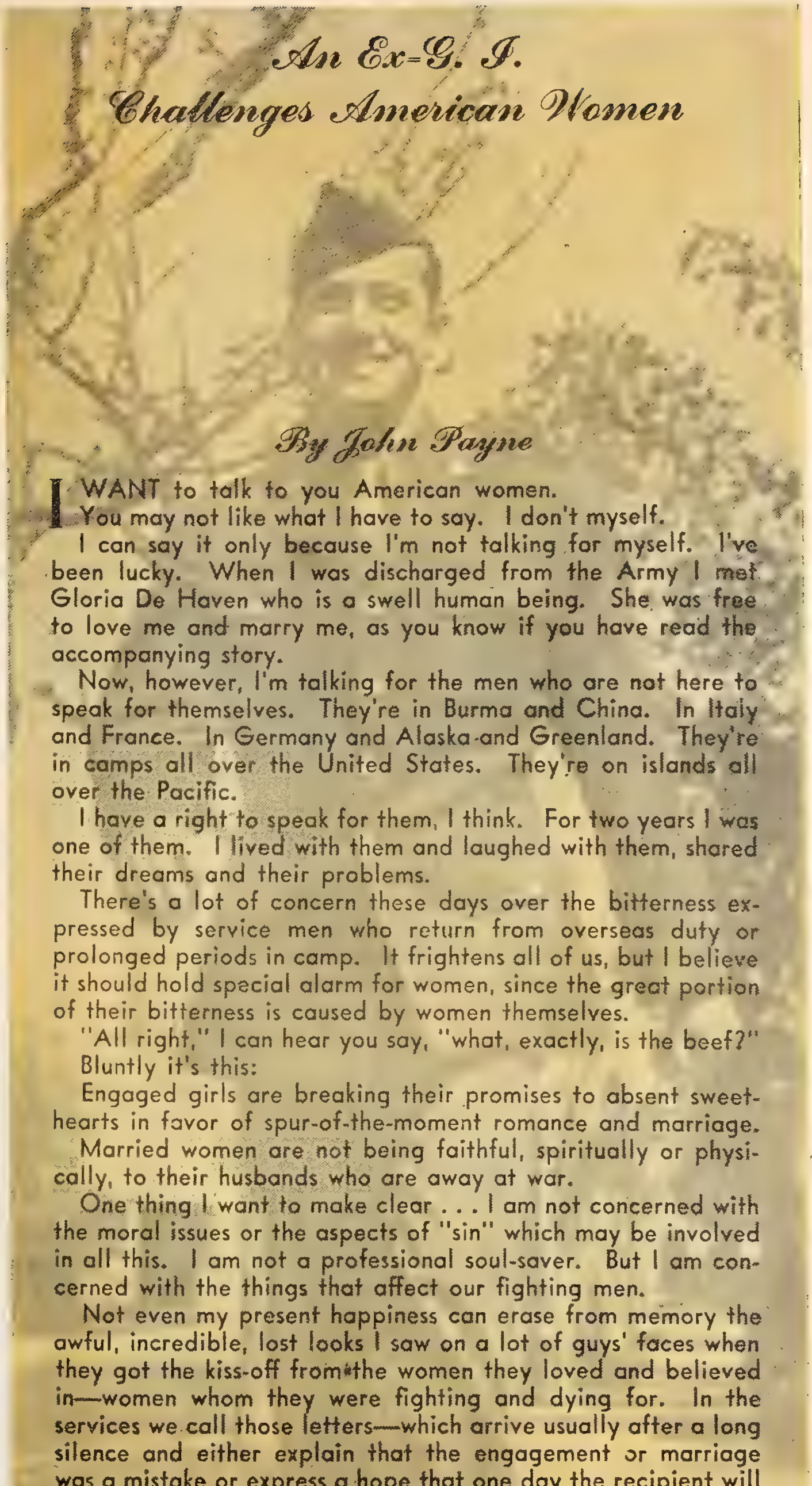
Like most old Virginia families the Paynes had had very little money and very great ideals. John was well brought up but there was never a moment's doubt that he would have to earn his living, every inch of the way, and until he finally got into pictures he went through some lean times.

In Hollywood he married Anne Shirley, as everyone knows, and about three years ago they were divorced, as everyone also knows, for reasons that no one knows. When he and Anne now meet, they behave like well-bred people, and they share the custody of their small daughter, Julie, six months a year apiece. After their divorce he made a try at several gay friendships but they were never any more than just that.

Then John entered the Air Corps. He was terribly earnest about becoming a good pilot and he spent his own money and whatever time he had left over from his Army training to purchase outside flying lessons. He saw the boys around him being pushed around by the girls they had left behind and the subject of how to find a true love became almost an obsession with him. Then on September first, along with 5,000 others in his same classification, he was let out of service. The Army considered these men too old for pilots (John will soon be thirty-three) and too big for bombardiers (John stands six feet four and weighs two hundred pounds).

I ran into him his first day back. Johnny said, that day, his (*Continued on page* 83)

An Ex-G. I. Challenges American Women



By John Payne

I WANT to talk to you American women.

You may not like what I have to say. I don't myself.

I can say it only because I'm not talking for myself. I've been lucky. When I was discharged from the Army I met Gloria De Haven who is a swell human being. She was free to love me and marry me, as you know if you have read the accompanying story.

Now, however, I'm talking for the men who are not here to speak for themselves. They're in Burma and China. In Italy and France. In Germany and Alaska and Greenland. They're in camps all over the United States. They're on islands all over the Pacific.

I have a right to speak for them, I think. For two years I was one of them. I lived with them and laughed with them, shared their dreams and their problems.

There's a lot of concern these days over the bitterness expressed by service men who return from overseas duty or prolonged periods in camp. It frightens all of us, but I believe it should hold special alarm for women, since the great portion of their bitterness is caused by women themselves.

"All right," I can hear you say, "what, exactly, is the beef?"

Bluntly it's this:

Engaged girls are breaking their promises to absent sweethearts in favor of spur-of-the-moment romance and marriage.

Married women are not being faithful, spiritually or physically, to their husbands who are away at war.

One thing I want to make clear . . . I am not concerned with the moral issues or the aspects of "sin" which may be involved in all this. I am not a professional soul-saver. But I am concerned with the things that affect our fighting men.

Not even my present happiness can erase from memory the awful, incredible, lost looks I saw on a lot of guys' faces when they got the kiss-off from the women they loved and believed in—women whom they were fighting and dying for. In the services we call those letters—which arrive usually after a long silence and either explain that the engagement or marriage was a mistake or express a hope that one day the recipient will find a girl worthy of him—the "blue slip." They're common enough, you see, to warrant a nickname. In a small way, the nickname helps too. Because it's the American way to kid about things that aren't even a little funny.

Are my charges true? You know they are! As an extreme example, there was the recent publicly reported account of a wife who had borne three children in the three-year absence of her soldier husband and was receiving deductions from his paycheck for each of them. One case proves nothing. All right. But, to prove everything, there's the War Department's admission that it is unable to cope with the demoralizing effect of "blue slips" on our troops.

Some sweethearts and wives even have the insolence to ask the man to "understand." He "understands" too well. He "understands" that while he is thousands of miles away, fighting the enemy and weariness and homesickness, some other guy, safe at home, has taken his girl. And (*Continued on page 85*)

The *Enchanted* Couple



The object of their complete affection—little Victoria

Betty Grable and Harry James live in a haunted-by-happiness house with all of their hearts' desire

BY ELEANOR HARRIS

OF ALL the hundreds of Hollywood marriages, probably that of Pin-up Girl Betty Grable and Swing King Harry James caused the most gloomy head-shaking in movietown. "Won't last—two careers don't make a marriage," said the wiseacres flatly. Meanwhile, what was the nation saying? The nation was crowing in delight, "It's ideal—the two jive idols of the country will be completely happy!"

And we are happy to report that the Hollywood sophisticates were dead wrong—and the nation entirely right. Two careers notwithstanding, Harry James and Betty Grable are so thoroughly happy together that their marriage, with all its daily hurdles, is an example of love and tenderness to the world.

It certainly has hurdles—as witness the fact that Betty works at her studio from seven in the morning until seven at night; while Harry leaves at eight p.m. for his orchestra playing . . . and is gone until two a.m. And *yet* this is a blissful marriage—somehow the two crowd in a full week together, every week. The reason for this happiness is a simple one: It's consideration for each other—a habit practiced as a matter of course by our pioneer ancestors, and almost forgotten in the whirlwind living of today. With Betty doing most of the adjusting quietly, and Harry never dreaming that she does.

All of Betty's friends know, for instance, of one considerate mission she accomplishes every single day of her working life: She has an hour off for lunch, like everyone else on the set. Instead of spending it over a leisurely meal in the nearby studio commissary, she gets into her car, costume and all, and drives to her home—which, luckily, is very near the studio—thus allowing her self precious time with Harry in the middle of the day, at lunch. After lunch, she's back in her convertible heading for the studio. What other star actress has ever done this before?

With baby Victoria's appearance, Betty made another unique decision in the history of Hollywood marriages—she demanded the right to spend every Thursday at home with her husband and baby. Thursday is the nurse's day off; but all over filmdom other actresses have a substitute nurse come in—all over filmdom, that is, except on the five acres in Beverly Hills owned by Mr. and Mrs. Harry James. Thursdays and Sundays are Betty's days to be completely a wife and mother, and she makes them just that. She spends those days in sandals and a cotton dress, and her blonde hair worn down on her shoulders the way Harry likes it. Together, all day long, she and Harry play with little Victoria, and feed her and care for her; and meanwhile, they also talk together and swim in their pool—which both of them would rather do than spend an evening in the swankiest night club in town.

For that matter, part of their complete happiness is due to their joint simplicity when they have a free evening together. Perhaps because Harry has spent years of his life playing in night clubs, and Betty has spent years of hers singing in them (and dating in them)—neither of them can see anything attractive in night clubs now.

What's more, they seem to have an uncanny instinct about just what the other one feels like doing—and generally that amounts to dinner at a red-checked-table in a hardly-known spaghetti restaurant; then a movie; and then a hot fudge sundae at Brown's on Hollywood Boulevard. And so home.

Mainly, they both love movies; and dinners at out-of-the-way Italian resturants; and staying at home playing poker and gin rummy with their friends. As for drinking, their sole social beverage is a soda-pop drink. And that's certainly something big they have in common!

But, as in the case of most successful marriages, what they really have in common is a mutual desire to think of the other—with the wife silently doing the major part of the rearranging of lives, and the husband none the wiser! For instance, take Harry's intense interest in baseball—not just in seeing it played, but in playing it himself. Now, you know as well as we do what the average wife would (*Continued on page* 81)

Pink

Two hearts in valentine-time: Betty Grable and her Harry James

The Man Who Loved

He's tough in a fight, tender in love. He's that dynamic detective — Dana Andrews!

by John Chapman

DANA ANDREWS, tall, Texan and terrific, is the kind of a guy who says "I'm the kind of a guy who—"

He's the kind of a guy who doesn't get discouraged, who is a family man, who gave up a good career because he couldn't bear the thought of being stuck with it, and who looks to the future with confidence. On his way to the top now in "A Walk In The Sun," he suddenly finds that Uncle Sam won't let Sam Goldwyn and Darryl Zanuck, who own him, give him a well-deserved one hundred per-cent hike in salary. Instead of mooning about this, or shrugging it off and saying, *"C'est la guerre,"* he grins and says, "Boy, I'm liquid!"

It's the accountant in him—for he was an expert accountant with a good job when he decided to hitchhike from Huntsville, Texas, to Hollywood to become a movie actor fourteen years ago. He is now so thoroughly divorced from columns of figures that he employs a business manager—"But I sure know enough to check up on him and he says I really don't need him."

It was nine years after a very fast hitchhike, lasting three days, before Dana finally got into pictures. Discouraged? Never. Driving school buses for $10 a week, working in filling stations and doing many small-paid jobs never got him down because he always knew what he wanted to do and it was fun to keep on trying. Trying, he figures—trying for anything you want—is all the fun there is. A simple, clear-headed philosophy for a simple, clear-headed guy who says he's liquid.

He counts as his main blessings his wife, a smart blonde named Mary; his son (by a first wife named Janet who died nine years ago), David, aged eleven; his and Mary's daughter, Kathy, two; and Stephen Todd the new son. His lesser assets—physical and financial—he can tick off rapidly on his big fingers.

"I've been in the movies five years and I'm not in the big money. But I paid the man who backed me $20,000, according to an agreement, and I'm glad he was all paid back before he died. I've got a house in Encino worth $22,000, furnishings worth $10,000 and $10,000 in War Bonds.

"We aren't exactly penurious, but we're not crazy. We do very little night-clubbing, but we like to entertain at home. Sooner or later I'll get that raise and I'm not worried. If the Government won't let Goldwyn and Zanuck give it to me now, I'll get it two years from now when my contract expires."

There is no doubt as to the fate of that contract after recent proof that the movie-goers are going nuts over Andrews. In "Laura" he completely bowled over the feminine customers as a hard-bitten detective who fell in love with a girl he thought was dead. Even the bobby-



Pals: Dana and Rusty, the family pet



Gardener: He's a demon horticulturist



Father: His son David lends a hand

Laura

socks crowd has begun to whinny like mad at Dana, and his bosses are eyeing him with a new respect.

Andrews claims he had no sense of humor until he married Mary Todd, a talented comedienne whom he met at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. "She taught me to laugh," he grins. So maybe it's her fault that Andrews got clipped on the chin by a film star in a New York night club recently. It happened this way:

Movie celebrities were all over this champagne-and-caviar spot and so were autograph hunters, asking for autographs on menus, envelopes and even shirt cuffs. Andrews left his own table and for fun went to another table at which were two of Hollywood's best actors. He shoved his shirt cuff in front of one of them and asked for a signature.

The star didn't even look up to see who it was. He just didn't pay any attention.

So Dana leaned over and spoke confidentially: "Come on, you silly jerk, give me your autograph."

Still without looking to see who it was, the (*Continued on page* 90)



Happy Andrews: Dana, Mary, Kathy



Man of the hour: Dana Andrews starred in Fox's "Laura".

Powe

Shirley- in short

BY ELSIE JANIS





COVER GIRL

AGED five and the rage of a world struggling to escape from material depression and spiritual sluggishness, Shirley Temple was the nearest thing to a miracle that a shock-absorbing public could hang its heart on in 1933. That was the year when brokers, bankers, gangsters and stars (especially stars) learned the full meaning of that precious line from the World's Best Seller—"And a little child shall lead them." I say it with reverence and pride. That the Great American Public should have chosen to worship at the tiny feet of the small Temple for several years will make nice reading for future generations. I can hear them saying, "That must have been before Gin Rummy!"

What will Shirley's descendants be saying? Will it be . . . "And she grew up to be one of America's greatest actresses," or "Too bad, she married so young and gave up her career"? I'm not making any predictions but I'm saying the odds are even.

When I saw "Since You Went Away," I heard people all around me saying that Shirley was "simply sweet." After a two-hour visit with her last week, my verdict is . . . sweet—yes, but far from simple!

"Wouldn't you like to do a stage play?" I asked.

She thought a bit. "I don't really know. I'm afraid I would get tired of doing the same thing every night."

"But, dear, the first two or three rows of new faces each night would inspire you all over again," I countered.

"That's probably all that would be there—just two or three rows," said Shirley.

At the time I interviewed her as a wonder child, I was impressed by two great qualities—honesty and humor. Through the years of changes, which could only be known to a child prodigy growing up, she has kept both qualities.

When Mrs. Temple brought Shirley to see me eleven years ago, I was all set to treat her as I had always been treated as a child wonder. I remembered the questions they used to ask Little Elsie (a headliner at six) . . . How did she learn her songs? . . . Did she really like being an actress? . . . Did she like dolls? I remembered how bored I had been but, after all, what else could a child actress talk about? I soon found out little Miss Temple did not care about talking at all. She was polite but firm about it.

We went into the garden, which she surveyed with all the air of a prospective buyer. She handed me a stuffed silk cat she was hugging, and said: "Hold my kitty, will you, please? I brought him 'cause I thought you might want to interview him." With that, she walked back to the swimming pool and spent an hour with my then somewhat new husband, sailing toy boats which he had made.

"She likes you," said Mrs. Temple when Shirley handed me the kitty.

"He likes her," I said to Mrs. Temple when my husband handed Shirley our most beautiful boat as a parting gift.

Mrs. Temple and I had plenty to talk about then for I knew what she had ahead of her as the mother of a wonder child—plenty of worries and struggles. Mrs. Temple has had them all right but has come through with a smile. Lately, I had heard that she was rather difficult about Shirley's going out "on her own." Tactfully, I phoned



Sweet sixteen: Private Maurice Prince helped Shirley celebrate this momentous birthday



Shirley, when she was *Little Miss Marker*

Putting together the past and the present of an all-time popular girl—bewitching Miss Temple

an invitation to tea for both Shirley and her mother.

"I'm afraid I can't make it," said Mrs. Temple, "but you don't want to see me so I'll drop Shirley off at your house. I'll do some things I have to do and come back for her."

"But I want to see you and Shirley together."

"I'll come in later but you have a nice talk with her first. I'm anxious to know how you think she is developing," said the supposedly "difficult" Mrs. Temple.

FOR our appointment, Shirley arrived right on time—and not because Mrs. T. brought her. She came in a station wagon.

"You didn't drive that big thing, did you?" I said.

"Oh, no! Peterson brought me, but Mum will come for me." She stood there in the doorway, looking like what I think every real American parent would like to have a sixteen-year-old daughter look—a thoroughly nice American girl.

For Mrs. Temple and anyone else who is interested, here are the little things about Shirley that impressed me most: Her handshake—strong and cool . . . her beauty in a face-to-face close-up. How they managed to make her look almost plain in "Since You Went Away" I'll never know. Maybe the film was made some months ago. Between fifteen and sixteen, beauty can move in unexpectedly.

Her coloring is definitely her own. I couldn't even trace any lipstick.

Her eyes twinkle and glow, then suddenly go shimmery as if pushed by a tear when she talks about the wounded men in hospitals she has visited (*Continued on page* 93)



Shirley, whose next picture is "I'll Be Seeing You," with her father and mother on a personal appearance tour



The Voice with The Smile—Frank Sinatra



Pause for a pretty picture—Marsha Hu

SOLITAIRES

Interruption on the menu—Errol Flynn



The lady who's known as *Janie*—Joyce Rey





Salute from a songstar—Susanna Foster



America's popular guy comes home—Clark Gable

COLOR CANDIDS

BY

HYMIE FINK

The joy-of-living girl—June Allyson



Thoughtful look from a good Joe—Cotten



My Nine



Lauren Bacall was given an invaluable tip and knew enough to take it

HOLLYWOOD must be an exciting place," my friends always say wistfully.

"Why?" I asked one the other day.

"Because," she explained, surprised, "it is the home of beautiful women and handsome men . . . the greatest minds—the greatest musicians, writers, artists and couturiers —gather there . . . there is wealth . . . there are wonderful parties, sky-blue swimming pools, floodlighted premieres . . . Because, after all, it's the dream city of the world, isn't it?"

Hollywood is, undoubtedly, all this. During your first few weeks in that fabulous town all those things overwhelm you. Then slowly they become the background against which the really exciting things—the little human episodes—take place. For the longer I live the more convinced I become that the generosity, love, friendship, integrity, brotherhood, courage and incredible achievements of which the individual is capable are the most exciting things in the whole universe.

Speaking of incredible achievements, I hasten to tell you about Lauren Bacall . . . About a year ago when Lauren—completely unknown—had her eighteenth birthday I gave a little luncheon party for her. I invited Hedda Hopper, that astute columnist, the lovely Jean (Mrs. Charles) Feldman, Sir Charles Mendl, a great connoisseur of beauty, Felix Ferry from the Leland Hayward office (incidentally, Leland is the producer of Broadway's "A Bell For Adano"), Terrence Phillip, another connoisseur of beauty visiting Hollywood at the time, and Carroll Carstairs, a charming art authority who has a gallery in Manhattan. All the gentlemen thought Lauren was divine. And both Jean Feldman and Hedda Hopper watched her, fascinated.

We had a happy time. Lauren cut her cake and was so sweet and appreciative for the little gold and jeweled brooch, not very elaborate or particularly expensive, which I gave her.

Hedda Hopper said to me that day, "You're right, Elsa. She'll have a great future out here—if she just won't go in for ingenue stuff. . . ."

This surprised me, for Lauren isn't remotely the way she looks on the screen. She's collegiate in manner and appearance. And from the beginning she's been as careful as all get-out of her conduct. She lives with her mother, drives her own car

Fredric March has found a new life



Joan Fontaine—envied for a reason



Most Exciting Hollywood Moments

Here a world-renowned woman and intimate friend of the stars dips into her diary and discovers these memorable high spots

by

Elsa Maxwell

so the wolves get no opportunity to take her home, and she doesn't stay out late or carouse.

Nevertheless, I said, "Tell Lauren how you feel, Hedda." And Hedda did.

I feel sure Lauren, in turn, told Howard Hawks. Howard, you may be sure, would be quick to act upon any advice he valued. He's Lauren's Toscanini. He conducts her as meticulously and sensitively and masterfully as Toscanini does his orchestra. Which perhaps will explain to you how a young girl, not yet twenty-one, could appear on the screen for the first time opposite that sophisticate of sophisticates, Humphrey Bogart, and give a performance that instantly had her being compared to Jean Harlow—a far cry indeed from the sweet ingenue for whom I gave my luncheon.

It's a wonderful thing to have been in on the birth of a star and although I do not feel Lauren yet belongs up with the great of the screen, I think she's likely to get there.

Next, I think of Judy Garland whose metamorphosis also is something in my book. Judy used to be a little thing who sang little songs like "The (*Continued on page* 101)



Is it because of Vincente Minelli that Judy Garland has taken a new house?

Bing Crosby fooled even an expert





Bull

Newcomer with radiance: Phyllis Thaxter soon to be seen in M-G-M's "Alter Ego"

If you saw "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo,"

you'll want to know more about

THAT *Thaxter Girl*

BY INGA ARVAD

THE first time you see Phyllis Thaxter, something in her warm and vibrant personality will attract you. The second time, you will be amazed that behind those smiling blue eyes, the pert little nose, the firm chin and the crop of light brown hair, there is a crisp intellect and unbelievable determination, practically bordering on stubbornness.

She is a lovely girl, tall and slim, and her movements are those of a trained ballet dancer. Her voice is soft. She is emotional and has definite opinions on anything ranging from politics to what she wants and hopes for in the future.

Until a few months ago, Phyllis' whole life centered around arriving at the top as a big dramatic actress. At the present moment, she keeps an eye on the mailbox and tears the phone off the hook before the second ring has sounded, all because she is in love, terribly in love with her new pilot husband.

The first time Phyllis saw "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo," where she plays Ellen Lawson, the wife of Major Ted W. Lawson, hero of the Tokyo raid, she sat as quietly as a mouse in the theater out at Glendale where the sneak was being run. She lived the whole story with the audience and, like the rest, had tears in her eyes when the show was over. That evening, at that moment, she had become someone different: A screen personality. You should have seen how she was mobbed when she left the theater.

Phyllis didn't understand that her performance was so outstanding; but both the director Mervyn LeRoy and producer Sam Zimbalist, who were there, could do nothing but shake her slim little hand because they were too moved by her performance to talk.

The day we had our visit she was sitting, with her legs curled under her, in a big chair. She is twenty-two and she believes her life has been: "Just like most American girls. Happy, gay, very carefree, and I am grateful for that."

Suddenly she smiled, that shy, warm little smile of hers and said, "You should have known me when I went to New York the first time. I was just about seventeen and all I wanted was a part. Any part. If nothing else, to walk across the stage. I must have looked rather funny to the producers I went to see," she said and smiled again, "because I wore a navy blue coat with brass buttons and a small navy hat. I'm sure I looked about fourteen years old. But the worst thing was that I was scared to death. I would stand for hours in a corner of a producer's office, too scared even to ask for a part; and many are the times I sneaked out of the door again.

"I didn't have anything to do, so I decided to go back to Portland, Maine, and (*Continued on page* 86)



Time out on the "Thirty Seconds" set—Van Johnson and Phyllis



Phyllis (fifteen) as *Dorothy* in "The Wizard Of Oz," her sister as the dog

Van Johnson



Bull

46

Winner on the rave roster: Van Johnson, star of M-G-M's "Thrill Of A Romance"

MY LIFE

by

Van Johnson

AS TOLD TO RUTH WATERBURY

Of dreams and sweat, this story of the man who took a reluctant Hollywood by storm when his break came



The friendship of Van and Keenan Wynn started in a movie "trench"



Two who made history in "Two Girls And A Sailor"—Van and June Allyson



Reunion: Dorothy Barrett of Van's chorus days, Van and Beryl McCutcheon

I LANDED in New York in a bitter rain with five dollars in cash and my mother's address in my pocket.

My mother had remarried and lived, I soon discovered, a long way by subway from Broadway, out in the Sheepshead Bay district.

Mother hadn't seen me for sixteen years, since I was three, when she and Dad were divorced. She was wonderful to me. She and my stepfather gave me a room, lunch money and encouragement. I assured them I'd soon repay them, since I would be making big dough almost immediately. I didn't mention my name in lights, but privately that idea glittered at me. I wrote Lois frequently, implying, even saying, that when Johnson hove into sight in these agencies, they greeted him with open arms.

Lois wrote back the ideal kind of only-girl letters which, boiled down, said one thing: Dear, you're right. Not that that was a surprise. After all, she was the one whose faith had spurred me on to abandoning the home waters of Newport and trying my luck on Broadway.

Did I say luck? My optimism again.

I went into the Broadway agencies and not an arm moved. Not an eyelash batted. I was strictly Mr. Nobody from Nowhere and I could keep on being same, till death did us part, for all of Broadway.

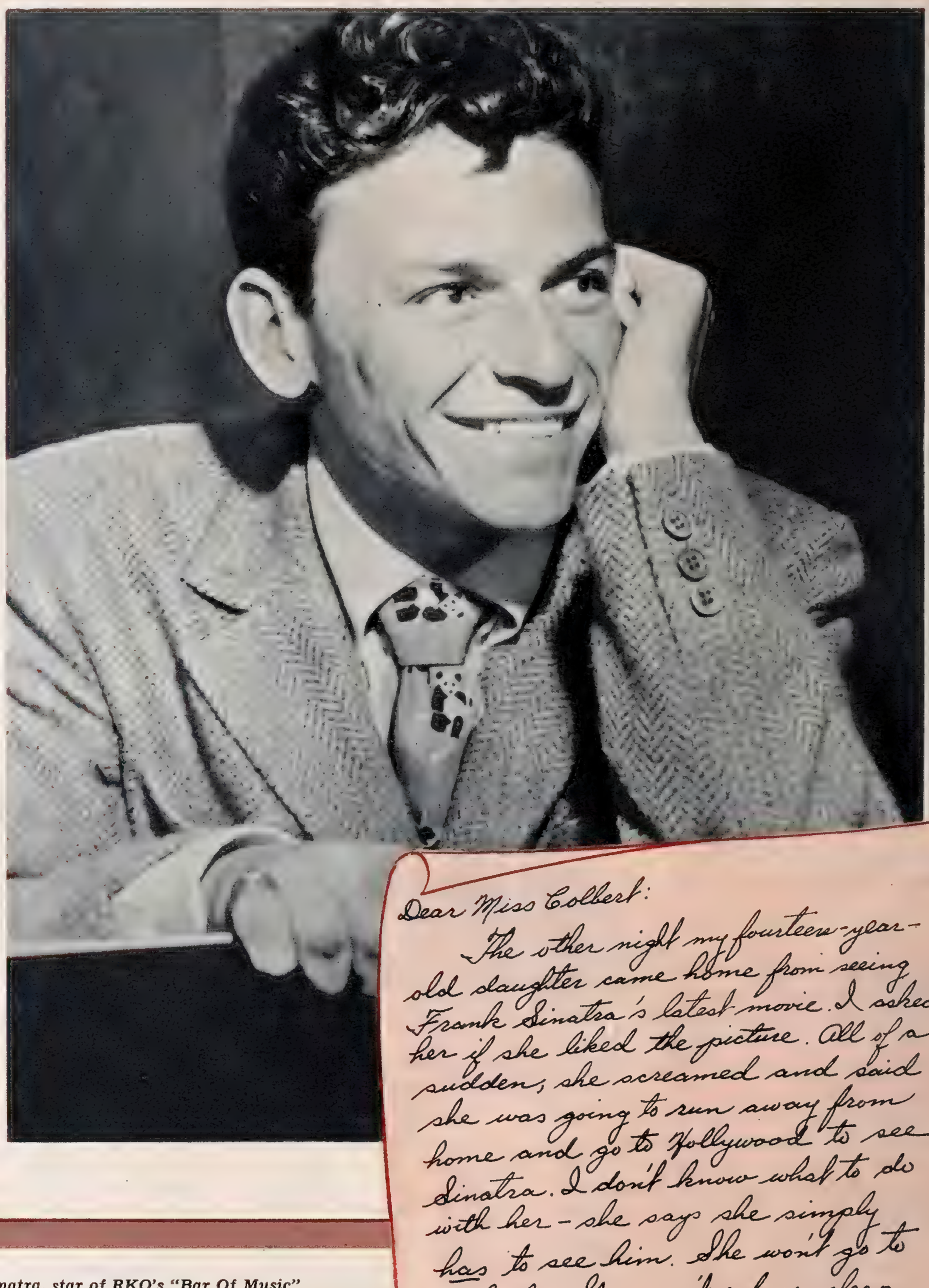
It wasn't that I didn't try. I did all the things. I tramped miles. I called in daily. I smiled. I hoofed. I sang. I did everything but take out my ribs, one by one, to attract attention.

As the weeks went by, I began being sick with guilt over taking that lunch money from my mother. Inevitably I discovered that spot all aspiring Broadway kids discover, the Penn-Astor basement lunch counter, where a big meal costs twenty-two cents and no tips accepted, but even that daily twenty-two cents plus a dime carfare was getting me down.

Yet that first year I did get in one show, a dilly called "Entre Nous," which was so darned *entre nous* that it practically remained a secret from the public. Of course its being hidden away in Greenwich Village helped the public to avoid it. We played The Cherry Lane Theater, but there wasn't any cherry tree, and no lane and the theater itself was so small that such audiences as we had practically sat on the stage among the acts. But at least and at last I was a professional. I sang and danced. The show ran four weeks and we got paid one. My wage: $15.

Nobody discovered me.

The second year things began to break. Because I answered a chorus call wearing tap-dancing shoes, the harassed dance director decided I must be old Johnny Fleetfoot and hired me without so much as a try-out. By the time we got into rehearsals, I'd picked up enough steps to get by. (*Continued on page* 66)



Frank Sinatra, star of RKO's "Bar Of Music"

Dear Miss Colbert:

The other night my fourteen-year-old daughter came home from seeing Frank Sinatra's latest movie. I asked her if she liked the picture. All of a sudden, she screamed and said she was going to run away from home and go to Hollywood to see Sinatra. I don't know what to do with her - she says she simply has to see him. She won't go to school. She won't eat or sleep. All she does is lock herself in her room with her phonograph and all his records and pictures. What should I do?

A Helpless Mother

YOU AND FRANK SINATRA

However you feel about Frankie, pro or con, you won't want to miss this fascinating breakdown of what makes teensters tick

BY LAWRENCE GOULD

Among the hundreds of letters received each month by Claudette Colbert in response to her Photoplay department, "What Should I Do?" came this appeal from a worried mother. Miss Colbert considered the underlying problem of such importance that she requested the advice of a trained psychologist. Photoplay found such a man in the person of Lawrence Gould, eminent in his field. Here is his answer, but more important still, his warm defense of today's teen-agers.

The Editors

IF you have read the letter on the opposite page, you are undoubtedly asking yourself, "How would I answer if the problem were put to me?" So let's tackle it together.

In the first place, if you're a Sinatra fan yourself, you have at least some idea of how this girl feels. You know there are millions who feel more or less the same way, and that there are a good many of these whose emotions sometimes run away with them and make them do things which seem pretty silly—anyhow, to an outsider. Maybe you've seen Frank's admirers held back by the police to keep them from mobbing him to get his autograph, to give him presents, or even to tear off pieces of his clothes for souvenirs. And you yourself probably have spent time listening to his records or dreaming over his picture when you should have been doing your homework or helping your mother with the dishes.

In a way, you can see why it all seems silly to people to whom Frank doesn't mean what he means to you, yet you know at heart that you're not really crazy and you feel, away down inside, that the folks who make fun of you somehow just don't understand you. Maybe you wish that you knew how to explain yourself to them—especially your parents—and yet when you try, you don't know where to begin. Let's see if a psychologist can help you.

Suppose you begin by reminding the people who tell you you're crazy that girls always have gone in for hero-worship, even to the point of adoration, in the years between the time when they start dreaming about romance and the day when they're ready to be married. Ask mother or grandma, for example, to tell you about the "matinee idols" in the days before the movies, or the way the great pianist, Paderewski, used to be mobbed by adoring women after his recitals. Ask your older sister if she didn't feel the way you feel about Sinatra when Charles Lindbergh first flew the Atlantic. Actually, they were doing then, as you are now, the same thing that your kid brother does when he plays "commando"—getting ready to meet the experiences of grown-up life by living them out beforehand in imagination.

Deep down in your heart, you know that this is what you're doing, and you even say so, though you may never have realized what your words meant. You say Frank is "simply out of this world," meaning that the way he makes you feel is altogether different from the feelings you have about ordinary things and people. For that matter, the Sinatra you've adopted as your dream man is himself quite different from the real Frank, although the real Frank is an unusually charming person, and much nicer to be married to—for his real wife—than any dream man would be. Only right now, it's a dream man you need and, for my part, I am very glad you've found one. In fact, it is only when you forget that Frank *is* a dream man and try to make him real *for you* that the trouble begins.

That, of course, is what the girl whose mother wrote to Miss Colbert was doing when she threatened to leave home because she "simply *had* to see" Frank. And, before I could advise her mother wisely, I should have to know what drives her into thinking about doing something which, even at her age, she must know is foolish. All I can say positively is that scolding, punishment and ridicule are likely only to make things worse.

You see, if you are the average Sinatra fan, you love to get "out of this world" occasionally, but you're willing to come back when duty or some other interest calls you. And when a girl can't or will not come back, it must be because there's something about the real world that's "too (*Continued on page* 123)

The Truth About Hollywood's Nerves



Roz Russell, dining with husband Major Brisson, had Hollywood worried

Stardom cracks the whip and these high-strung, talented people try to keep pace—sometimes with tricky results

BY "Fearless"

ROSALIND RUSSELL is finally up and about these days, very pale and startlingly thin, after a long illness that came so close to a complete nervous breakdown that for months Hollywood was worried sick.

For Roz is no average movie star, which isn't an average thing to be in the first place. Roz is more than a glamour girl. Roz is more than an expert comedienne. Roz is everything that a perfect woman should be—plus.

She is calculatedly beautiful. She is super-intelligent. Along with being the ideal career woman, always shrewd on business dealings, always punctual, punctilious and super-efficient, she is also the perfect wife. Major Fred Brisson is now overseas, but while he was stationed near Hollywood, Roz was the perfect military wife, making their home the most exquisite setting for all and any leaves. Roz is a dream of a hostess, a "best-dressed" woman, a devoted and tireless mother, a wonder child to her own charming mother, the perfect sister to the other four Russells. She also is a keen social worker (she is a scrapper for players' rights in the Screen Actors' Guild), has made many camp tours and was working for benefits for Chinese War Relief long before and long after this latter was fashionable, and a loyally devoted friend to a vast throng of pals, the closest of whom is her sometimes co-star Cary Grant.

Study that list. Add to it the fact that in all conferences, be they about hats or housework or roles, Roz had to do all the talking. Realize that she is a perfectionist at everything, whether it's the line of a hem or a bit of dialogue. Recall that she never could be idle-handed for so much as a split second. Then think of the ordinary facts of her daily living, the hair sets, the interviews, the rehearsals, the portrait sittings all poured on top of this.

Do you wonder, then, that when her baby was safely born, when Freddie Brisson was shipped overseas, she finally collapsed?

Most people in other communities accept a simple fact: They get tired. People in Hollywood, particularly those at the top, be they stars, writers or executives, refuse to acknowledge that fact. They dare not. The race is so swift that if they stop running one moment they are



Greer Garson believes in taking care when her nerves give the warning

quite convinced that not only will they be overtaken, but passed. They have every reason to believe this since it has been proven true again and again. Even when the war came and swept the contract lists clean of male stars, did the studios suffer? No. The studios expected to—but along came Van Johnson, Frank Sinatra, Sonny Tufts, Robert Walker and a host of others, so competently filling the shoes of their predecessors that the box office went into a new high.

But because the top people of glamour town dare not and will not rest, they get "Hollywood nerves." Subtract only a few items from the Russell list and you have the average woman star's life. Insomnia and ulcers are practically occupational diseases of both men and women before the camera.

The majority stagger through, some dying after having burned out much too young, as did that most gifted of producers, Irving Thalberg. But some nerves, probably fortunately, finally get so tense that they nearly break, as did Roz Russell's, or currently as are Alan Marshal's.

He is a very sick man, this charming, quiet Alan Marshal, and, tragically, a most typical case of the tricks Hollywood nerves can play. With his great success in "White Cliffs Of Dover" his career was about to shoot into the heights he has fought so long to attain. Following "White Cliffs," Alan was cast for the finest role yet given to him, that of the wounded soldier in "The Enchanted Cottage." Just a few days after that picture started shooting he collapsed.

That was more than six months ago, and Alan Marshal is still on the sick list.

In private life he was a most unactorish actor, very shy, very inhibited, living with a quietness that could almost be called stillness, madly in love with his beautiful young wife, Mary.

You can't stop most actors from talking about themselves, but Alan was the reverse. He was literally incapable of talking about Alan, but he'd rave on about Mary for hours, her beauty, her wit, her charm. "She is the one, not I, who should be in pictures," he'd say time after time.

Did he believe that, down deep in his heart? Did he really not want to star? Or was he secretly hurt and (*Continued on page* 99)

Claudette has a highly sensitized system of detectors that tell her when she must relax





Talented Susan Peters, with Coast Guard mate Richard Quine, before the hunting accident

IT HAD TO BE *You*

We couldn't stop reading this story of the studios. Only someone who has lived as excitingly close to the stars as this writer could tell so true a tale of Hollywood

BY KATHERINE ALBERT

Author of the original story "Guest In The House."



Peter Blake, tall, lithe and dark

THEY stood in a shadowy corner of Sound Stage D, the tall, lithe boy with the sweep of dark hair across his forehead and the girl with the red-checked pinafore that made her look too young for the sweet thoughtfulness of her face.

Without touching her body, the boy's arms, planted on either side of her where she stood against the wall, held her imprisoned.

"Jeannie" . . . He dropped his head to search the heart-shaped face raised to his. When words finally broke through the dam of his emotions his voice was almost rough. "I can't take it like this."

"Like what?" Her voice was teasing, but the brown eyes were two velvet saucers.

"Seeing you every day but never touching you—unless it's in a scene. You're like something far away and precious. But a guy just can't—"

Her glance flicked to the strong arms pinioning her against the wall. "I'm not far away now, Peter," she said softly.

For a split second his eyes stalked her face hungrily for the answer. Then without moving his arms from their guard he bent swiftly and laid his mouth on hers. Presently he pulled away. "Okay?" he asked hesitantly.

"What's okay?" she coaxed, her voice warm with his kiss.

"If I love you, goose."

"That's what I've been waiting for, darling," she breathed.

"Jeannie!" Only then did his arms abandon their guard and wrap her close to him. And time for both of them was immeasurable.

THE stage door flew open with authority as Rosie Holmes, Jeannie's mother, walked onto the set. It was as if the entire crew straightened their ties and their shoulders. Rosie wore a beige suit, high-heeled alligator slippers and a mink jacket flung across her shoulders. She looked much more like a film star than did Jeannie, the studio's biggest bet in "Morning For Margie." Rosie was treated more like one, too. She was, after all, the power behind the diminutive throne.

Even in the remote corner of the stage where Jeannie and Peter stood together telling each other of their love, Rosie's presence could be felt. "Mother's here," Jeannie whispered drawing away from Peter's embrace.

"What's that got to do with us?" Peter asked.

The word that formed on Jeannie's lips was "Everything!" But she did not say it aloud. "So long," she whispered as she ran to her mother.

Rosie's eyes had not missed the shadowy figures on the far side of the sound stage. Smiling for the benefit of the crew, she manipulated Jeannie into her portable dressing room and closed the door.

"What's all this about you and that little whippersnapper, Peter Blake?" she demanded.

The soft patina of first love still glazed Jeannie's eyes, but her young lips tightened under her make-up. How had her mother found out about her and Peter so soon?

"Jeannie," Rosie went on, "if you persist in this mad infatuation you will ruin my life. I've sacrificed for you for years, been through untold hardships so you might have a career. And now—well, I won't stand by, Jeannie, and watch you risk it all for a silly boy."

Jeannie knew the hardships Rosie had suffered. She remembered the miserable vaudeville circuits they had played, the tin hotels they had slept in. For years little Jeannie had lisped out songs when she should have been in school. There were hundreds of Elks, IOOFs, Eastern Stars and Woodmen Of The World who had paid to hear her sing and see her dance at benefits. Jeannie, however, never had asked to do this work. She had done it only because she and Rosie had to have money; especially after that night so long ago in Fargo, North Dakota, when Dick Holmes, her (*Continued on page* 107)



ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN



Upstairs in Jeannie's bed
room Marian confesse
she had crashed the part
"I'm glad you did," Jean
nie exclaimed impulsivel

I, Hedy

Here is a story wherein the heroine admits, "I'm shy, like to laugh—and love, above all, being Mrs. John Loder"

Hedy Lamarr, Star of "Experiment Perilous"



BY HEDY LAMARR

(As told to Leon Surmelian)

A DARK-HAIRED, gray-eyed girl in a Vienna finishing school seemed completely absorbed in her history book, but a smile stole over her lips on that spring day twelve years ago. Suddenly she laughed aloud. The teacher snatched the book and found to her horror that the girl had cut the eyes from the full-page portraits of all the famous kings of history, had substituted others she had drawn and that by wiggling them she could make the crusty monarchs roll their eyes in zany fashion.

That school girl was I.

I never outgrew my delight in clowning. I still possess it, but only my closest friends and family realize it, for it is confined to my own home. In public I give quite the opposite impression.

There is a reason.

I like people, but by instinct I find I am on the defensive with them, until I know them well. I am cautious in meeting new people, because I have been misjudged so often in the past. Women, on first meeting me, manage subtly to convey the impression that they expect me to pose to get attention, and to make an attempt to flirt with their husbands. If only they knew that I am hopelessly embarrassed by being stared at—and I have my own husband! As a result, I am quite retiring in large groups of people I do not know well.

Because people are apt to judge personality quickly, and I have unconsciously built this defensive barrier, I have been labeled as anything but a gay person. I regret it. I'm sorry I am so cautious. It is really a form of shyness. Only when I finally know people well and find them sincere do I lose this inherent shyness.

In fact, it is because of this same shyness that I do not find it easy to do this story. Perhaps if I talk about my husband and me it will be easier.

I am married to one of the most understanding and companionable men in the world. He is both stimulating

John and I have opposite temperaments, but the same tastes. If you look twice you'll note our twin wedding rings





We both love books and music. Here—my favorite records

and soothing. John Loder and I are very unlike in our temperaments, for which I am grateful. We balance each other's personalities perfectly.

John's reaction to people is quite the opposite of mine. He trusts everyone, makes friends immediately, while I, as I said, am cautious and reserved in my judgment.

John is tolerant, easy-going. I have a quick temper. I flare up rapidly, and quiet down just as fast. There have been occasions when I've rushed to the phone, wanting to call someone who has hurt me. John has held me back. "Wait until tomorrow," he has told me. He knows that by the following day I might call the person a perfect dear, the same one I wanted to denounce over the phone a few hours before. My husband is teaching me tolerance.

If we are unlike in our temperaments, we're alike in our tastes. We both love books and music. We dislike crowds and enjoy each other's company. I prefer staying home and having John read to me to going to a party. We like the same people, motion pictures, radio programs—even the same food.

Of course we don't agree on everything. Now and then, like all couples, we have a little difference of opinion. It may be about some current event, an article we've both read. Life would be very dull if we held identical views on everything.

John likes to clown at home as much as I do. Neither of us is dignified in our own home. When we start laughing, there's no stopping us. The slightest gesture, the very suggestion of a funny remark by either of us will send us both into gales of laughter. John tells me I'll never grow up. Neither will he.

THE fact that we both are in the same profession is an additional bond between us. We understand each other's problems. In the evenings we often rehearse our scenes for the next day, cueing each other. We occasionally visit on each other's sets at our studios.

As you may suspect by now, we are both homebodies, and our home life is very precious to us. John is the head of our household and makes the decisions, but I run the home, as a wife should, and my husband says I run our home very efficiently—a compliment that delights me.

I fancy myself as a cook, and John agrees. I'm especially proud of my two specialties, crêpes suzettes and roast beef, but now they certainly are not practical dishes and we seldom have them. Beef (*Continued on page* 70)

MY BIGGEST LIE





Jeanne Crain: I told a lie—a fat one. And I took my punishment, right there on the scene.

The lie popped out when Henry Hathaway, who was my director on my first big picture, "Home In Indiana," asked me if I could ride bareback.

With visions of being withdrawn from the picture (I couldn't ride, period)—I told him of course I could.

Truth will out, and my lie proved quickly transparent. The first five times we tried to shoot the scene I fell off and, sprawling in the dirt, looked up with terror to see if Mr. Hathaway would say "you're fired."

All he said each time was "Let's try it again," which was almost as bad—for I was black and blue by this time. On the sixth take I gritted my teeth and stuck on.

"Print it," the director called out.

I was suffused with relief, relaxed—and fell off again!

No more fibbing for Jeannie.

Diana Lynn: It seems I'm always "either too young or too old." I've been telling whoppers about my age for so long now that I have no idea how old I really am.

I *think* I'm eighteen. I know I was fourteen when I had my first chance for a good part in pictures—the very knowing little girl in "The Major And The Minor." The part called for a girl of twelve, so without a blush I said I had just turned thirteen. I dressed for the interview—in bobby socks, sloppy-joe sweater and no make-up. I got the part. My height was close enough to Ginger Rogers who was supposed to look fourteen, and with my scrubbed face I could pass for twelve, so they took a chance.

A year later "Our Hearts Were Young And Gay" came along and I was panting to do Emily who was nineteenish—and I was only fifteen. What was worse, they thought I was fourteen! This time an Edith Head suit and a glamour-pan by Westmore did the trick.

"How old are you?" Sheridan Gibney the producer asked me.

"Seventeen," I lied, with a straight face. I believed me.

Now I'm playing the role of a 21-year-old girl band leader—very sophisticated—in "Out Of This World." Love scenes and everything. I was really seventeen when I came up for this part, so I said I was eighteen. Now I *am* eighteen. Or am I?



Bill Bendix: I'm not so sure fibbing is a sin, for I'd probably still be a waiter if I hadn't told one beauty of a lie. It was in the depths of the depression and jobs were scarce. The only thing I could turn up was in a restaurant which employed singing waiters.

"Sure I can sing," I told the boss shakily. I can't carry a tune in a bucket. That night I reported for work, sweating under my white coat. The dishes danced on the trays I carried. If only the manager would be out when I was asked to sing.

"Sing 'When Irish Eyes Are Smiling,'" a guy at one of my tables piped up. And the boss was just a few feet away. I took a deep breath and began. The notes bore no relation to the song. My voice trembled and cracked. I was in anguish.

Then the customer began to laugh and pretty soon everyone in the room was laughing. I knew I was through. I hurried out to the waiters' room and whipped off my white coat. Then I sought out the manager.

"All right," I said gulping. "I know what's coming. I quit."

"What do you mean?" he said, and even *he* was laughing. "They loved you. You aren't quitting—I'm giving you a raise." And that, friends, is how Bendix found out he was a comedian.

With apologies to Mr. Washington, six blushing stars confess the times they slipped up on his cherry-tree example





John Payne: **Lying—like crime—doesn't pay, as good old George Washington would tell us. I found that out years ago when I was working my way through the University of Virginia.**

I had a chance to grab a night job as operator of an apartment house switchboard. It was just what I wanted—enough money, it didn't interfere with classes, and if the tenants didn't get too garrulous I would have a chance to sleep at least part of the night. There was only one hitch—I didn't know how to run a switchboard! But a friend of mine who was attending business college offered to fix me up. He would take me to his school, he said, and show me enough about switchboards in a couple of hours' demonstration to get me by.

I applied for the job so full of confidence—I hadn't made a mistake on the dummy switchboard!—that I was hired on the spot.

That night the switchboard, which was no dummy, came to life with a terrifying rush. I kept my wits about me for the first few calls, and then began plugging in and plugging out like a wild man. Tenants trying to call out found themselves talking to one another. Calls coming in—heaven knows what happened to them!

The fatal misstep occurred at about three a.m. when I rang the manager's phone—by mistake—and got him out of bed. I knew there was no use hanging around after that. I just pulled out my operator's plug—and went home.

Gracie Fields: **The biggest whopper I ever told. . . . It happened back in my home town of Rochdale, in Lancashire, England, when I was a little girl about seven years old. A playmate and I were snooping nosy-like around a cemetery where there had just been a funeral. Great wreaths and bunches of flowers were all over the grave and on one wreath there were two very pretty ribbons.**

We two little girls looked at each other and said, gee, wouldn't those ribbons look nice tied to our pigtails, but did we dare to sneak 'em? Yes, we dared, all right, and we each agreed to tell our mamas that the other had given us her ribbon. The first thing my mama asked was where did I get it. I told her my friend had given it to me. I never did get caught—except. . . .

Except by my own conscience. For three years after that I was haunted by visions of that poor woman rising right up out of her grave and pointing an accusing finger into my face and screaming, "You stole my ribbon!"

I'm not haunted by it any more, but it was an experience I shall never forget. Because I told that whopper when I was a kid I grew up a truthful woman.

Gregory Peck: **Paul Bunyon would have been proud to claim my biggest lie. It was like this: After I left college I made a beeline for New York to be an actor. But wishing isn't acting. So I applied for a job as a guide at Radio City. I was to take tourists to the roof and point out places of interest, which meant I had to know the city and its environs.**

"How long have you been in New York?" the personnel manager asked me.

"All my life," I lied, for I had to eat.

"You know the city then?"

"Like a book," I replied confidently. "I was born on East 57th Street," said I, having no idea where *that* was, "and I've had a paper route in almost every section."

I went to work the next day, after spending a sleepless night studying city maps and guide books.

My first party of tourists showed me how useless all of my cramming had been.

"Where," they wanted to know, "is Brooklyn?"

"Right over there," I replied, pointing to Jersey City!



Playmates: Tom is just another kid where little niece Casey is concerned





Flying high: Tom Drake, next to be seen as a flyer in M-G-M's "This Man's Navy"



Moody Vagabond

From oatmeal to orchids—and not too concerned about it all—that's Tom Drake, who takes life as he finds it and adds his own dash of spice

BY MAXINE ARNOLD



The cute girl is Claire, Tom's only sister and his favorite person. Below: Tom takes a turn at tree-pruning



Comfort by the fireplace—reading "The Wisdom Of China And India"



LIFE is no longer just a bowl of oatmeal to Tom Drake. Today he can take it or leave it alone. And he leaves it alone.

In the kitchen of his comfortable sprawling stucco home with the red tile roof in Beverly Hills, oatmeal is conspicuously absent.

For at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—where clang, clang, clang went the trolley, the career of the dashing Drake has gone ding, ding, ding, on up to the top of the bell.

The wistful-eyed actor who grabbed off Gloria De Haven in "Two Girls And A Sailor" and Judy Garland in "Meet Me In St. Louis," is now grabbing off top billing along with Wallace Beery for his sensitive performance as the "yellow" flyer who makes good in "This Man's Navy."

His best pals insist that he would be still better at comedy. Feeling, no doubt, that anybody who can get a laugh out of oatmeal can get a laugh out of anything.

Well does Tom remember the many batches of the murky stuff brewed by himself, his sister Claire and the gang in his basement apartment during those first days on Broadway. Especially one time four days before payday—and how excited they all were, trying out somebody's new recipe for glamorizing oatmeal. A dash of salt, a dash of margarine, another dash of something.

But four days is enough oatmeal. With or without salt.

Yet, even the way he tells it is indicative of the adventurous side of young Drake. And knowing him, you feel that no amount of fame can fence him in, that the kleigs and the glamour to him mean nothing, that he just wants to make a success of pictures to prove to himself that he can. And that once he does, he's just as liable to take up raising race horses or deep-sea diving. And do equally well at both.

For Tom Drake is a creature of contrasts. A combine of opposites. The moody, serious Drake who wants to succeed and the gay adventurer who took a train to Hollywood the way he used to take the local to New York from New Rochelle. And would take one back the same way. An eternal vagabond. The two Drakes are all mixed up like a chef's salad inside.

He dreams of a ranch but never stays settled long enough to build a wigwam. He's a sophisticated twenty-six and seems a more naive twenty-one. He looks like the harmless boy next door and has a deep sexy voice that hits you with the sock of a Charles Boyer. Behind that wistful face of his lurks a sense of humor that seldom stops at anything. He looks sad, but is very gay.

He gives the impression of just going along taking everything in his easy-going stride. Killing off one dragon at a time. And never counting anything until it hatches—which it usually does.

Though sometimes self-conscious with strangers, he lets loose with friends like an Abbott and Costello barrage.

His perpetually wistful look makes even landladies feel sorry for him. Which is probably why he got a house. It seems almost impossible that any guy could be so sad-eyed and such a zany inside. Moody vagabond. Orchids and oatmeal. Yowsah.

HIS sister and his pals all call him "Buddy," which somehow seems to fit him much better than Tom.

He looks like the kind of a guy you picture going on a tramp steamer around the world.

Six feet tall, of husky athletic build, deeply tanned, with brown eyes and light brown hair, which he calls a "dirty blond." The hair, true to form, runs in opposite directions too. There's one wave that rises abruptly at his forehead and the rest goes completely smooth. He takes a lot of joshing about that one wave from Steve Brody and his other Hollywood pals—and has taken it since he was a kid back in New Rochelle.

Born Alfred Alderdice Jr., the son of an English linen merchant, he spent all his early life just "forty-five minutes from Broadway" with his parents and his sister Claire.

It was in the back yard of his home that Tom's career actually sprouted—when he struck poses and gave imitations of Gable, Laughton and Boyer– (*Continued on page* 104)



Ciro-Diners: **The pretty and practical car-checker Mildred at smart Ciro's night club on the Sunset Strip is just about to locate Producer Felix Jackson's car so he can drive Deanna Durbin homeward after a late dinner. At the end of a day's work together (their latest picture being "Can't Help Singing"—he's the producer, she's the star), Deanna sheds her movie costume for a simple black outfit plus a mink coat—and they dine together. But only on a Saturday night would they celebrate dinner by going to Ciro's to eat in time to the magic of music.**

Record Fans: **Saturday finds Bonita Granville running around Universal Studios inviting her favorite Universal actors over for a simple buffet-dinner-and-record party at her nearby Valley home . . . and here they are choosing from Bonita's big record collection. There are Ensign Charles Runyon, Mrs. Noah Beery Jr., Dean Harens, Bonita herself and Noah Beery Jr. They're all fresh off some set, refreshed after Bonita's wonderful spaghetti dinner and are about to spend another hour listening to records before wending their homeward ways.**



Shop-talk: **This Saturday-night huddle in the M-G-M commissary looks like fun—and is, but not in the way you'd expect. Saturday nights the studio—on request—runs off a picture for the kids on the lot to analyze and study. Here Bruce Kellogg, Robert Walker, June Allyson and Robert Nathan have a happy ball session after having seen the new Judy Garland-Robert Walker picture, "The Clock," in an M-G-M projection room. Author Nathan (who wrote the best-selling book, "Portrait Of Jenny") has a personal interest in the picture because he wrote the screenplay; Bob Walker has a personal interest in June because he and she are about to start shooting "Her Highness And The Bell Boy." Bruce Kellogg, who is in "Hold High the Torch," adds to the scuttlebutt on general principles.**



11:30 Saturday night

It's America's night! Some of the things Hollywood does will surprise you. Here's a lens'-eye view of the stars in their special-date-night pastimes

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMIE FINK



Pen Pal: **The clock strikes 11:30 and it finds Maureen O'Hara covering reams of notepaper (marked Mrs. Will Price) to her husband in the Pacific—mostly about their tiny daughter Bronwyn Briget.**



Dance Devotees: **Saturday night finds love in high gear at Mocambo with Lana Turner and Turhan Bey dancing only with each other. Tonight Lana looks like an American version of a Turkish harem girl with nose-veil, sleek black satin suit and pounds of jewelry. The Turkish Mr. Bey matches her with gold-and-onyx cuff-links, ring and tie-pin.**



Music-maker: **Ida Lupino is home alone writing a song. Right now you can bet on her being unhappy—for she only composes when she's blue. She's already written the lyrics—with Nick Arden authoring the music—to such tunes as "When Our Fingers Meet," "Leave Me Alone" and "Storm In My Heart." Typical Lupino touch: She uses a fountain pen—instead of the proverbial chewed pencil of genius!**

Movie Fans: **Saturday nights are the Coopers' only night to howl—and they howl very quietly, at that. Generally 11:30 catches them leaving a neighborhood theater. Here Gary and his stunning Sandra have just seen "The Woman In The Window" at the Village Theater in Westwood.**



WHAT *should I do?*

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY
CLAUDETTE COLBERT



Claudette Colbert, star of "Practically Yours"

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

I have been married for twelve years and have two children, one eleven and the other three and a half. My husband has said repeatedly that I devoted too much time to the children and neglected him.

He met a girl ten years younger than himself (we are both thirty-three) who works with him. About two years ago he started to go out with this girl and they both fell deeply in love with one another. He told me all this. She too is married and has a husband overseas, but she told my husband she married without being in love, only for the sake of patriotism. She wrote to her husband, telling him of her "new love" and he let her get a divorce.

Realizing my big mistake I tried to win my husband back, but he says it is too late as he loves this woman very much. I wrote a very nice letter to this woman, pleading with her to leave him alone, but she ignored my letter and now I would like to see her personally. My husband has said that the only way he will give her up is for her to tell him to go away as she never wants to see him again. Now that is what I want to get her to do.

My husband says he cares for me and feels sorry for me, but that he loves this girl. I told him that I wouldn't give him a divorce no matter what.

What would you do?

Edwina de V.

Dear Mrs. de V:

There is one thing that you can salvage from this pitiable situation: Your pride and dignity. Under no circumstance should you try to get in touch with this woman for any reason whatsoever.

It is a complex and puzzling fact that a human being can look at a broken vase and realize that it is beyond any repair; she can look at a plant and know that it is quite dead; she can look at a gown and know that it is hopelessly faded, pulled at the seams and out of date. But rare indeed is the person who can look upon a human relationship and realize that it has lost all use, meaning, or beauty.

When a man—who is notoriously loath to change his habits of living—asks his wife for his freedom, the situation is usually beyond saving. If a woman undertakes to fight the case, she merely confirms her husband's suspicion that she is a bad lot. Only by being magnanimous, generous and—if possible—coldly humorous, can she make him realize that he may be giving up the best deal of his life for a pretty but untested mess of pottage.

It is with real regret that I tell you that I think you should ask your husband to move out, leaving you and your children in your home. Tell him that you will be glad to give him his freedom as soon as he likes. Don't tell him off, don't quarrel with him, don't criticize this other girl. Be as big and as brave as you possibly can.

Then get busy and make a new life for yourself, if you do no more than take up oil painting or the study of Spanish, or a full-time job at the Red Cross while your children are in school. It won't be easy, but at the end of the long, tough, heart-cracking job, you will have learned how to live within your own strength and dignity. And perhaps your husband will come to his senses.

Claudette Colbert

(Continued on page 64)

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

What would you do if you were faced with the problem of losing your husband to a girl ten years younger than yourself?

This is one of the situations on which a Photoplay reader has asked me to advise her this month and I have tried to work out her problem honestly and wisely. I hope the answers given here will be of help to many people with similar problems. But if you need special assistance, write to me in care of Photoplay (8949 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 46, Calif.) and if possible I'll answer you on these pages.

sincerely
Claudette Colbert

She's Engaged to a member of the Royal Canadian Air Force *She's Lovely!*



HER RING—an upraised center diamond flanked by smaller diamonds on intricate design in gold.

FRANCES KING, of Poughkeepsie, N.Y., of the old Hudson River family—another lovely Pond's bride-to-be. Her engagement to H. Paul Richards, of the R.C.A.F., was announced last May

Pretty as a picture—and a complexion so petal-*clear* you'd think Frances' beauty was just happenstance.

But Frances herself says, very positively, she *keeps* it that way with her faithful Pond's devotions.

"Skin *needs* regular care," she declares. "I love my daily and nightly Pond's Cold-Creamings. They make my skin feel glorious."

HOW FRANCES BEAUTY-CARES FOR HER FACE WITH POND'S

First—she *smooths* snowy Pond's Cold Cream all over face and throat, pats it with brisk finger tips to help soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off well.

Next—she *rinses* with more luscious-soft Pond's, plying her white-tipped fingers around nose, mouth, cheeks, forehead. Tissues off. "This double-creaming is *important*," Frances says, "makes skin *extra* clean, *extra* soft."

Use Pond's Frances' way—every morning, every night. Daytime, too, for clean-ups. You'll find it's no accident engaged girls like Frances, noted society beauties, love this soft-smooth beauty care.

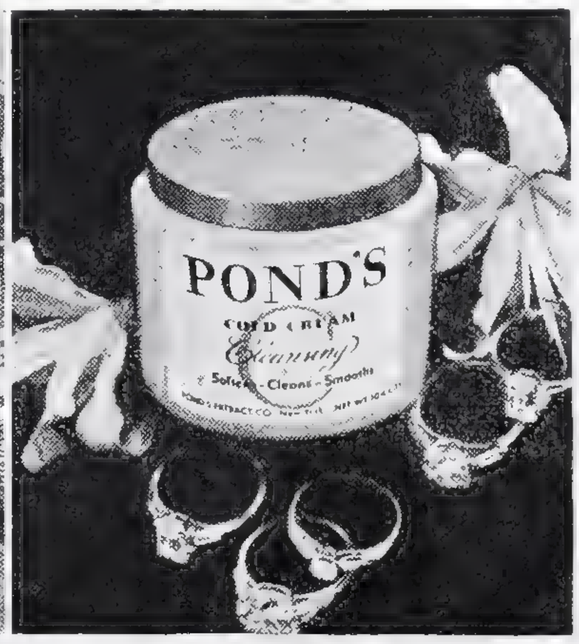
Get a *big* jar of Pond's Cold Cream today. You'll like being able to dip the fingers of *both* your hands in the luxurious, *big* jar.



SHE'S A DARLING! Frances is petite, with wistful brown eyes and skin baby-soft! "I keep it nice with Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "It's such a *grand* cream!"



ON HIS FURLOUGHS Paul and Frances are inseparable. While he is away she serves, too—in the Red Cross, at the canteen, the Halloran Hospital.



TODAY—many more women and girls use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.

She uses Pond's

A few of the Pond's Society Beauties

MRS. VICTOR DU PONT, III
LADY BRIGID KING-TENISON
MRS. GERALDINE SPRECKELS
MRS. CHARLES MORGAN, JR.
MRS. JAMES J. CABOT

P
M
M

(*Continued from page* 62)

Dear Miss Colbert:

I've been married four months—unhappily. I didn't love my husband when I married him, although I have known him since grammar-school days. I was never allowed by my parents to go with anyone but him. He has all the fine qualities that a woman could ask for, but I like him without loving him. He's in the service and we have managed to be together at least once every month.

I had been married only three weeks when I went to visit a group of ex-prisoners of war, whose language I speak because I was born in their country, and I met the man I knew I could love with all my heart. After that first visit I knew I had to return again and I did, once each week.

One night, this man managed to tell me of his love for me. Someday after the war, he wants to take me back to his home—after I get my divorce.

We have kept our love a secret until today when my mother discovered a note I had jotted down, but had never given him. Now she objects to my going to see him and threatens to tell my husband.

I don't want to hurt my husband, yet I am wild to see this other man and to be with him as much as I can.

Will you tell me, please, please, what I should do?

Mrs. Raphaela D.

Dear Mrs. D:

Your letter tells a very interesting story between the lines. In the first place, it is apparent that you married your husband because your mother arranged the match. You feel that you were forced into marriage without having had the opportunity of exercising some personal choice in the matter. Subconsciously you have, I'm rather certain, told yourself that you were denied the thrill of romance.

This prisoner of war satisfies every romantic inclination in your nature: His nationality pleases you because of your loyalty to your national heritage; his position as a prisoner, his ability to converse with you in the language of your childhood, the clandestine character of your relationship, all appeal to you. And, to give your adventure its final fillip, you knew in advance that your mother would violently disapprove of your actions.

But let's be rational about this. Spiting your mother by indulging in a forbidden romance will leave a bitter taste in your memory if you destroy your husband's faith in you. I'm afraid you haven't given his position in the matter much consideration. You admit that your husband is a fine man—yet you plan to cast him off, this man in uniform, for a chap who, except for the grace of God, would still be fighting against this country. Have you considered, too, that Europeans are not as generous to their wives as Americans?

I want to stress this, in fairness to you: Emotion is an element that no one has been able to produce at will, nor destroy when it was inconvenient. It is entirely possible to like and admire a man without loving him as a husband. But why don't you give your husband a chance? Three weeks is no time in which to decide whether two persons can make a good life together, particularly when they have spent only week ends with one another.

Why don't you wait until the war is over before making a decision?

Claudette Colbert

Blood Will Tell!

ARE you asking yourself if you are doing all you truly can for those guys who are out there taking hell in their stride for you back here?

You aren't—if you haven't given a pint of blood!

1500 pints a day are used at our fighting fronts alone. Just think: The blood you give today is in the veins of a wounded soldier in Europe the morning after tomorrow—or in the body of a hard-hit G.I. in the Pacific three days from now!

THEY'RE GIVING THEIRS—
WON'T YOU GIVE YOURS?

Go to your nearest Red Cross center
TODAY!

Dear Miss Colbert:

In February, 1942, I met Dorothy, the seventeen-year-old sister of my best friend. Because we liked the same books, poetry, music, movies and people, we had fun just being friends. Six months after our first date, I kissed her for the first time, and then I knew that it was more than friendliness that I felt for her. She said that she loved me, too, so we began to make plans for the future.

One night I called for her at her home, but she refused to see me. Even her family couldn't understand it.

Two months later I was inducted into the Army, but after a year of service, I was discharged because of an old football injury.

Since I've been home, I've managed to talk to her over the telephone, but she just listens to me and says "yes" or "no." Nothing else. When she does say a few sentences her voice is so heartbroken that I can't bear it.

Her father tells me that she won't talk to her own family, she cries a lot at night and has lost ten pounds. Dorothy's friends tell me that she admits her love for me, but when anyone tries to question her, she freezes up and won't talk at all. She plays "our" record—"That Old Black Magic"—every night. She hasn't had another date in over a year.

I accidentally sat behind her in church last Sunday. When services were over she turned around. She stood there, staring at me, then ran outside crying.

I am twenty-three years old, now, and Dot is almost twenty. I have a very good job and could care for her properly. Although she won't see me personally, I telephone her every day and send her flowers once a week.

Would you advise me to make some plan where I can force her to talk to me, or do you have an idea—since you are a pretty girl, too—just what is causing her to behave like this?

I'll admit that I'm stymied.

Enright M.

Dear Mr. M:

Obviously there is something in this girl's present home life, or in her memory, or in her mind, that is making her wretchedly unhappy.

It would seem, from your letter, that this girl's family is in sympathy with you. Why don't you ask them to force her to see you. If they decline, beg them to explain any possible cause of her behavior to you. If they agree to insist that she see and talk to you, why don't you tell her that she is behaving like a selfish child. She is deliberately making everyone around her unhappy, nervous and worried for no apparent reason. Ask her exactly what the score is, once and for all. Or better, I think—urge her family to take her to a psychiatrist who will make her talk and learn the basic trouble. You can be guided accordingly. If it is hopeless, put her out of your life completely.

Stop telephoning, stop sending flowers, stop asking her friends about her. If she is ***(Continued on page 97)***



16 Full-Color Portraits

of your favorite

Band Leaders and Singers

full set only **25¢**



BEAUTIFUL OIL PAINTINGS by the famous artist, Albert Fisher, were used for these 16 portraits!

The pictures are actual postcard size, 5½" x 3¼", and *printed in gorgeous, glowing color!* Use them as pin-ups, or as novel postcards. Each set contains pictures of Perry Como, Tommy Dorsey, Duke Ellington, Lena Horne, Spike Jones, Sammy Kaye, Freddy Martin, Hal McIntyre, Glenn Miller, Vaughn Monroe, David Rose, Artie Shaw, Dinah Shore, the King Sisters, Charlie Spivak and Fats Waller.*

Only through Victor can you get these exciting color portraits—and you get all 16 for only a quarter! But the supply is limited, so send your order *today*. Use the handy coupon or write direct to Box 23, Camden, New Jersey, enclosing 25¢ per set.

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*Gentlemen: Please send me __ sets of 16 portrait pin-ups (*listed above), for which I enclose 25¢ per set.*

PLEASE WRITE PLAINLY OR PRINT.

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1

P
M
M

Miss DAPHNE ADAMS

A descendant of John Adams and the Earl of Caithness, Scotland, Miss Daphne Adams is the daughter of the noted portrait painter, Lawson Adams, of Philadelphia. She was born and educated in France.



"A WAY TO *Infinite Loveliness*"

"I'm a painter," says Miss Adams, "and I know that just as a certain color complements another, a certain fragrance enhances a woman — makes her infinitely lovely. That's why I use Djer-Kiss perfume. It is the final perfect touch to the woman who values her charm." Have *you* tried Djer-Kiss perfume?



Pronounced "DEAR KISS"

DJER-KISS

The World's Most Romantic Scent

BY Kerkoff

My Life

(*Continued from page* 47) Saved for my art by a metal tip! The show was called "New Faces." It ran a beautiful forty weeks with me getting forty bucks for each and every one of them.

I was able to repay my mother and move into a room on 46th Street right near Times Square, in the midst of the bright lights, in the heart of the theater world. Technically, the room was furnished—but it is more accurate to say it was filled—with a bed, a chair, a bureau, a washbowl. It had no clothes closet but I needed none. After all, when you have only one suit you have it on except when sleeping.

When "New Faces" closed, did I worry? Certainly not. I was all set to go ahead now. So I went backward. The only job I could get was in the chorus of the Roxy, a movie house, at $30 a week, but a chance to see all the movies, which I did. I was and still am a rabid movie fan. Right now I'm making a collection of old movie magazines. I dote on them.

BUT at the Roxy, I really did get discovered. A swell girl, Lucille Page, wife of Buster West, the comedian, came backstage one day and asked me if I'd like to work in a vaudeville act with her and Buster for $75 a week and all expenses. Would I? Do mares like oats? Do little lambs like ivy? We went out on the road and traveled till Lucille decided to take time off for motherhood. Now I know how a producer feels when some starlet tells him those same tidings.

Back on Broadway—this time with an oufit called "Eight Young Men Of Manhattan." Tricked out in white ties and tail coats we formed a background for Mary Martin, queen of Broadway that winter because of her heart belonging to Daddy. We did our act on the Waldorf's Starlight Roof. The atmosphere did something to me. Surrounded by that elegance, I felt I could conquer anything. I decided to go back home and see Lois. Just as I was trying to get the time off to do this, I got her letter. Lois was going to be a bride, all right, but the cast had been changed. There was another guy whom she was marrying.

Sometimes I wonder if it is because we Swedes come from such a frozen country that we ourselves thaw out so seldom, or reversely, when we get set into a pattern or emotion we freeze to it so solidly.

To call it heartbreak I went through is dramatizing it too much. I faced the truth that Lois was right. We still wanted the same things: A home, security, lots of kids. But as my wife what chance would she have at them, with me making $50 one week, nothing a month later and $30 a week ten weeks afterward?

I got me another girl. She wasn't a bit like Lois. She was actually much more beautiful, much more vivacious. She had sparkling eyes and a drape shape of the first water. She was a Broadway starlet. She loved to sing and to dance and she was a wonderful companion. I told myself I was in love. What we had in common was Broadway. The only trouble was that I was beginning to be sick of Broadway.

The Broadway of success is a swoony proposition but the Broadway of slow openings and quick closings, of going the agency rounds, of trying out, of flash money one month and careful hoarding the next—well, here comes the Swede in me again. I couldn't see it as getting anywhere. It wasn't my way of life. I kept trying out for speaking parts and ending up in the chorus. George Abbott gave me a chance at a speaking role in "Too Many Girls," groaned as he listened to me, stuck me in the chorus, yet strangely enough, when he came to Hollywood to do the show on the screen, once more gave me a chance at an acting spot.

I kissed my girl and Broadway good-by and headed for RKO. They gave me a test and a return ticket. I went back to everything but the girl. The Abbott office actually gave me lines to say in "Pal Joey" in which the leads were June Havoc and Gene Kelly.

THERE is nothing so rare as a girl like June. It was excitement at first sight for us. Gene was courting Betsy Blair, who is now Mrs. Kelly, and we four went everywhere together. I was in the chips, $150 a week. I had six suits. Life was strictly on the beam—too good to last. Hollywood paged June. She left. Hollywood paged Gene. He and Betsy left. Then, finally, it paged me.

This was more like it. I'd be seeing June and seeing Gene, matching my contract with theirs. I made one slight miscalculation in those dreams, the fact that I came back practically by return plane.

Yes, I made another test, at Columbia this time, opposite Janet Blair, who is a nice girl to be opposite, even if the Columbia officials didn't feel the same about me when they viewed me. On Broadway I went back into "Pal Joey," which promptly closed, perhaps from shock.

Mr. Van Johnson hit an all-time low. He took himself to Newport, ate clams, looked out to sea and asked himself what it was all about. Mr. Johnson knew a lot of questions and no answers whatsoever.

YOU ASKED FOR HIM

and you'll find Van Johnson, winner of Photoplay's Color Portrait Poll, on page 46.

NOW'S YOUR CHANCE

to vote for your favorites for next month. Send in the ballot below to the Color Portrait Editor, Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

. . . . . .

I'd like to see a color portrait of . . . . . ***in Photoplay***

. . . . . .

Then the telephone rang. Good old telephone. An agency was on the wire asking if I'd consider a six-months' contract with Warner Brothers, starting immediately. It was like asking a drowning man if he would consider being rescued by a yacht.

I went out in style, a lower berth. Johnson, the contract actor. Six months in which to make overwhelmingly good. I practiced expressions all the way. I wondered what gracious words I should say to the group that would meet me.

Nobody met me. I called Warner Brothers and told them I had arrived in glamorous Hollywood, that I was, in fact, registered at the glamorous Beverly Hills Hotel. They said all right. I called my agents and gave them the same glad tidings. They said all right, too.

But next morning my eyes were shining and girls were singing and Warner Brothers were on the wire. Said they: "Your six-months' contract entitles us to give you a six-weeks' layoff. We are putting you on layoff starting today." In less fancy language that meant I was off-salary. Ah, the warm welcome of Hollywood! Ah, the wonderful hospitality! Ah, nuts!

Still, there was June Havoc, bless her, and the six weeks went by. I couldn't see much of June because she was working practically day and night. I couldn't see much of Gene because of the same setup. But being a sun worshipper, I didn't suffer and at the end of the six weeks the checks began coming.

I called up Warners to see if I couldn't do a little work for these checks. Day after day, nobody was in. June said I ought to go to Warners and show myself. "Lunch in the Green Room," said she. So I went to the Green Room and snagged a table close to the wall. I gazed popeyed at everyone, really big stars, really big directors, but no one saw me. I was the invisible man to everyone except one waitress. She came over and said, "You're not allowed in here. This is only for stars and directors." I can take a hint. I got out and stayed out.

AT the end of five months, I got my second call from Warners. They said they weren't taking up my option. This did not surprise me. Having hired me sight unseen there was no rule why they couldn't fire me similarly. I thought nothing they could do would surprise me, but two weeks later they bowled me over by calling a third time and this time saying I was to play the lead in "Murder In The Big House." The leading lady was super-swell Faye Emerson. The picture was shot in twelve days, just time enough to get me in under the end of my contract. I walked out of frames, waved my arms and in general couldn't have been any worse.

My final night in town Desi Arnaz and his wife, Lucille Ball, called me up and took me to dinner at Chasen's. Until that moment, I didn't care at all about leaving Hollywood. I knew no one but June and Gene, who still, through no fault of their own, hadn't time enough to see me.

But there was something in Chasen's atmosphere that was warm and friendly. I saw nice people around and I was introduced to some of them. Gary Cooper, for instance, who really looked at me, really greeted me. Suddenly, sitting there at the bar, I wanted to put my head down and wail with misery. I wanted to stay and be a success.

Billy Grady walked up.

He was an old friend of Lucille's, whom I had met once in New York. He asked me what I was doing. I told him—he told me to come to M-G-M the next morning.

At M-G-M, people were actually kind to me. I might be a nobody but at least I was human. I got make-up tests, voice



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Number One 'Lab'.

The Fels-Naptha Plant maintains an imposing Research Laboratory, equipped with the usual testing paraphernalia—and the usual staff of 'experts'.

Here, every day, Fels-Naptha Soap goes on trial. When the experts, with their test tubes and charts, report 'up to Fels-Naptha Standard', we know we haven't been bragging.

But our Number One 'Lab'. is an ordinary home laundry. The 'staff' is the Lady of the House. Her equipment is a washtub or washing machine and a bundle of soiled clothes. When *she* puts Fels-Naptha Soap on trial, it has to be good—or else.

There are millions of these 'Home Laboratories' in the United States. According to voluntary reports, they use Fels-Naptha because, for practical daily purposes, they find it's the best laundry soap on the market.



We'd like to see Fels-Naptha Soap tested in your laundry. And we'd also like to have *your* 'Laboratory Report'.

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tests, coaching, was taught camera angles. They told me blond men weren't star material. I'd have to dye my hair. At that moment I'd have dyed my face if they had said so.

Actually they didn't dye my carrot locks. They just sprayed them, from a spray gun like the ones housewives use to frighten gnats. I felt smaller than one when I saw myself. On me black hair didn't look good, I thought, but I wasn't setting myself up in judgment against those nice M-G-M-ers.

Right away they put me in a "Crime Doesn't Pay" short. Each morning I'd report to make-up and they'd spray me into a brunette and each night I'd wash me back into being a redhead again. All went well until we had to work in a rainstorm. My hair ran all over my face or rather its color did. They nearly cast me in a Tarzan picture, I made such a snazzy zebra.

NEVERTHELESS, I got my first chance at an A picture after that—"Cairo" with Jeanette MacDonald. They made me up, not only with my spray-gun hair, but with a mustache and a pipe between the teeth. I had a bad moment when I was called to do a test with a girl who had once been a star. Back in Newport I had drooled over her beauty but now I saw what bad health and bad luck can do to a girl like that. Neither of us got the roles, but I got a good lesson. I had learned, by shock, that a career must be guarded every minute.

Then the front office called me and told me I was going into "Somewhere I'll Find You" with Clark Gable and Lana Turner!

There was a war scene with thirty men in a trench, all dead but me. I was to crawl through them, while shot and shell burst over my head and as I poked my way up around their shoulders and arms I was to utter bright lines. I blew my lines and the director blew his top. I wished I were really a dead man. I did the scene again and again, with him getting madder and madder. About the fourth time as I crawled through, one of the corpses began tickling me. I laughed in spite of myself, and relaxed. I looked into some slap-happy eyes and recognized Keenan Wynn, whom I knew slightly. Because I was relaxed, I went through the scene without a break and right there began a sincere and lasting friendship.

That was my only scene in "Somewhere I'll Find You" and I never even glimpsed Turner or Gable.

But the tide had turned. Came "The War Against Mrs. Hadley," "Pilot No. 5," my first *Dr. Gillespie* picture followed by a second, and finally "A Guy Named Joe." I had friends, very close friends like Keenan and his wife, Evie, and wonderful helpful friends on the lot like Fay Bainter in "Mrs. Hadley" and Lionel Barrymore in the *Gillespies* and finally that wonder woman, Irene Dunne.

I felt she didn't want me for that part in "Joe." I knew nobody wanted me really. After all, who was Van Johnson? They had already tested so many guys so much more important than I and when Vic Fleming, the director, introduced me to Irene, I knew just how interested he was when he said, "Miss Dunne, this is Mr. Van Warren." Didn't even have my name straight!

I had to test on a love scene. I stood there, my face against the beautiful face of a star miles above me. So what did she do, that feminine miracle? She pretended she was nervous! She made believe she didn't remember her lines. She made up lines when I faltered. Five minutes later making love to her was no strain. The strain was in not making it too real!

Well, I got the part and then came my automobile accident. It's been told so

often I won't go into it here beyond saying that I got sideswiped when I was on the way to the studio with Keenan and Evie. I went down and out and came to, with my face all scarred, a possible brain injury and a definite 4F status.

All I thought of at first was, this gives Dunne the out. She doesn't really want me in that part and now she can get rid of me. Instead, she fought for me and they held up the production till I got well.

People tell me that accident changed me. But I think it only intensified the kind of guy I am. Until then I'd been a little shy about admitting how much I like to stay home alone, reading, listening to records, mapping out the years ahead. Now I'm not.

The studio's given me wonderful parts such as the sailor in "Two Girls And A Sailor," followed by Ted Lawson in "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" and the fan mail says I'm across. I'll confess, it's terrific.

In fact, I'll let you in on a secret. I've worked steadily, almost without a day's rest, for two years now, so recently I took a vacation in Mexico. Nobody down there knew me and at first it seemed very sharp, walking through those little towns. I really went for it—for about one day. Then I began to get lonesome for people nudging each other as I passed, or smiling at me, or saying, "Would you sign this?" When I came back and the crowd in the airport recognized me, I got a great kick out of it.

The future? Comedy parts, I hope, mixed with a little drama, and me learning to be a better actor. And that girl I'm looking for. Whether she's a blonde or brunette, I do not care. Whether she's an actress or a home girl or a white-collar worker matters not at all to me. When she comes along, I shall know her.

Then I'll marry and I'll hope to have not one or two children but five at least, and a home that will be as much like New England as anything in the West can be. And the things I'll want in that home will be New England things that I will share with my wife and children, the qualities of independence, free thinking and free speech, hard work and friendliness.

That's my dream, but even if I don't get it, even if I don't attain half of it, I know I'm still way ahead, and a very lucky guy, and I'm grateful.

THE END

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P M M

I, Hedy

(*Continued from page* 55) costs just as many points in Hollywood as it does in Hoboken—and how many times a year does one have crêpes suzettes?

We're lucky to have a maid but if tomorrow we didn't have a servant, it would not bother me. As a young girl I was taught cleanliness and order, as well as cooking. I'm teaching my son Jamesie that he, too, must be orderly.

We have no budget. I do my own shopping in the big California markets. And have a wonderful time shopping at ten-cent stores. My sales resistance is non-existent, and John says people can sell me anything.

But I feel, nevertheless, that I'm a good business woman. At least, I'm methodic. I might be a successful director or producer if I had more patience. I should like to direct or produce pictures, sometime, but I suppose that's rather a futile hope.

I've never been satisfied with any of my screen roles. One can always find a chance for a possible improvement after a role is finished. If not, one would stagnate as an actor. My favorite part was the paisano girl in "Tortilla Flat," but I also cherish a letter from John P. Marquand, the author of "H. M. Pulham, Esquire," in which he complimented me on my role in the screen version. I like comedy, and enjoyed making "The Heavenly Body." I liked making "Experiment Perilous" too.

EVERY Friday night John and I go to the Hollywood Canteen, where he works as a dishwasher while I wait at the snack bar. To be honest, I have little time for anything but writing autographs, which is flattering, but I'd rather be able to serve sandwiches and coffee to the boys.

John and I seldom go to night clubs. Our intimate friends are few, but those few are very close friends, including George Antheil, the brilliant modern composer, and his wife. My own dearest friend is Lilly Veidt, the widow of Conrad Veidt.

I am far from athletic, but I enjoy long walks, which I frequently take with John in the hills around our Benedict Canyon home. The mountains hold a particular fascination for us, and we hope, after the war, to own a mountain cabin.

On our honeymoon we rented a cabin at Big Bear, where John built the fire and helped with the dishes, and I did all the other work. The cabin we plan to have will be small enough so we can do all our own housework and cooking. Rustic, with a large fireplace in the living room. We know just what our dream house will be like, but it must wait for the duration.

I have no illusions of "glamour." Frankly, that word annoys me, because I can't decide what "glamorous" means. Beautiful, chic, elegant are words I understand, but not "glamour."

What is much more important than "glamour" in my life is the little one John and I expect in the spring. We both hope so for a girl since we already have Jamesie. But I'm playing safe—I'm going to have the nursery done in yellow. Then it will be appropriate either way. After work is completed on "Her Highness And The Bellboy," John and I are going house-hunting for a larger place for the baby.

If it is a boy we will name him John for his father. But a girl—that is more difficult. I want something easy. I know what it is to have a name that is generally mispronounced. Gretchen is nice, but it sounds so hard in English. Gretl, perhaps.

But maybe it is too early to worry about that. I think I am too happy to worry about anything!

THE END

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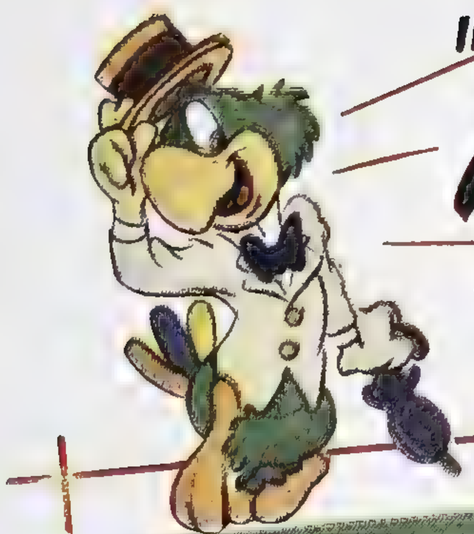
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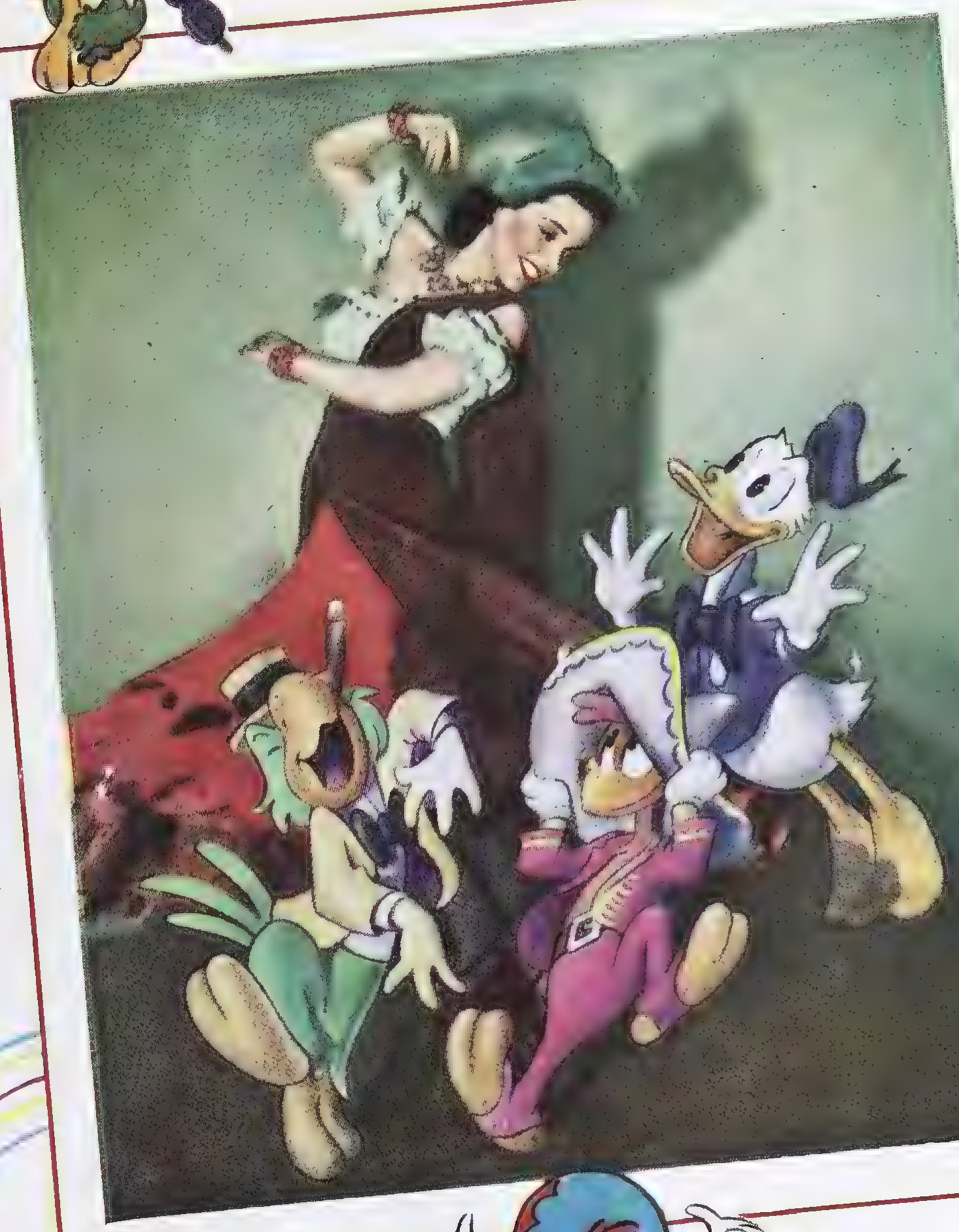
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FLEDGLINGS . . .



(Left) Clean-cut cardigan jacket above a freedom-loving pleated skirt. In downy-textured Botany Flannel, this Jaunty Junior comes in chartreuse, pink, iceland blue or green. 7-15. The suit, about $30 at Sanger Bros., Dallas. The Betmar cloche, with tucked-in feather, in all colors about $5 at L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis

(Right) Pink arrows on navy . . . or pale blue on black, if you prefer . . . point up the nipped-in waist and the broad shoulder line of this Arkay Jr. suit. It's of nest-soft William Whitman wool. 7-15. About $22 at Livingston Bros., San Francisco. The "Fun Cap," all colors, is hand-crocheted rayon straw—about $4 at Bullock's, Los Angeles.



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SEE PAGE 128

for a representative list of stores where you can buy these Photoplay First-Run fashions.

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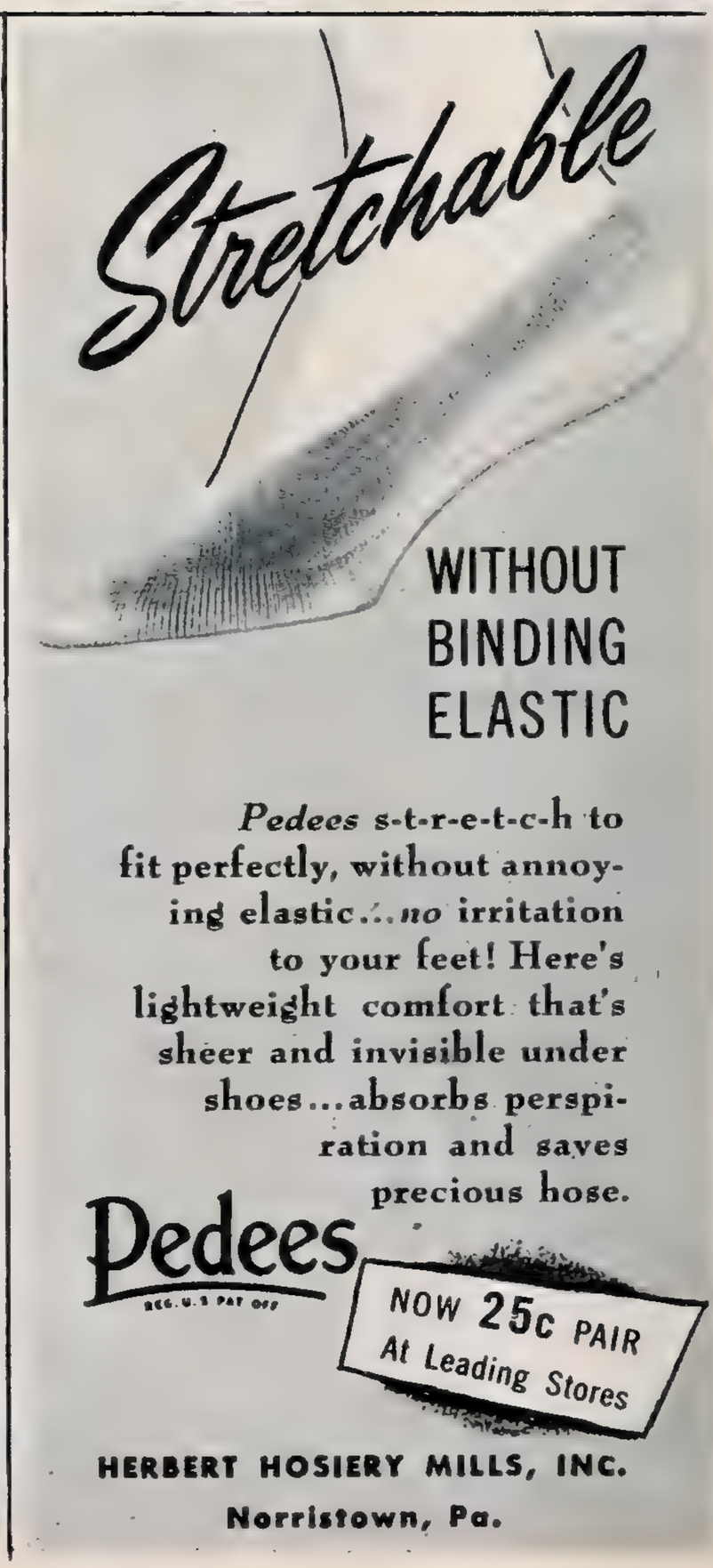
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At the Hollywood premiere of "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" . . . June Allyson, squired by Van Johnson, arrived all dressed up in a fluffy gown, looking enchanting as ever . . . Lovely Virginia Bruce suave in a decolette evening gown of gray-blue touched with dark red . . . tiny red and blue flowers in her hair. Paulette Goddard was there, sophisticated and beautiful . . . and looking *very* slim . . . in a short black dinner dress and a tiny, alluring black hat.

Seen on the Boulevard . . . Ida Lupino in a simple black wool tailored suit made gay and charming by a feminine billowy ruffled collar studded with gold nail heads . . . her hat also white and gold-nail trimmed.

Shirley Temple on the Rudy Vallee air show in a simple dark blue wool sheer with a heart-shaped neckline, tight bodice and full skirt. The exciting note . . . her monogram, "S.T." in pale blue silk braid, sewed on the dress in Shirley-swirley letters. Shirley says she has the same dress in other color combinations. Couldn't be cuter!

Joan Bennett, at the dinner hour at La Rue . . . . in a plain, snug-fitting brown satin dinner suit—short-skirted. She topped it off with a bright pink hat of fluffy feathers, and matching pink suede gloves. Claudette Colbert dined in a long-skirted, full-gathered dinner dress of faded rose . . . her favorite color. A four-inch belt, laced up the front with rose cord of a deeper shade than the gown, gave the dress a tiny waistline . . . graceful and feminine. Marie Montez was dashing in a striking black dinner gown . . . the only ornament a huge splash of sequin flowers in bright colors embroidered on the left shoulder. Long sleeves and a long, slim skirt gave her gown a wonderfully slinky line.

Your first scene
Fashion scout

The Enchanted Couple

(*Continued from page* 34) say when her husband announced, of a Sunday afternoon, that he felt like joining some baseball friends in an amateur game. She'd say, "Go ahead, dear. I'll stay home with a book." But Betty is no average wife; she invariably says, "Great! I'll go, too, and watch you show off!" Then she piles into an empty grandstand at some ball park, complete with a baseball-mad nine-year-old nephew, and the two of them shout their hearts out over Harry's playing!

And that, alone, should prove what makes their marriage a success.

ONLY there's more of it, much more. There's the cross-country trip Harry had to make, playing one-night stands, right after Betty was up again after small Victoria's birth. Because Betty had so recently had a Caesarian operation, her doctor definitely disapproved of her going with Harry on the trip. Besides, who'd want to go, even in the best of health, on an exhausting grind of one-night stands all over the country? Nobody would, but Betty. She not only wanted to go, she went; day after day, due to wartime crowded conditions, the band had to ride in baggage cars, with the scenery flashing by the big open doors. Betty rode with them—her hair in pigtails, her famous figure in slacks, her mood completely happy.

And for months the days repeated themselves, one after another: Hours of jouncing travel in baggage cars, with no seats but the band's suitcases, and no food but paper-bag lunches. The band would be playing for six hours straight, while Betty sat backstage and waited for the brief intermissions when she and Harry could be together.

Many a town never knew she was along. When towns did find out, she'd wave at people on the street and sign every autograph that came her way—but she made a rule never to come out front with the orchestra and take a bow. "Why should I? It's Harry's party," was her idea. And a rare one it is, in show business!

Betty has changed entirely with this marriage. There's no denying that. She's changed as every wife does who sincerely wants to make two separate lives into one. Take her appearance, alone. All of us remember Betty when she wore her hair up and invariably topped with a bow or flower; when her make-up was heavy and her clothes figure-sleek and eye-catching in color. Now all is changed. Harry asked her permission first, and then threw away all her hair-bows, rats and do-dads. Then he gave her a long speech on simplicity of looks—which, like most men, he far prefers to fanciness. You know the usual feminine answer to that: "What does a man know about women's clothes?"

Well, that is not Betty's answer. She believes that Harry knows what he wants, so down came her hair, away went the hair trinkets; and she swept her closets clean of the dresses Harry objected to. Instead, she wears simple sports suits in gabardine, which Harry (and all men) loves to see on women; and she wears them in the colors he likes—which are blue and white.

And by this time, she's as pleased at the change as is Harry.

Maybe the biggest rule of their home life that makes for the happiness of these two top career people is this one: Neither talks shop—or practices shop—around the home. Most career couples talk about nothing else. But Harry and Betty agreed on this rule at the start of their marriage, and so far they've kept it completely. Harry leaves his trumpet in its case at



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home and Betty hasn't been caught doing a single dance exercise or practicing a single song under her own roof.

Not that they don't admire each other's careers completely, when either is in the audience for the other. And not that they don't think of each other's careers. Betty spent hours searching for just the right present for her husband's last birthday. When she finally found it, it was an antique brass trumpet which she pounced on triumphantly and had converted into a lamp. Its shade is of thin brass, exactly matching the trumpet-stand; and Harry was crazy about it. Now it stands in their den, on the table beside the fireplace—where the two of them play gin rummy for forfeits like—who will wash the dinner dishes on the maid's night out!

No, there's no argument about this marriage. It's one of the happiest in Hollywood. You can tell so just by asking either Harry or Betty for the name of their favorite tune. They'll both say at once, "I Had the Craziest Dream," because that tune is from the movie "Springtime In The Rockies," during which they met. At the time, neither was particularly interested; he was married to someone else, and she was going everywhere with George Raft. But months later, when they re-met and fell in love, that became the favorite tune of this couple who seem more like a typical American couple at home than any other pair in Hollywood. (Even the pin-up baby seems typical. You know what her favorite toy is? It's none of her hundreds of beautiful gifts from service men and friends and her family—it's an old bromo-seltzer bottle! She hugs it to her even when she's asleep!)

But the biggest proof of the real happiness of this marriage came just recently.

Tiny little Victoria had been brought to Betty's set by her nurse. She was carried in, blinking at the Klieg lights and all the strange faces, and she looked warily around her at the costumes, make-up and mobs. Then she saw her mother—also in costume. That didn't fool Victoria for a moment—her small face lit up into a smile, and she raised her arms at once to go to Betty. Betty seized her, laughing and hugging her . . . and everyone around realized for the first time that maybe Betty Grable really means it when she says that if her career interferes too much with her marriage, she'll give up her career.

She may very well do that. Marriages as happy as the Grable-James one are rare—and nobody knows that as well as Betty. And nobody is as tenderly pleased about it . . . except, maybe, the whole nation, who knew it all the time!

THE END

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"The Difference Is You"

(*Continued from page* 33) eyes bewildered, "What's the matter with me? I know pictures are important to morale. But do the people in them still have to be fussing about who's got the biggest printing on the cast cards? Do they have to get themselves into an absolute lather because they haven't got cream in their coffee? Look, I don't want to be critical, but. . . ."

We changed the subject.

"It's a strange thing," Johnny said, "but in service the thought of death always lies there, unacknowledged, at the back of your mind. That makes you think about the things in life that are most important. I'm probably all wet, but I began thinking that the most important things are kindness; that is, tenderness, and loyalty; sticking to something, you know, sticking to ideals." His face got abashed but he looked at me very straight from those deep, dark eyes of his and said: "I want to get married. I don't know who the girl is, or where, but I want a wife." He paused and then said, very low, "A man without a wife is only half a man."

WELL, that was the first week in September and he met Gloria two weeks later, and in the meantime he bought a house in Brentwood and furnished every bit of it by himself. You'd see him lumbering around, like an embarrassed mountain, in cretonne and drapery departments, and poking around in antique shops looking for lamps and chairs, but finally he got it all assembled and he moved in Julie, his four-year-old, for her six months with him. He began telling Julie she'd be with him till after Santa Claus came and he began teaching her new prayers and as he ruefully admitted, "I succeeded in getting Santa Claus and God awfully mixed up in her mind." He was very determined to be a good father.

Which gets us back, in a somewhat roundabout way, to that opening night at Ciro's. Gloria looked lovely, again in black because that was—but is no longer—her favorite color. She danced delightfully and John found what he had observed at the Ladds was true: She honestly did not drink. When they left the night club, Johnny said, "Would you like to come back here next Sunday evening, or would you consider spending a day at the beach, just fooling around in the sun?"

Gloria said, "Well, I'd like to do whatever you want to do most, but honestly, I'd prefer the beach. You know. I love dancing but night clubs seem so silly and right now they are so expensive it seems wrong in wartime, and I love being out-of-doors, maybe because I don't get much chance at it, and. . . ."

Right at that moment Cupid let go that first arrow right smack through the Payne heart, because those were exactly the words John wanted Gloria to say.

So they went to the beach, and Gloria was even more Varga-ish in a bathing suit, and they stretched out on the sand and ate hot dogs and drank cokes and talked and talked and made a date to go to the movies the next night.

They went to the movies for six nights straight and then it was Sunday again, so they started all over. They talked about the technique of acting, and the timing on careers. Then they talked about the technique of living and the timing on that. Johnny got acquainted with Gloria's frail and gentle mother and Gloria got acquainted with Julie. Johnny watched her like a hawk and he saw that it wasn't any act: She obviously adored kids.

He said, later, very carefully, as he escorted her up to her front door, "If you married, would you want children?"

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Q. What wouldn't I give!

A. For satin-smooth skin that attracts kisses?

Q. Yes—but I have such dry skin.

A. This One-Cream Beauty Treatment with Jergens Face Cream helps dry skin especially.

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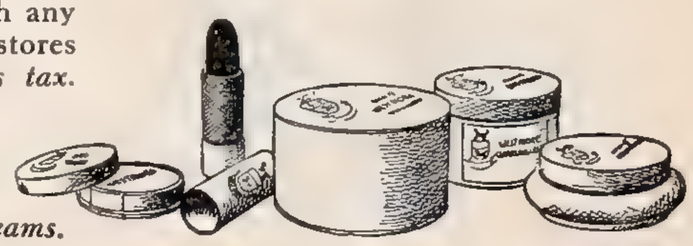
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PRODUCTS OF THE HOUSE OF WESTMORE

"Oh, a bunch of them—four at least."

He said, even more carefully, "But that might interfere with your career."

She looked at him, in a kind of exasperation. "Oh, Johnny, as if I'd care! Why, I'd give it up in a minute for children." And then she was blushing madly, and zing, went Cupid's final arrow through the Payne heart and Johnny had his arms around Gloria and was saying, "Don't let's wait one minute longer than the earliest date we know we'll have two weeks off for a honeymoon," and Gloria was murmuring, "Yes, Johnny, yes, Johnny, yes, Johnny!"

John called his mother long distance that night in the old Payne household in Roanoke, Virginia. Her comment was, "Well, son, I know if you feel this way about her, she must be a wonderful girl."

Almost that same moment, Mrs. De Haven, talking to a close friend said, "If you knew how I've worried that Gloria might not find the right man when she fell in love! She was always the best child because you could make her do anything by merely telling her that it would make you happy. Gloria could never give any man a part of her heart. With her, I've always known, it had to be all or nothing."

A few nights later, Johnny and Gloria came to my house for dinner. Johnny came first, because Gloria had to work late, and he was going to have a quick bite of the hors d'oeuvres before he went over to the studio to pick her up. At least that's what he said, but I soon came to believe he'd come alone so he'd get a chance to talk about her before the rest of the party arrived. Anyway, he dragged me into a corner and demanded: "You did say that you thought Gloria the nicest kid in the whole younger crowd, didn't you?"

"I not only said it but believe it. Now you answer one. What's the thing you love most about her?"

He eyed me gravely. "Her guts," he said. "She's so little and so young but what is so wonderful is how she accepts responsibility. She and her mother went through a pretty thin time of it when she was a kid, but Gloria carried that load on those little shoulders of hers, and did it in style too. She looks so fluffy, and that's something I like, but actually that beautiful small head is set very firmly on her shoulders. She's seen so much of glamour she can't be fooled by it and she's watched success followed so quickly by failure that she can't be deceived by that, either. When she signed her first M-G-M contract, she was a minor and the judge instructed that one third of her earnings be put in War Bonds. Do you know she put one half of it in Bonds and lived on the balance?"

"In other words, she's perfect."

John grinned. "Absolutely."

Later that evening I got hold of Gloria. "Tell me what you like about John."

She gave an ecstatic sigh. "He's perfect."

I let it go at that.

As it eventually turned out, both their studio production schedules double-crossed them. They expected two free weeks after New Year's. Then they were suddenly notified they'd get four free days starting December 28.

Gloria bought herself a powder blue satin street dress to be married in, because now powder blue is her favorite color. You want to know why? Powder blue is Johnny's favorite color, and Gloria got the street dress because she thought it was practical and she wore a hat, which she seldom does, because John likes hats. They had a very small wedding, only those closest to them—Gloria's parents, her maid of honor, who was her sister Marjorie, and Johnny's best man, Walter Lang, the director, and his wife, the vivid and charming Fieldsie, who used to be Carole Lom-

bard's secretary, Watson Webb, a society boy, who is also a film cutter, George Jessel, Johnny's producer for "The Dolly Sisters" and the George Murphys, but when the service was over, they both played fair with their public and gave up half an hour of their precious four days to posing for the photographers, waiting outside the church and talking to reporters.

Hollywood honestly believes it's got something in this romance.

And you remember how the song ends:

"That's the difference a day makes,
And the difference is you."

THE END

An Ex-G.I. Challenges American Women

(*Continued from page* 33) alarmingly often he goes on from there to "understand" that he's a prize sucker ever to have had faith in any woman. Why, he asks, should he be stuck in some God-forgotten place, fighting for the other fellow instead of at home fighting for himself?

The world is on an emotional jag. The strain of war produces a desperation that makes us eager to grab what little happiness we can while the grabbing is good. Women and men both are doing plenty of quick-happiness grabbing. They're afraid what they have is all they will get and it's not as much as they deserve.

But women defeat themselves when they adopt the old creed, "eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow we die." Tomorrow we don't die! It isn't to die that we are fighting. It is to live; individually and nationally! That's what this war is all about—the preservation of every man's chance for a decent life and a happy one, which translates itself into the job he wants, the woman he loves and the faith he believes in.

No one can deny that faith in a woman's love is the focal part of a man's life. Take this from him and you take away part of his future and your future too. For every action has a reaction. . . . Make a man bitter by destroying his trust and respect for one woman and it will react on the next one he meets. That woman might be you, to whom his trust and respect would be all-vital. It takes a strong man to overcome a loss of faith. It takes a stronger woman to restore that man's faith.

It's too bad that the countless fine and loyal women whose conduct is an inspiration to their men should be included in men's general condemnation of the sex. But just as each soldier interprets the picture of war in terms of how it affects him personally, so too he views all women through one woman—his own.

I am not advocating that war wives and sweethearts close themselves off from the world for the duration like nuns in a cloister. I am advocating, however, that women take special care not to become emotionally involved in the friendships they make to ease their loneliness.

We all find it difficult to understand ourselves these days and many of the things we do are motivated by the confusion that exists all over the world. This, I'm sure, explains the behavior of many wives and sweethearts. But it does not excuse it! Women on the home front have a job to do too. And unless they quit fretting themselves into a turmoil over what they do not have and begin to cherish what they do have, the loneliness they know now is nothing compared to the loneliness they'll know when the boys, hurt and disillusioned, come marching home and shy away from any lasting relationships.

THE END

Glamorous Diana Barrymore
daughter of the great John Barrymore says:



"I am glad that people today realize that it is as necessary to use a deodorant as it is to use toothpaste, or any other article of personal hygiene. I am enthusiastically pleased with Arrid and recommend it highly. I think Arrid is a wonderful product because it gives complete protection."

Diana Barrymore

Popular Hollywood Movie Star.

NEW...a CREAM DEODORANT
which Safely helps
STOP *under-arm* PERSPIRATION

1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
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THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT

"'Twas a hand, White, Delicate..."*

—"*Lucile,*" *Owen Meredith*





* "'*Twas*"—till it became

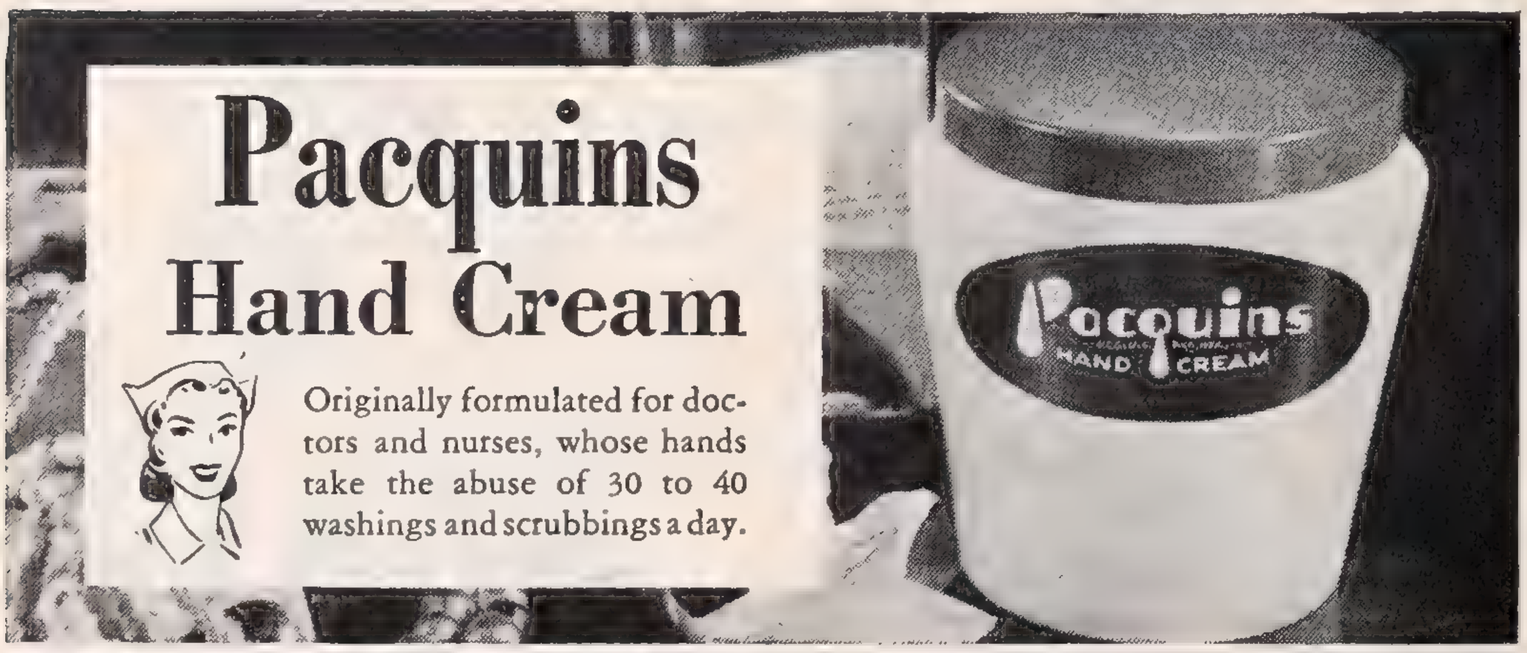
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...*but even working hands can be YOUNG LOOKING!*

IT'S A SHAME to let your hands get *older looking* than you are... and so needless! You can be a good housekeeper, and *still* have hands that fill a man with pride and tenderness... Soft to the touch, smooth to the eye...

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Originally formulated for doctors and nurses, whose hands take the abuse of 30 to 40 washings and scrubbings a day.

AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE

That Thaxter Girl

(*Continued from page* 45) visit my parents. But somehow, when I was at the station and the train was pulling in, I had a hunch." Again Phyllis smiled, a small apologetic smile, because she believes strongly in hunches and has followed them all her life.

"So I went back to the Rehearsal Club, where I was living, and practically dropped when I saw a note on the bulletin board asking me to call the Theatre Guild. I did and learned that Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt wanted someone to play the part of a maid in 'There Shall Be No Night.'

"I went over to Miss Fontanne's apartment, and the minute I walked in she said to her husband, 'Doesn't she look just like an actress, Alfred?'

"Nothing could have boosted my morale more than those few words. I read the part and though I actually wasn't the type for it, I got it because Miss Fontanne said she would like to have me in her company. I was both the maid and the understudy for the ingenue.

"There is nobody in the business I feel so grateful towards as the Lunts. Whenever I have needed encouragement or help, Miss Fontanne has given it to me. Many are the evenings she has sat up with me until late into the night to teach me a new part."

SHE went on: "My big chance came when Miss Rose Franken was trying to find a girl to play *Claudia* in Chicago. The day I went to see her was cold and rainy. The first thing I noticed was a huge living room with a white rug from wall to wall, and me dripping wet. Then Miss Franken came into the room, looked me up and down, and said, 'Put your hair on top of your head and take your shoes off.' I obeyed her, feeling as young and naive as I probably looked. Miss Franken liked the way I read my lines and asked producer John Golden to come over. And I read the script again. Mr. Golden said, 'How can I tell if she can act? But she may be able to. Let's give her a chance.'

"The chance consisted of going with Miss Franken to her home in Connecticut, and studying with her for a week. Jennifer Jones was up there at the same time. It was decided that Dorothy McGuire, who was playing in the New York company, should give me a chance to act the part on a Wednesday matinee.

"Tuesday I went to New York for the dress rehearsal, and that night Mother said that I kept on repeating in my sleep, 'I can do it, I can do it.' But Wednesday I was panic-stricken. When I went on the stage, my throat was so dry that I was sure the voice couldn't get through; but Donald Cook, who played my husband, was absolutely wonderful to me. He guided me around the stage till I warmed up and then suddenly I got going. After the first act John Golden came to my dressing room and said, 'Don't worry, you have the part.'

"When the company got to Hollywood I tested for 'Kismet,' but I felt all wrong and decided that Hollywood wasn't my meat."

The issue was closed so far as Phyllis was concerned and might have remained so if producer Sam Zimbalist hadn't just met Ellen Lawson, wife of Major Ted W. Lawson, hero of the Tokyo raid.

"I want a nice American girl, clean-cut, with character, backbone and fibre to play her," Zimbalist said. "She's got to have a new face."

After an exhaustive search he stumbled on the test Phyllis had made and yelled, "That's the girl." By then Phyllis

was in Sacramento with the company of "Claudia," and Mr. Zimbalist called her long distance. But Phyllis was dubious. "I'll send you the script to read," the producer begged.

Phyllis read it while tears streamed down her face. "It's the most beautiful script I have ever read," she said and straightway made plans for Hollywood.

PHYLLIS started acting at the age of seven when she played the part of Joseph in a Biblical play. "From then on," she said, "I wanted to be an actress." She came by it naturally. Her mother, before she married Phyllis's father, a Supreme Court judge in Maine, was with the Ben Greet Players.

"Mother says I always loved to dramatize myself," Phyllis laughed. "That I was a cry baby and once when she scolded me for it, I said, 'But I love to cry—crying is my favorite thing.' One day I was crying like mad and my brother Sidney said, 'Phyllis, stop that crying! How can I study with you making all that noise?' He spoke so sharply that it scared me and I stopped. In about five minutes I looked at him and said, 'Sidney Thaxter, you're not studying at all. You're just reading a magazine. I could have been crying all that time.'"

When Phyllis was about twelve she played *Dorothy* in "The Wizard Of Oz" and her sister Marie Louise played *Toto, Dorothy's* dog. They played two nights and a matinee to standing room only. It was then Phyllis felt she had really arrived and that there could be no life for her but the theater.

Her first play in New York was "What A Life." She played one of the high school kids and understudied. "I got $15.00 a week and played it for a year," she said proudly. "My part was so small that when my parents went to see me, a man in front of them stood up to take off his coat just as I came on, and by the time he sat down, I was off and they had missed me completely."

But the little Thaxter's favorite subject these days is her new husband Capt. James Aubrey Jr. It was love from the beginning—and she met him, she says, "because I played a hunch. You see, I had another date when my friends called and asked me to join them at the Cock 'n' Bull to meet a young flyer who had just returned from Alaska. I turned them down, then got to thinking it over. So about six-thirty I walked into the restaurant on the Sunset Strip. My blind date had his back toward me when I walked in so all I could see was a pair of broad shoulders and some closely cropped, thick blond hair. We were introduced and from then on I don't remember very much, except that we kept looking into each other's eyes and it seemed the most natural thing in the world."

Two weeks later Phyllis and Jimmy went into a jewelry store on Beverly Drive and Jimmy said, "We want to look at rings."

"What sort of rings?" the jeweler asked.

Slightly red around the ears, Jimmy answered, "Engagement rings."

The jeweler soon had the long counter gleaming with diamonds of all sizes.

"I hadn't any idea whether Jimmy could afford one that cost five dollars or five thousand," Phyllis said, "so I chose one with smaller stones—sapphires and diamonds and oh, so lovely!"

From then on the romance was hectic. They wanted to get married before he went back overseas. Then they decided their marriage wouldn't have a fair start. But Phyllis was desolate when Jimmy's leave was up. She'd sit in her charming little house, play their favorite records, among them "I Love You," and



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guard your baby against it
EXCLUSIVE Pyrex Patented Air Vent prevents nipple collapse, guards against your baby swallowing air.
GUARANTEED chill-and-heat-resistant.
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When maps or bills
or music's torn
What saves the surface
where it's worn?
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At Stationery Departments Everywhere

HOW TO MAKE YOUR KITCHEN SING!



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- A cinch to put up. Just fold. No tacks!
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SHELVING

gaze at the photograph of the strapping twenty-five-year-old flyer with the flashing white teeth and that easy-going, lanky American charm. "I'm sure I'll see him again before he goes back. I just know I will," she kept saying.

Little did she realize how soon her hunch was to prove true. It was when she stopped off at Chicago on a trip to the East to meet her prospective mother- and father-in-law for the first time. There standing on the platform as the train pulled in was the light of her life. For Jimmy had secured permission to fly on to Chicago.

There are, you see, advantages to marrying a pilot.

Then he was gone again. But a second miracle befell. He bobbed up again in Hollywood and this time the young lovers decided fate must not have given them a second chance in vain. So on the evening of November 16 at a little church in Beverly Hills Phyllis Thaxter and Capt. James T. Aubrey Jr. became man and wife.

She wore a simple orchid-colored woolen suit and a little hat to match. Her long-time friend and dramatic coach, Sydney Greenstreet, gave her away.

Afterward Phyllis said, "You know, this is the first time I've really ever listened to the marriage ceremony and known how very beautiful it is."

There was a reception at the house of Mrs. Frank Morgan who introduced the couple and a short but precious honeymoon.

Now Jimmy is back piloting his plane and Phyllis is back before the cameras. In her heart she is just Jimmy's wife, but what the audience will see will be a female *Dr. Jekyll* and *Mr. Hyde* in her next picture, "Alter Ego."

There are two main things Phyllis wants out of the future. First, to be a good wife and mother and, second, to be a great actress. The latter she has already proven, for she has what so few actresses have: Warmth of personality which carries over on the screen and makes the audience love her. She is a sincere and extremely capable young actress. Not a glamour girl, but a clean-cut American youngster, who grips your heartstrings, and not just for a moment.

As for her goal to be a good wife and mother, everyone who has ever met the little Yankee from way down East is wishing her the best of luck!

THE END

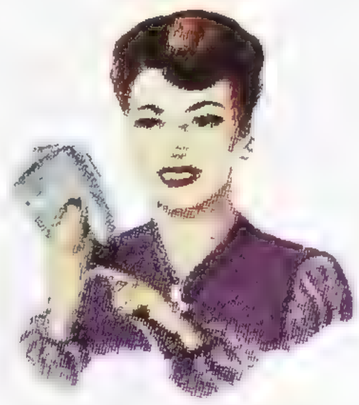


Captain and Mrs. Jimmy Aubrey when the bride was still just Miss Phyllis Thaxter



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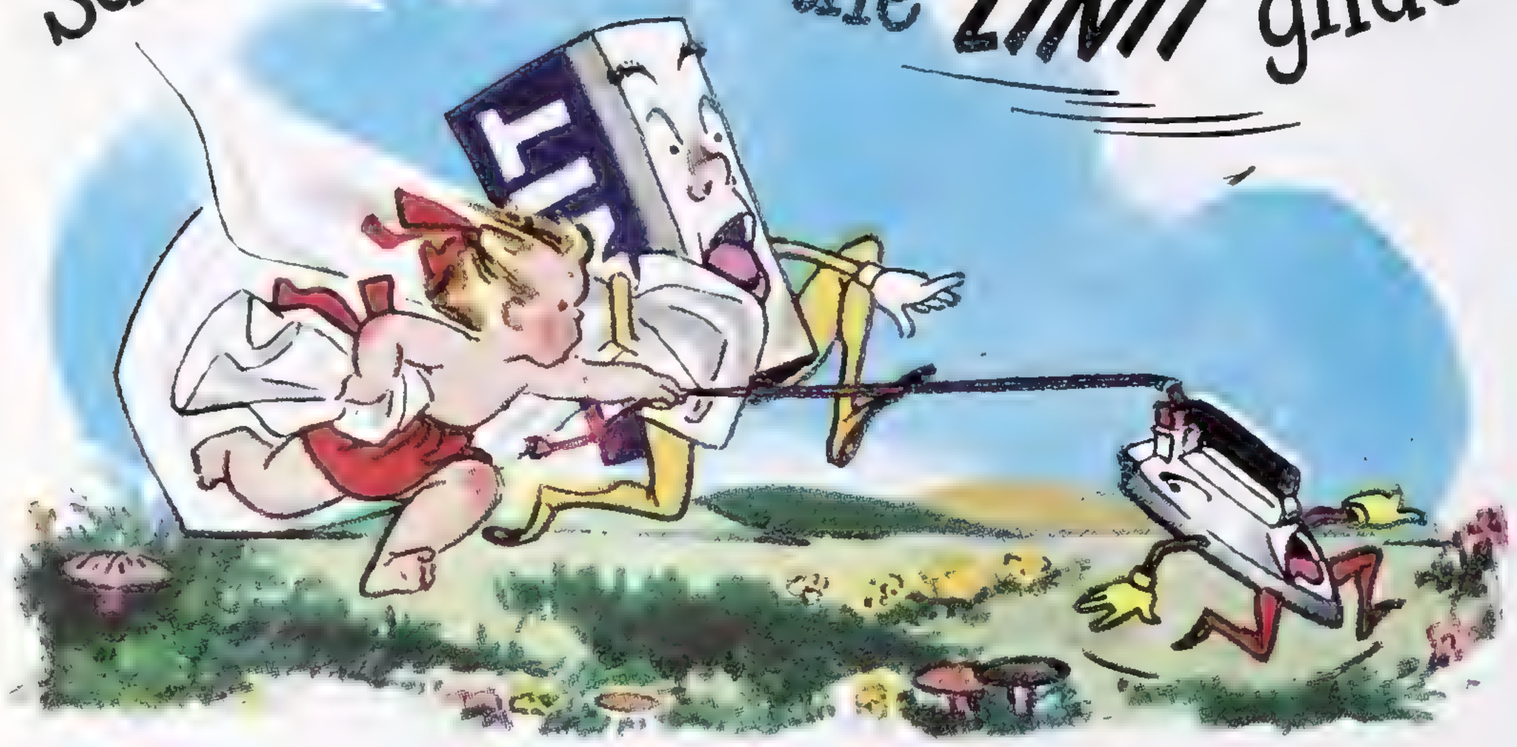
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Me iron those sheets? I simply *won't!*
Your pillow-slips can keep their crinkles
Before I'll beauty-treat their wrinkles!"

"Come meet Master Linit!" says Miss Sunny Monday,
"a fine, speedy starch who makes washday a fun day!



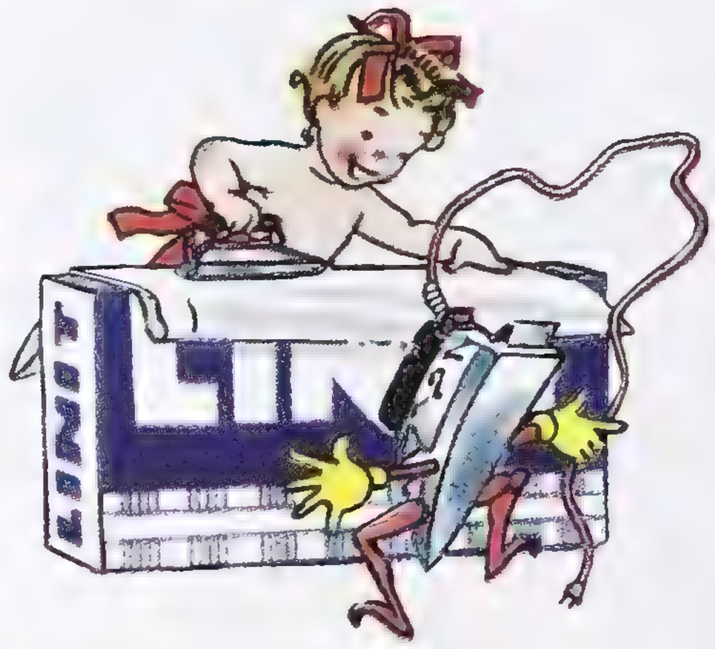
"We'll whizz through our work
with the greatest of ease
With Linit to glide us!
Attention please!



"I suds and I rinse—then
here's Master Linit!
I'm proud to present the
Starch of the Minute!



"He blends water and Linit,
each half in a cup.
Then adds boiling water.
Just a minute is up!"



Sad Iron, now happy, says,
"My work will be bliss!
60 seconds with Linit makes
a wash fit to Kiss!"



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The Man Who Loved Laura

(*Continued from page* 37) other star swung. It was a feeble blow—and was the puncher embarrassed when he recognized the laughing Andrews as his victim. Later he sent Dana a fountain pen and a note of apology. Andrews sent him a dozen roses.

For an ex-grease-monkey Andrews is a peculiarly fastidious dresser—so far as public appearance goes. At home it's dungarees and a dirty sweatshirt, but outside he figures a movie guy is expected to look his best and he goes to such lengths that he won't carry even cigarettes—or anything else except a money clip and his draft card—in his clothes, because a suit must drape without a single wrinkle or bulge. He is probably the only man in the United States who has his trousers made without back pockets.

He doesn't have a large wardrobe, except for a great number of loud neckties. He has accumulated eight suits. Four others, brand new, he won't wear, even though he had to pay $500 for them. They were made on studio orders for a picture, by a studio designer, to fit a certain character and he doesn't like them. He plans to sell them.

CARVER Dana Andrews was born New Year's Day, 1912, to the Rev. and Mrs. Charles Forrest Andrews of Collins, Mississippi. The baby and the other children then were moved rapidly to Louisville, Kentucky and, in order, to Waelder, San Antonio, Uvalde and Huntsville, Texas. Hunstville is where they remained with their eight sons and one daughter. He took three years in the school of business administration at Sam Houston College.

He worked for his keep at school and one of his side jobs gave him the idea of being a movie actor. Sound had just come in, but the local theater couldn't afford a sound projector. So Dana, who knew and liked music, was engaged to provide background noises. No piano stuff. He got a radio man to rig up a couple of turntables and a loudspeaker and he'd put on phonograph records which seemed appropriate to the action. Of course he had to watch the pictures closely and so became familiar with the actors and their methods. "I decided," he says, "that they weren't gods and goddesses after all, but ordinary people. I figured I could do as well as they could."

Even though producers like Goldwyn and David O. Selznick make comparatively few pictures, they like to own plenty of talent. They will rent this talent out to busier lots—at a profit—or they may even sell a piece. Goldwyn sold a piece of Dana Andrews to Zanuck of Twentieth . . . but not even two such great brains managed to make an overnight star.

Starting with "Lucky Cisco Kid," his pictures were "Sailor's Lady," "Kit Carson," "The Westerner," "Tobacco Road," "Belle Starr," "Swamp Water," "Ball Of Fire." Dana always got good notices but was far from top billing. Then came "The Ox-Bow Incident" and at last he was on his way. The top role in "The Purple Heart" was really big-time stuff and the romantic lead in "Up In Arms" wasn't too bad. "Laura," however, is the lady who made him what he is today.

Andrews likes Scotch-and-water, milk and any kind of food. He gardens for recreation, specializing in camellias, gardenias and azaleas. His gardener specializes in cutting the lawn while Dana, the demon horticulturist, does all the fancy stuff. One day he was at his friend Henry Morgan's house when word came that $200 worth of shrubs had been delivered. Forgetting all the (*Continued on page* 92)



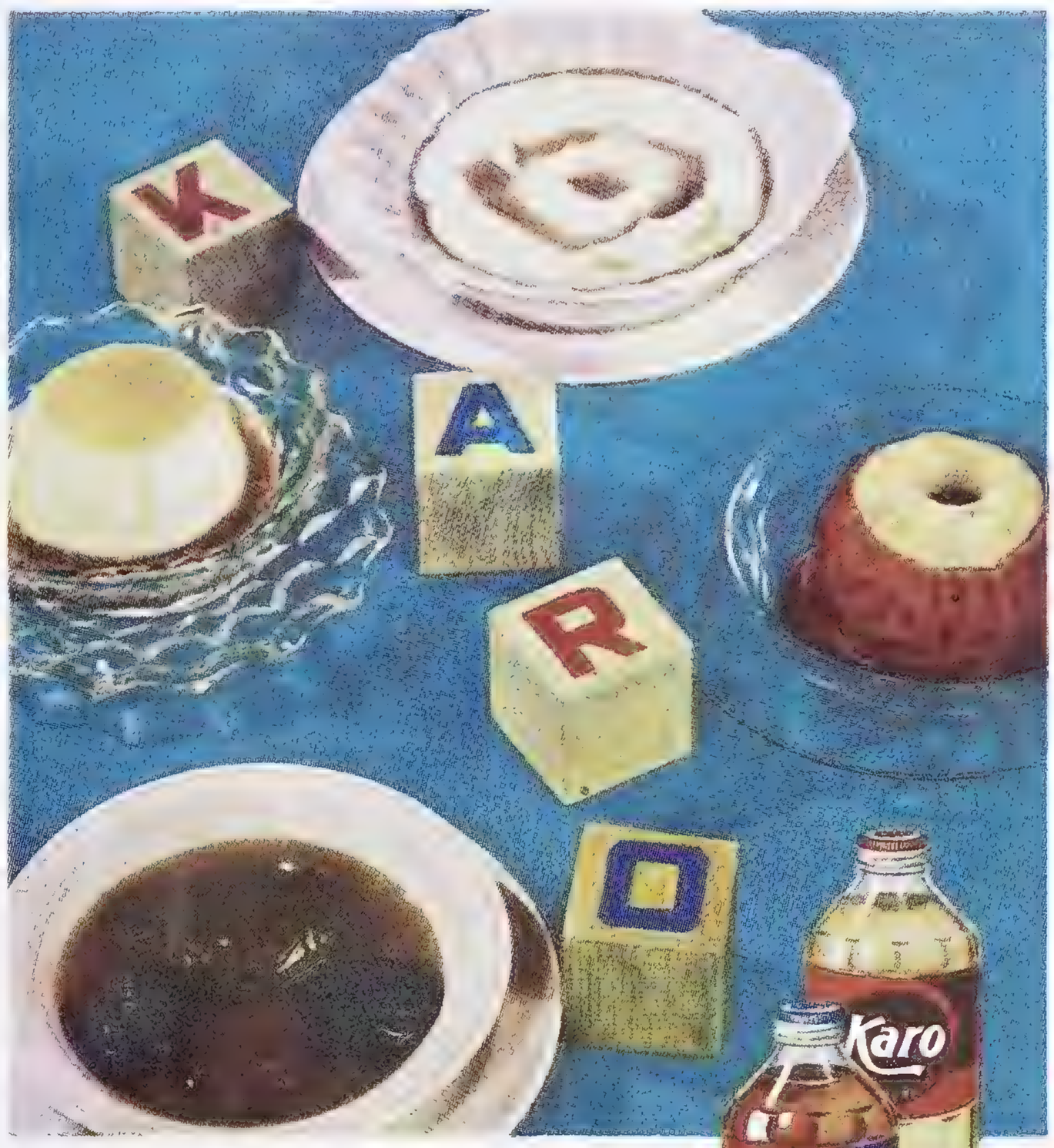
"...the power behind the home"

"...Gran'ma told me that Karo has been a standby in her house for 35 years . . . and Mom says she's been serving Karo in hundreds of ways ever since she and Dad were married.

Me...I began life on Karo. Right now, I get Karo in some way every day... it makes so many foods taste swell... and don't Doctors say it's good for growing children... 'cause it's so rich in dextrose, food-energy sugar?

How do I look, Folks...strong and healthy?"

THE KARO KID



Foods for growing children made more nutritious and delicious with Karo

KARO ON CEREALS—DELICIOUS! Blue Label Karo provides necessary energy sugar which young children, as well as babies, need abundantly. Karo supplies the sweets required by your growing child, without forming the "sweeth-tooth" habit. Let youngsters pour from their own pitcher of Karo. It's good for them. *Also* . . . children need no coaxing to drink milk fortified with Karo.

TEMPTING BAKED CUSTARD. Whip together 3 *large eggs;* add ½ *cup Blue Label Karo, pinch salt,* 1 *tsp. vanilla.* Stir in 2¼ *cups hot milk,* mix well. Place ½ *tbsp. Karo,* in each of 6 custard cups. Fill with custard mixture; place in a pan of warm water, bake in slow oven (300 to 325°F.) for 45 minutes. Also Karo is delicious on corn starch or rice puddings, rennet and gelatin desserts.

ICHER FLAVORED BAKED APPLES. Place 6 *cored apples* in baking dish. Put 1 *tbsp. Karo* in each apple. Mix ½ *cup Blue Label Karo* and ½ *cup water* and baste over apples as they bake in a hot oven (400°F.) for 45 minutes. Pears, bananas, peaches may be baked deliciously with 2 parts Karo to 1 of water.

OMPH FOR STEWED FRUITS! Blue Label Karo improves texture and adds flavor to dried, stewed fruits such as prunes, peaches, pears, apples, apricots. Simmer ½ *lb. dried fruit* with 1½ *cups water,* ¼ *cup Karo,* in covered pan till tender. Serves 4.

Karo is rich in dextrose...food-energy sugar

Free **— A NEW, SPECIAL BOOKLET**

Containing dozens of tested recipes for appetizing, nutritious treats for growing children . . . delicious desserts, tempting cereals, puddings, custards, approved party foods and beverages. Just send postcard with your name and address to Corn Products Sales Company, Dept. X3, 17 Battery Place, New York 4, N. Y.

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(*Continued from page* 90) proprieties
visiting, he ducked for home and overall

What people like about his acting is i
quiet sincerity. He says Mary, beside
teaching him to laugh, has also been ir
valuable to his work because she is suc
a good critic, having started in the theat
herself. Here he invariably pauses to giv
her tribute.

"We decided," says Dana, "that two
us couldn't be in the movies. We'd see
that setup fail too many times. Too man
marriages broken up. Mary had just
good a chance as I did, but we decide
it would be better for the man to be th
actor and the wife to run the family."

Dana's movie career has been one
struggle and he hasn't quit strugglin
yet. "I was a stepchild at both studios an
never a favored son," he says. "At Twen
tieth I was the golden-hearted guy wh
always lost the girl to Tyrone Power. A
Goldwyn I was the guy with the heart
gold who lost the girl to everybody else i
the picture—even Danny Kaye."

At his lowest point of self-depressio
he learned that Twentieth was filmin
Vera Caspary's novel, "Laura," as a vehicl
for Gene Tierney. Dana knew the boo
and its central character, a tough, cynica
New York detective. Hardly daring t
hope, he asked for the part—and got i
The rest is history told in marquee light

He isn't through asking for parts, nov
that he found it sometimes works. He i
campaigning for the future. He hasn'
given up hopes of singing and the role h
wants is that of *Curly* in "Oklahoma.
Screen rights to this block-buster have no
yet been sold and it's anybody's guess a
to which studio gets them—but Andrew
wants the part no matter what. After all
a Texan can play an Oklahoman, can't he

Now that Andrews is an established sta
his gratitude towards the man who be-
lieved in him has not ended in merely
having paid him off. Dana is extending
the same help that was given to him b
financing a former schoolteacher in th
short-story writing field.

DANA says the most ridiculous thing tha
ever happened to him occurred on hi
first visit to New York. He arrived a
Grand Central but his baggage, shipped
ahead, came in at Pennsylvania Station. He
embarked on the ten-minute shuttle-and-
change subway ride to Penn. He followed
green lights, as the signs instructed. Once
he wound up in a broom closet. He
boarded trains, but they always went
somewhere else. It took him two hours
and ten minutes to complete the journey—
two hours over par.

Mrs. Andrews' one complaint about her
husband is that he will never go home. He
gets to talking and forgets time, so when
they go anywhere Mary says to the hosts
"Tell me now what time you want us to
go home because otherwise we'll be here
all night."

One of the most frightening events of
his life was on a visit to New York to
attend the world premiere of "Wilson."
The fan mob outside the Roxy was beyond
control of even New York cops. They
snatched his pocket handkerchief, even his
coat—but that wasn't what bothered him.
Ahead, where he couldn't reach her, was
his expectant wife, being jostled and
crushed. His apprehension was acute—
but Mary fought through okay.

She evidently has the same persistence
as her now-famous husband. It took years
of steady plugging for Dana Andrews to
arrive at the spot where he could play the
detective who held you spellbound as a
restrained and exciting lover. Don't lay
any bets that the man who loved *Laura*
won't do it again!

THE END

1945
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Shades

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AT EASE OFF DUTY

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Shirley In Short

(*Continued from page* 39) or maybe about brother George having sailed again for duty in the Pacific the night before.

She loves her school. She is graduating soon and, "They have a wonderful ring ceremony where each senior gets a lovely ring!" She caressed the finger that's going to wear it.

"I'll bet you don't wear that long," I quipped, having never gone to school.

"Oh, yes I will! You'd be surprised how many of the girls wear them long after graduation. They are lovely! Quite expensive!"

"Oh, you pay for them yourselves?"

"Yes, we all do."

"How much?"

"A little over twelve dollars," said the girl who has made millions.

DEFINITELY, Shirley is not career-conscious. Her school has her heart at the moment. Her friends are school friends. Her dates are with brothers and pals of school friends. I asked her what sort of parts she wanted to play.

"Just natural girls," she said. "The writers don't seem to know much about us." (Note that she considers herself more a girl than an actress.) She continued, "They either have them . . . I mean girls my age . . . wild, sort of necking kids, or introverts."

"Wouldn't you like to do character stuff . . . I mean parts with dialects?" I asked.

"Oh, yes!" Shirley smiled—and when she does, believe me, those much advertised sunbeams bow to their superior—they have no dimples.

"I like costume pictures," Shirley mused. "I'd like to do a character that wasn't sweet, but the *Kitty Foyles* and *Pygmalions* don't come along often—and when they do, there are so many clever stars to grab them."

"Do you think you could do either of those roles?"

"Well, in 'Pygmalion,' *Liza*, perhaps."

"But could you do the Cockney?"

Right here Miss Temple said something that I have never heard a star say. . . . "With the right director, I could." Imagine a star admitting it would take a director to make her do something well! That modesty is a flashback to her baby days, of course, when she depended on her director for moves and her memory for lines. That she should not have forgotten how to be grateful throws her back in the miracle class where she began.

"What do you think of Van Johnson?" I boomed it out, hoping to catch the well-poised one off-center.

She laughed. "I refused to dance with him once," she said.

"When—where—and why?" I asked.

"It was before he made his hit and one of the girls at school brought him to a dance. There was a nice boy I liked at the dance and I just didn't want to dance with anyone else so I said 'some other time' to Van Johnson. Imagine! I guess that some other time will never come now, but I think he's a fine actor."

I switched types. "What do you think of Sinatra?"

"Have you heard Dick Haymes?"

"That's ducking the issue. What do you think of Sinatra?"

"I like Dick Haymes!" She was definitely ribbing me. "Seriously," she said, "Sinatra must be good if so many think so." A pause . . . and again: "I like Dick Haymes."

Shirley is like that. She knows what she likes and I imagine pays no attention to things she doesn't.

Another thing that super-impressed me was her manners. No throwing herself into chairs, no wiggling around,



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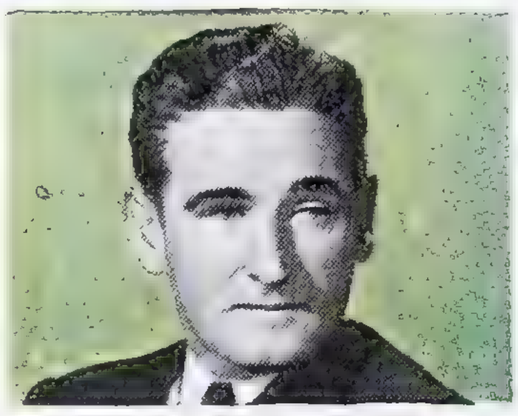
Age..... *Dress Size*.....

How Powers Models bring out *natural* sparkling beauty in their hair



Miss Exilona Savre—whose lustrous, shining locks are so typical of Powers Models who wash their hair with Kreml Shampoo

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John Robert Powers is one of the greatest authorities on feminine beauty in America. And to every Powers Model he says: "Use only Kreml Shampoo if you want your hair to be naturally silken-soft, easier to set and aglow with its own brilliant highlights."

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Also excellent for shampooing children's hair. So buy the large family size.

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no interrupting—and when I said, "Would you like a coke?" she said, "Yes, thanks—but let's wait until Mum comes. She likes them, too."

I got busy selling her the idea of learning languages. "They're so useful all through life and it's fun learning them."

She admitted she could speak French, but when I burst into "Parigot" (which is the sort of French one hears in certain parts of Paris), she said, "Oh, I'm not that good—but I played in French on the radio on my Bond tour in Canada. It was fun, though it's sort of different reading it 'cold' right off a script—but they said I was good." She seemed surprised.

That's another unusual thing about Shirley—she can be surprised and she isn't ashamed of the fact. According to modern manners, it makes her sort of old-fashioned.

Her hair is beautiful. Somebody has spent hours brushing it. I imagine it used to be Mum but now Shirley is "grown up" and that's probably out. She is going to long for lots of the things that automatically go "out" when the teens come in, especially things that are hard work—like hair brushing . . . a labor of love if there ever was one.

WE gabbed and gabbed until Mum arrived and we had our coke. We also had some homemade cookies. Shirley evidently has her "shape," for that roundness she had when she was about twelve has melted into an exquisite little chassis. At any rate, she went for the cookies and even snitched an extra one—but not without asking, "May I have another cookie?" School must have given her those manners. It's the sort of behavior that comes from having wanted a teacher to think you were the nicest girl in the class.

Between Temples there seems to be a lot of understanding. At least, they stick together. I noticed Mrs. T. calling Shirley—"Shirl."

"When did you start calling her 'Shirl'?" I asked.

There was a pause. "Why—I guess it was about when she entered her teens." I already suspected it had been when Miss Temple reached the age when everything you have or do seems too childish.

"About thirteen, I'd say?"

"Yes. I've called her Shirl for some time," Mrs. T. added.

I was watching Shirley. "But I think Shirley is such a pretty name," I said.

"O-o-o-h, no!" Her nose wrinkled up in disgust. "None of my friends call me Shirley," she said. "I'm either Shirl . . . or Butch . . . Some call me by my second name—Jane."

I was more certain that Mrs. T. started calling her baby whatever baby liked because she was growing up. 'Twas ever thus! Shirley will learn that when she has her first baby. I hope that won't be for some time because I think she can do great things if they give her a chance—but, after all, who am I to say what is a great thing? Maybe Shirl (and I do mean Shirl) had so much fame and career as a baby that she would consider marriage and babies both great things.

Whatever she wants, I hope she finds it. She's so nice. No—I think "fine" is a better word for Shirl.

When they left, I stood waving at them and thinking . . . of course, I miss my young husband terribly and it's tough having him so far away, but just suppose he had been here to spend an hour at the swimming pool with Shirl, while I talked to Mrs. Temple! No telling what she might have walked off with this time.

Seriously, Shirl . . . Jane . . . or Butch can have just about anything I've got—and on a platter!

THE END



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FACE POWDER AND ROUGE

What Should I Do?

(*Continued from page 64*) ***mentioned to you, show absolutely no interest. And find some other nice girl to whom to devote yourself.***

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am in my late twenties and very much in love with a man to whom I have been engaged for three years. My father died when I was in elementary school. I am the youngest in our family—the others are married—so I have always shouldered the responsibility for my mother.

My brothers and sisters don't seem to realize that I want a home too. They never take me seriously when I bring up the subject, saying I don't know when I'm well off. But I don't want to spend all my young days in an office. I have thought of Charles, Mother and I living together, but a case like that seldom works out happily. I hate to ask Charles to keep on waiting and I shudder when I think of our long engagement ending as so many do.

I don't want to lose him for he holds my happiness. But I owe my mother so much that I want her to have every care. She is in no condition to be left alone.

Agatha E.

Dear Miss E.

I am an ardent believer in the right of young people in love to make a home of their own.

Surely your problem can be divided into two parts, and solved. First, there is the financial responsibility for your mother's welfare. It is high time that your brothers and sisters gave you some assistance. Simply sit down some night and decide how much allowance your mother needs each month. Divide that sum among your brothers and sisters equally; write each of them a note explaining this and saying that you are planning to be married and therefore will no longer be working for a salary.

Your next problem is a physical one: The living arrangements to be made for your mother. Since you are obviously devoted to her, and since Charles is probably devoted to you, it would be possible for you three to live together happily after you and Charles have made your first adjustments. I would say that you are entitled to the first four to six months of your married life together.

Why not send your mother to live with first one child for a month, then another? She could turn over her food stamps and pay a small amount of board out of her income from all the children and she should be a welcome guest.

It may require a good deal of tact and determination for you to work out these arrangements, but remember that your entire future depends upon your taking a firm stand now. Best of luck.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I have four friends in my class in high school. My older brother has one of the latest model cars, so every Saturday night I get the car and one gas ticket. We all have dates and usually go to a theater.

My buddies have been going with the same girls for some time, but after the first time I go with a girl she acts too good for me and won't go with me again. I have heard remarks to the effect that I am too tame. One night I went to a party with my buddies and their girls. You wouldn't have known I was there until they wanted to go for a ride. This happens all the time and it makes me feel I'm not really wanted. Should I keep on trying to mix with everybody, or should I quit it and stay to myself?

Malcolm A.

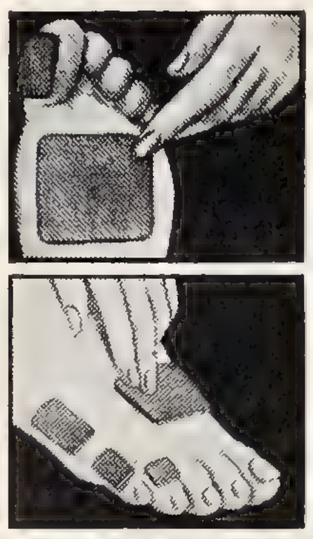


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After you bathe dry yourself—quickly. Next, shower Cashmere Bouquet Talc over your body, into the curves and ripples, to dry up lingering moisture. Now you're fresh, divinely dainty.



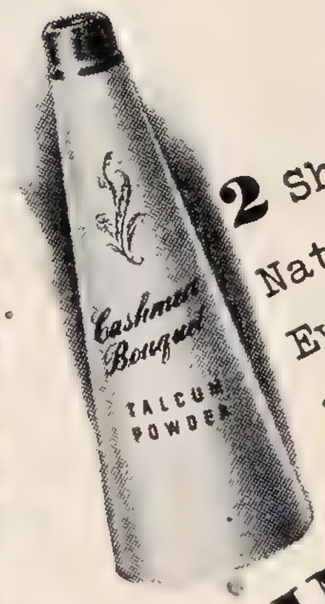
How to Feel SMOOTH

Next, before you dress, treat the trouble spots to some *extra* Cashmere Bouquet Talc. Like a silken sheath it protects against chafing; lets girdle slip on easy; gives you that slick, smooth look.



How to Stay DAINTY

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hollywood SKOOTERS

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Dear Mr. A:

You have undoubtedly encountered the Robert Burns poem that begins, "Oh wad some power the giftie gie us to see oursels as others see us!"

It would seem to me that if you could see yourself in the eyes of another, you might be able to overcome your feeling of being gauche and unwanted. Your older brother seems to be a wonderful person. Why don't you go to him and tell him the whole story. Tell him how you treat a girl, and ask him what is wrong with your system.

Whatever you do, don't feel sorry for yourself. The important thing is to be wanted by a gang for some reason. What difference does it make whether it's because you play the piano so everyone else can dance, or have a liberal mother who will let you bake wieners in the fireplace Sunday evenings, or are possessed of a brother who loans you his car?

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

When I was in high school my parents were divorced and we were divided up, the older children to Mother, and the younger to Father. My father didn't want us, but he did rent an apartment, then let us do pretty much as we pleased. Finally, because my father forgot that girls need clothes to go to school, I quit and went into a factory where I worked like a slave.

Then I met a boy who, at twenty-one, was getting a divorce. Never before had anyone even pretended to care whether I lived or died. The usual thing happened, so that I had to marry this boy.

Now, after five years I know that I didn't really love him. I think he really cares for me, but he says I am hard and cruel and I think, truly, that I am, except where my little daughter is concerned. I'm locked up inside myself. My in-laws have always treated me with a chill because of the conditions of our marriage, and they tell everyone with whom I come in contact, so I have trouble making friends.

Is there any way that I can break this tight, caged, trapped, beaten feeling?

Magdalene T.

Dear Mrs. T:

First of all, ignore the bad manners of your in-laws. Never answer their criticisms, and never resort to criticism in return. Each time they malign you to a stranger, that stranger will become your fast friend if you are sweet, genuine, friendly and interested. Although you had a bitter childhood, that part of your life is over forever.

Turn your attention to the present and the future. How lucky you are that your husband loves you. And how lucky you are to have a daughter you adore. You feel tight, caged, trapped and beaten because you have walled yourself in with bitter memories and fear of the criticism of little minds.

Go out tomorrow and buy the most becoming hat you can find. Then have your hair done in a becoming new style. When you return home, cook an especially good dinner, set the table as if you were going to entertain an ambassador. Say to yourself, "This is fun. I look my best. I'm going to be happy."

And, since you love your daughter so much, you must surely see her male adult counterpart in her father. When you look at him, think, "You are the father of my lovely daughter." You'll be in love with him in no time. Really in love. A happy life doesn't "just happen" any more than a diamond necklace "just happens." Both must be dug out with laborious care, cut, mounted, polished and kept glistening.

Claudette Colbert

The Truth about Hollywood's Nerves

(*Continued from page* 51) chagrined that what David Selznick had told him years ago proved true, that he must wait for maturity for his success, that he was basically an "old" actor.

Your guess is as good as Hollywood's, for even in his illness, Alan isn't talking, not even to Mary whom he loves so passionately. His doctors say it won't be too long before he is entirely well. Rest is all he needs, but it is sad that he had to become so ill before he'd take it.

Judy Garland should rest, too, for Judy is one of the great army of insomnia victims. Like Barbara Stanwyck, she may average an hour or two a night, but that is all, and her corresponding weight loss is appalling. Stanny has adjusted to the non-sleeping in such a manner that, except for her extra-thinness, she doesn't otherwise seem to notice it, but with Judy she gets so weary that she frequently has hours on the set when she cannot remember a single line or one song cue. Yet Judy doesn't relax. The unhappiness is very visible in her delicate face.

Strangely enough the insomnia and the extreme "nerves" hit the girls most often, while the stomach upsets hit the men.

Perhaps the necessity of maintaining a chic appearance, with the fitting, the hairdressings, and the dieting all this demands, puts an added burden on the girls that cracks them up more often. The men are the ones who can't eat more than half the time, and then only the blandest of diets. But Alan Ladd is one male who combines both the inability to eat and the screaming nerves when the production schedules get heavy. It is this combination that keeps him so bone-thin despite his magnificent shoulders and bulging muscles and it is to be seriously doubted if Alan could stand up under it at all if Sue Carol Ladd didn't spend her every waking moment looking out for his health in every way.

THERE are two feminine stars who are quite different temperamentally, but who are quite similar from the "nervous" angle. They are Claudette Colbert and Greer Garson. Both are naturally delicate; both are naturally high-strung and both of them, to a great extent, make their frail health serve them.

All her life, when things got emotionally bad for Greer Garson, she has retreated into illness. It wasn't conscious acting, but her nervous reactions took such extreme forms as this: Just after her first marriage in England, she realized she was horribly unhappy, that she had made a bad mistake and that she and the man she had wed could never be anything but wretched together. This realization so shocked Greer that she became very ill, went to bed for weeks, and when she finally was able to be up and around was still so incapacitated that for months she could walk only with the aid of a cane.

Today, in Hollywood, let Greer become upset and she becomes ill. Sinus troubles her painfully much of the time, but she has other small aches and illnesses too, which keep her abed. She is important enough that the production schedules wait for her; in fact, extra days are allowed in all of them for just these Garson upsets. At all times, she lives most quietly, resting constantly, conserving her strength.

They allow extra shooting days in the Colbert schedules, too, because, as every studio where she has worked knows, once let the production start, and Claudette will get an attack. The attacks vary and may come from anything, but undoubtedly are

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nerves, always newly disguised. As a result, the vivacious Colbert is a real hypochondriac. She is allergic to almost everything. Let a knife be in the scene and Claudette is sure to cut herself—and seriously. If she has to go through a door, the chances are excellent that, sooner or later, she'll slam it on a finger. She falls over light boxes, she bumps into mirrors. She can no more help it than she can help breathing. A psychologist would undoubtedly say it is her way of attaining the relaxation her nerves demand. Like Garson, she is big enough to get away with it. Also, like Greer, she probably has no awareness that ninety per cent of it is her nerves acting to protect her.

The case of Susan Peters has pathetically different angles. Susie is a girl who puts love ahead of her career, and except for the fact that her husband Dick Quine is in service, she probably would give up acting altogether. Up to time of her recent accident her illness came mostly as a result of the high pressure of production schedules.

After "Random Harvest" Susie looked like a real star and the studio knew it. Susie had flu just as "Random Harvest" finished and took sulfa to get over it. She found that sulfa does get you over the flu, but then you have to get over the sulfa. Susie didn't have time to do that because she was immediately cast for "Sorority Row."

To begin with, the picture wasn't worthy of her, since it was a B, but just because it was a B it had to shoot fast. One of the big scenes was a rain scene which meant Susie had to be soaked with hose-thrown water for two days. She contracted a heavy cold. To complicate things, she was newly wed, and knew her husband was soon to be shipped away.

Then she discovered the beautiful news that she was going to be a mother. Exhilarated with that knowledge, she told herself she could endure anything: Her cold, the daily schedule, the calls for make-up tests at night for "Song Of Russia"; the loneliness she knew she'd have to face when Dick was gone.

"Sorority Row" finished and she rushed into "Russia," but her cold hung on and gradually got worse. "Russia" completed, she became truly ill and woke one morning to accept the awful knowledge that she was no longer going to be a mother.

It was months before she could make her latest picture, "Keep Your Powder Dry," which is about the WACs. Then came the tragic accident in which she was shot while on a hunting trip with her husband. All Hollywood is rooting for her recovery.

That superb young actress, Teresa Wright, wife of Niven Busch, the writer, lost her first baby prematurely, also, and thus when on the first of this past December she was successfully delivered of her second child, Hollywood's rejoicing was very great and very genuine. Yet long before maternity added to the burden, the delicate Wright nerves were troublesome. A very great artist, here is a girl who actually is in torment from shyness. Deeply in love, she hates meeting new people. She wanted—and wants—her home, her husband, her children. Despite her acclaimed mastery at it, everything about her career terrifies her. Whether she basically wants the career, whether she will continue to pay the high "nerve" price for it, no one is sure.

But of one thing there is no doubt. If she does continue, there will be no reduction of the cost to her, just as there is none to the host of other Hollywood stars who are paying in physical strength for their fame.

THE END

My Nine Most Exciting Hollywood Moments

(*Continued from page* 43) Moon Goes Round The Mountain" with Mickey Rooney. She was appealing in appearance and poignant in her singing. However, I never thought of her as any great human being and I doubt that she was any great human being then. She is now!

It was during this last election that I was conscious Judy had changed. From the sweet, poignant child she had been there emerged a fine little honest firebrand of a woman.

Many artists felt they should not take any political stand. One of our great women stars and one of our greatest comedians advised Judy to be less outspoken.

"But I believe in the President," she told them. "Therefore, I must not only vote for him, I must fight for him too. . . ."

"Go slow!" the great woman star cautioned. "Many of our movie officials and many radio sponsors are opposed to the President, don't forget. . . ."

Judy's eyes blazed but her voice was contained as she asked "What's the matter with us that we can't say what we believe—like other people? I must, I'm afraid!"

Irrespective of what your politics may be, Judy was thrilling. I never shall forget her honesty, truth and intelligence.

JUDY also is responsible for another of my Hollywood high lights. I saw her and Vincente Minelli fall in love. Never, I hope, will I grow so old that I will not respond to the beauty of those moments in which a man and a woman quite suddenly find each other. Never, I hope, will I forget that love is the greatest power on earth. Let the so-called realists argue that facts are the thing. I want to remember that facts, invariably, are born of emotions and dreams.

Vincente Minelli, who is a great artist and is coming rapidly into prominence since directing Judy's picture, "Meet Me In St. Louis," seems terribly in love with Judy. I can understand it. She's so charming, such a darling and sweeter than ever, if possible, now, since Vincente has come into her life.

I think Judy daily becomes more devoted to Vincente too. Previously when she was admired by any man she seemed a little apart—with an elfin quality. With Vincente she is tender and gentle and several times I have spied them holding hands.

I first saw how the wind blew last December when I gave a luncheon party for Judy to which I invited Jack Wilson, the theatrical producer and another most attractive young gentleman, and Judy said to me, so shyly, "Oh, do ask Vincente too —please!"

They are most becoming to each other, these two. They complement each other beautifully. I hope they will marry. If and when they do I shall be maid of honor. For there's no one to whom I am more devoted than little Judy. The fact that she has taken a house at Santa Monica, on the beach, next door to Anita Loos, makes me think she and Vincente might very well be planning to set up housekeeping.

There you have three of my most exciting Hollywood moments. I have others. There's the great producer who shall be nameless . . . There's Joan Fontaine and John Houseman . . . There's Fredric March . . . There's Bing Crosby, or maybe I should say Samuel Goldwyn . . . There's Lauren Bacall . . . Quite a list. I love lists. Years ago I invented the lists of the twelve best-dressed women, the twelve

LUCILLE BALL, STARRING IN "ZIEGFELD FOLLIES"
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE IN TECHNICOLOR



YOU: *Such silky-smooth hands are so attractive.*

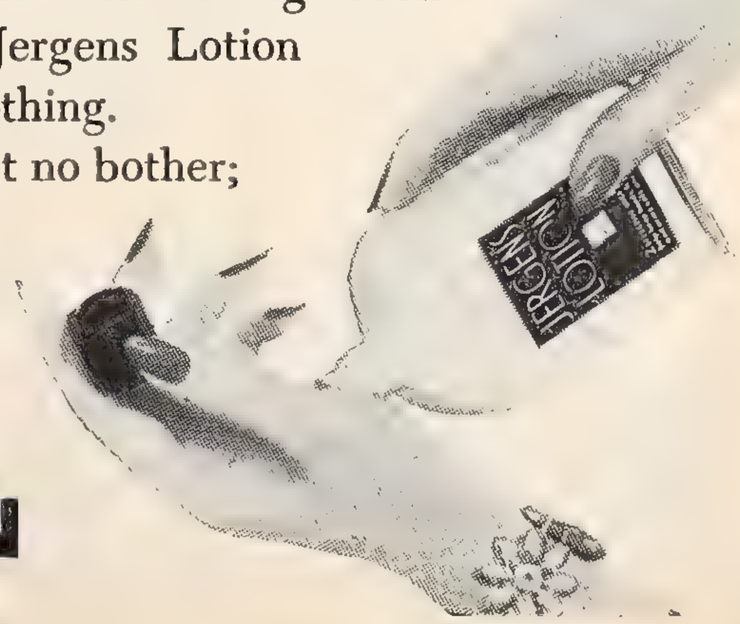
LUCILLE BALL: Yes—it's a shame for a girl to have harsh hands.

YOU: *But can any girl have nice hands?*

LUCILLE BALL: Yes! Every girl can use Jergens Lotion.

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If only she had told me these intimate physical facts!"

"WELL it's happened. Jim has left me and never was there a better husband! I felt it coming—first his 'indifference'—then a decided resentment.

"If only I had known earlier how important intimate feminine cleanliness is to womanly charm, beauty and health—those intimate facts my mother *should* have told me but *didn't.*"

* * *

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greatest gentlemen, the twelve greatest wits . . . Now we have, it seems, my nine most exciting Hollywood moments. . . .

The head of one of the biggest studios must remain anonymous. To name him would spoil everything. A little more than a year ago this man discovered that a woman, whom he admired because she works hard for the things in which she believes, was worried about money.

"She's pretty hard up, isn't she?" he asked a mutual friend, adding impatiently, "Why can't something be done for her?"

The mutual friend laughed. "You don't know her. She's too darn proud to take anything from anyone."

"Well," said the head of the great studio, "supposing I send six hundred dollars a month to her bank account. She won't know where it comes from and so, of course, she can't refuse or return it."

He has been doing just that ever since!

Another thrilling thing which stemmed from Hollywood was when Colonel Darryl Zanuck spoke at the Nobel Frize Award Dinner at the Hotel Astor in New York where I was chairman of the reception committee. All the great of the earth were on the podium, many of them prize winners —inventors, engineers, physicists, heads of great universities and authors of rare distinction. But the speech made by my little blond-haired friend, Darryl, bowled them all over. He spoke for Hollywood. He spoke for Hollywood films, of their importance in the post-war world when they would undoubtedly be used to re-educate the Axis nations, starting with the children, against war and propaganda for peace. It was certainly a high light.

FRIENDSHIP for friendship's own sake always is wonderful to see. Which brings me to the friendship between Joan Fontaine and John Houseman. John is Joan's accepted escort everywhere. She finds great comfort with him. Through his companionship she has matured charmingly.

It began when Joan was married to Brian, who is a delightful man but much older than Joan. He always treated her like a little girl. He was, actually, more like an older relative than like a husband or lover. Also, since Brian was not too socially inclined, he kept Joan hidden away, more or less, without any real men or women friends.

Well, one night Joan had to go to a public dinner for her studio. For some reason Brian couldn't go. So the studio suggested that John Houseman, a very fine writer and philosopher, be her escort.

John, also older than Joan and quite serious, took Joan to dinner and as they talked he realized in some subconscious way that she was very lonely and in need of a friend. Whereupon he determined she should have the friend she needed and it would be he. There is nothing even remotely romantic between Joan and John. Her romantic interest lies elsewhere. Nor is their friendship for the purpose of covering her true romance or for publicity. It represents no gain beyond its own fine companionship.

Now and then you discover such a friendship in Hollywood and when you do you are overjoyed. Garbo enjoys such a friendship with Clifton Webb, who starred in "Laura." Marlene Dietrich and Willis Goldbeck for years have been another such twosome. However, these friendships are rare. The stars who need friendship in the best and fullest sense of the word get very little of it.

If I am ever very rich I am going to have something without which the most simple and unostentatious star's home would be incomplete—a full-sized projection machine and screen. Then I shall see—even as the stars do—all the good new movies right in my home.

You can have all the floodlighted Hollywood premieres, all the photographers, all the ermine, all the Little Shots without the ghost of a chance of their cars being allowed before the marquee until all the Big Shots' cars have been filled and departed. Among my high spots I definitely list the pictures I've seen in Hollywood homes, with everyone smoking and leisurely sipping their after-dinner coffee.

Not long ago when Samuel Goldwyn gave a little dinner party for me I begged to see his latest picture, "The Princess And The Pirate." Reluctantly, he consented. Sam feels that comedies show to better advantage with a large audience.

But surely I laughed enough to please Sam as "The Princess And The Pirate" unreeled. It's a heavenly picture and I loved it. At the very end a young man suddenly appears on the screen. "Why don't you sign that wonderful blue-eyed fellow?" I asked Sam. "He doesn't talk in this picture but I'm sure he would speak well . . . He has personality. Take my word for it! Get him!"

The other guests shrieked with mirth. Sam groaned, "I show you two hours of my wonderful picture, Elsa Maxwell, and what do you do . . . You miss the big gag. I wish I could sign that handsome blue-eyed fellow. He happens to be Bing Crosby!"

Any moment in which I appear innocent and naive at my age is indeed a high spot!

Fredric March is giving me a great thrill these days, as *Major Joppolo* in the Broadway version of "A Bell For Adano."

This war has changed Freddie. It set him thinking about important things, to spending his mental and physical energy in the beautiful speaking he has done for freedom and democracy and the more serious aspects of life. However, when this happened he couldn't, it appeared, do those romantic lovers any more. So, of course, he found himself a bit out of the Hollywood groove.

When Freddie was cast as *Major Joppolo* in the theater's "A Bell For Adano" there were many who shook their heads. "It is ridiculous to cast Freddie as *Joppolo,*" they said. "He isn't young enough. And he doesn't feel as that fellow did about things. . . ."

Freddie isn't merely good as *Joppolo.* He's as superb in it as he is happy about it. For "A Bell For Adano"—in line with Freddie's new attitude for life—has a message as important as the mess we have made of our occupation of Italy and our need to do better in the other countries we free as time goes by.

IN a long full life I can think of nothing which seems to me more amazing than Frank Sinatra. Not because of the hysterical worship the bobby socks give him, but because of his completely unegotistical reaction to it, believe me or not! And remember this devotion, almost overnight, turned Frank Sinatra from a poor nobody into a wealthy and famous man.

Before I met Frank I charged him, in my syndicated newspaper column, with aggravating our juvenile delinquency problem. Juvenile delinquency is something for which I work hard hoping in some small way to help our girls, America's future mothers, to find their way again. In my column I blamed Sinatra for the neuro-romantic bobby socks who scream and yell and shriek as they hang around the stage doors.

Then I met him. Taking my hand in his two hands, he said, "Miss Maxwell, I want you to know I appreciate the truth of everything your column said. Also, that I appreciate why you said it. Not only do I agree with you, but my mother is on your side."

"Frank," I said, "you must have a wonderful mother." Frank heartily concurred.

Incredulously I looked at the slight earnest young man, holding my hands in his. I thought I must not be hearing right when he went on, "Later I hope to be able to do something about all this. I hope to give lectures, to plead with the bobby socks and teensters to remain in school and listen to me on the radio when their homework is finished."

We were in New York at the same time, not long ago. He called me on the telephone. "Elsa," he said, for we have become great friends, "I'm leaving for California. I just wanted to say good-by and to tell you it won't be long now before I'll be off on that lecture tour. . . ."

His voice, overstrained because of all the singing he had done and all the campaign speeches he had made, was little more than a croak. Among other things, he was en route to the California desert where his physician had ordered him to rest.

"That lecture tour will cost you a lot of money, fellow," I reminded him.

"That doesn't matter at all," he said. "I have money now. And the last thing I want to do is to be responsible—even partly responsible—for kids staying out of school. I would be mighty distressed, I can tell you, if my kids stayed out of school and hung around stage doors for any guy like me!"

Not only am I excited about my friend, Frankie, I'm proud of him. I knew from the minute I laid eyes on him that he was quite a guy. I'm even glad I jumped on him in the beginning. Otherwise I might never have known his measure as a man.

Hollywood certainly is exciting to me. And more and more I think of it as "Home Sweet Home."

THE END



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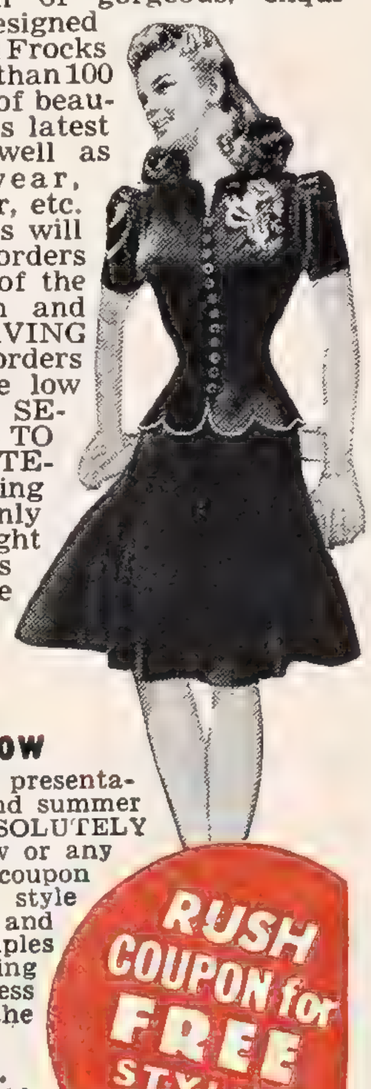


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Moody Vagabond

(*Continued from page* 59) while the neighborhood kids and Claire applauded from their perches up in the trees.

Even as a child there was evidence of his will to succeed. At the tender age of nine he was sure he wanted to be a salesman. He had a little red wagon with a collie dog hitched to it, and would go down into the family cellar and pick out the best potatoes, load them into his cart, and take off up and down North Street peddling his mother's best spuds.

His father's pride in his initiative, coupled with a growing concern over the disappearing potatoes, caused him to go down to the local five and ten store and buy up five dollars worth of toothpaste, combs and stuff which he gave to Tom to sell on the street. The neighbors admired his ambition and bought everything he had.

When the toothpaste gave out his dad wrote a publishing company and got Tom a job selling magazine subscriptions. Whenever he got tired making the rounds in his little wagon, his mother drove him around in the family limousine while he peddled them. He did a landslide business, eventually selling more subscriptions than anybody else in the U. S. And the publishing company sent a representative to New Rochelle to interview him and get a picture of him to put in the magazine.

He made around $2000 for his share of subscriptions that Christmas and even five years later, at fourteen, was still getting $200 from renewals. But since his dad always made him give the money to the Salvation Army or some other worthy charity, it took all the fun out of it for Tom and squashed his ambitions forever to be a salesman.

IT was after he graduated from Mercersberg Academy in Pennsylvania that he decided to take a serious fling at acting. "By then I couldn't think of anything else I was suited for and I figured I ought to be a success at something," he says.

So he got a job in a stock company in Poughkeepsie that summer. Not long afterwards his mother (whom he fairly worshipped) died. His father had died a few years before. Leaving only Tom and Claire and his Great Dane Wrinkle.

Since Claire, too, aspired to an acting career, Tom loaded his pretty blonde sister and the Great Dane into his jalopy and away they went to try their luck on Broadway, and to try and find an apartment in New York.

Which wasn't easy. None of the landlords shared Tom's taste for Great Danes.

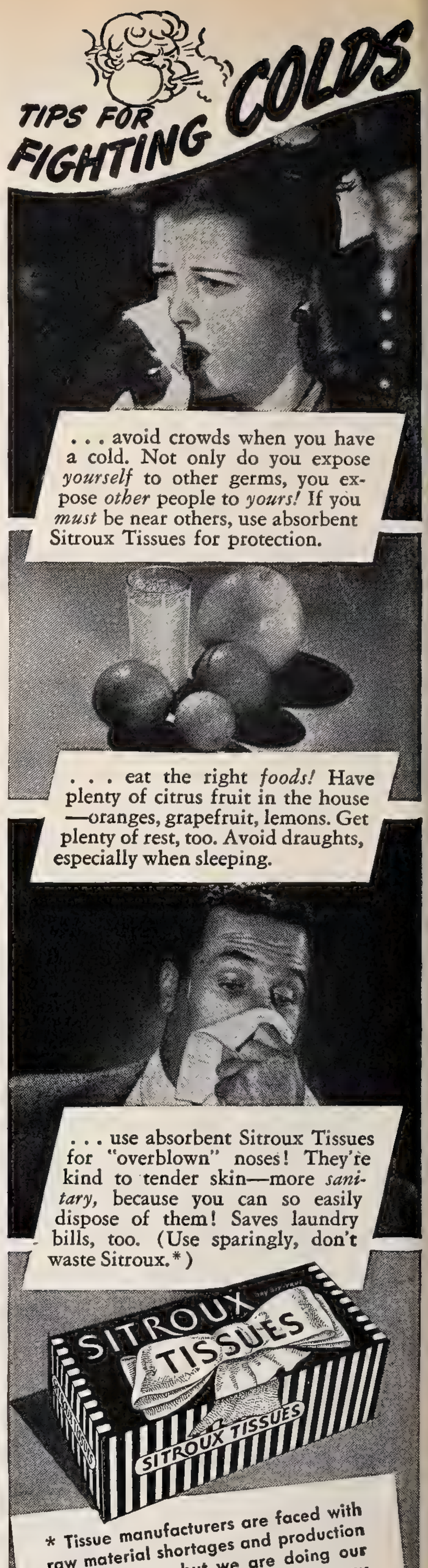
They finally found one in an old building on Riverside Drive around 78th Street that would take the dog.

The apartment wasn't a walk-up, but more of a walk-down—or walk-in—if you dared. Very *Sister Eileenish*. One big, dismal room in the basement of the building, not far from the Hudson River, which they could seldom see for the barrage of bottles and rolling pins being tossed back and forth by the battling neighbors.

They painted it a sickly white, then decided to give it a modernistic touch by painting the woodwork a bright royal blue. It looked all right at night, but the next morning when they started moving their mother's lovely mahogany furniture and rich oriental rugs in, it was pretty awful. Claire just sat down and cried. And Tom and Wrinkle looked mighty sad.

It was into this basement that there often crept the familiar aroma of oatmeal.

Tom finally got a role of the spear-carrying variety. It opened in Philadelphia and was a big flop. Two weeks later he was back home again staring at the royal blue woodwork with Wrinkle and Claire.



He has many funny memories of those first months in New York.

The time one of his old school friends (of wealthy vintage) came to visit them. How Claire had worked all day cleaning the basement so they could put on the best face possible. He'd just arrived when the neighbors started throwing bottles again. The funny surprised look on the boy's face—when one crashed too near....

Christmas Eve—when Buddy went crazy making soap-flake snowballs for their little tree—and put so many on it the tree fell over—and they walked around in "snow" up to their ankles for two days....

The party they gave in the rooms they moved into at the Royalton Hotel when Tom got a small part and they felt they'd arrived. How the automatic record machine had gone haywire and started "dealing" records all over the room. Guests ducking. Hotel phone ringing. . . .

They way they both loved to move the furniture around when they were bored or blue. In two hours' time Tom had changed everything. He's a chronic furniture mover and the only reason he hasn't changed his Beverly Hills living room is that the big piano is too heavy to move.

Between the furniture movings, Tom was playing brief engagements in "June Night" with Martha Scott, "Central Casting" with Esther Ralston, and in "Dance Night." All very brief.

The next season he was in "Run, Sheep, Run" and "Clean Beds." Still brief. He signed for the son in "Tovarich" with Elissa Landi for a Rhode Island stock company. The next day he was called to try out for "Life With Father." But he had to go to Rhode Island. Heartbreaking then, but he says now it was just as well. The way the hit is still running he'd have been living with "Father" all his life.

SHORTLY after that Tom came to California on a vacation. An agent took him over to M-G-M. "Uh-hm-hm—fine," said the casting agent, "in about ten or fifteen years." But another agent took him to see Director Frank Lloyd, who gave him the part of Cary Grant's son in "The Howards Of Virginia."

Tom says his performance in this film probably accounts more than anything else for the sad look he still wears now.

He went back to New York, but fast. Claire was now married to a young agent named Bob Kennedy. Tom moved into an apartment underneath theirs. And this time luck was with him. He landed the job in "Janie" that got him a contract with M-G-M. He arrived in Hollywood on a Monday, was tested for "Two Girls And A Sailor" on Tuesday, and got the job the next day.

It's been a fast trolley ride for him ever since.

His best pal is Corporal Mike Harvey, who was one of the cast of "Winged Victory," worked in stock with Tom and shares the same uncontrollable sense of humor. When Mike was in Hollywood recently making the picture at Twentieth Century-Fox they dug many a laugh out of the past.

Tom had trouble finding his present home. He feels it was a sheer miracle that got him the lovely home he has now. It's an informal Spanish-style stucco located near Gene Kelly's home in Beverly Hills.

The woman who owns it, a very attractive, refined person about fifty-fivish, took one look at the dashing Drake and said she didn't want any dogs, children, or women, especially not two women. "They never get along," she said. Remembering the Grand Central turn-over in his New York apartment, Tom crossed his fingers and fibbed like a trouper. No dogs, no babies, no women, no nothin'.

Ruling the roost is Tom's colored maid,

The Countess of Carnarvon

A colorful and glamorous figure of international society is the Countess of Carnarvon, the former Tilly Losch. A famous ballerina, she is noted for her strange dynamic beauty . . . startling sapphire-blue eyes . . . and skin like creamy velvet. "I've discovered a *lovely* new beauty trick!" Lady Carnarvon says. "It's the 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Such a tiny, short time it takes to make my skin look so much brighter and smoother!"



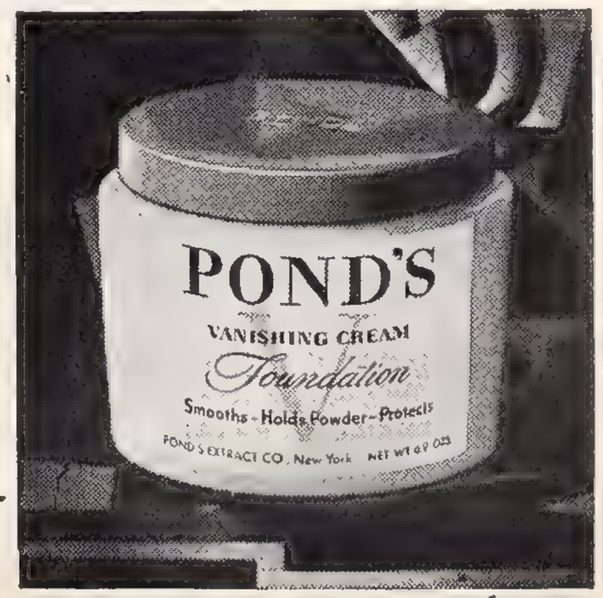
The Countess of Carnarvon has a 1-Minute Mask 3 or 4 times a week

You can "re-style" your complexion in 1-Minute!

Mask your entire face—except eyes—with a silky-cool coat of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave on for one full minute. "Keratolytic" action of the cream loosens tiny scales of dead skin and trapped dirt particles. Dissolves them! Now—tissue off the Mask.

Results are dramatic! Your skin looks clearer, softer, even lighter! And it's ever so much smoother beneath your powder puff. Make-up goes on like a happy dream!

"Foolproof" powder base! . . . Light, non-greasy Pond's Vanishing Cream is ideal foundation for quick make-ups, too. Spread on a thin film of Cream —and *leave it on*. Smooths—protects. Holds powder *beautifully*.



Get a BIG jar of glamour-making Masks!

P
M
M

"Toothsome" Clare... she's a Spar not a spare!



Pride of the jeep fleet—she dazzles them all with her beautiful, winning smile! Because she's discovered how much better *super-fine* Pebeco cleans her teeth. "Stays on the job *polishing*," she says. "Doesn't wash right away when I start to brush!"



How come? Pebeco contains a special combination of polishing agents. Non-abrasive, *micro-fine* Pebeco Tooth Powder particles hold on to your brush . . . cling to your teeth while you polish. No wonder teeth sparkle. They're *super* clean!



Spruce up your smile! Brush *your* teeth with *super-fine* Pebeco. Taste its keen, minty flavor. Enjoy the wonderfully fresh feel of your mouth when it's Pebeco-clean. See the gleam that's reflected from your own winning Pebeco smile!

Pebeco Pete says:



60% MORE POWDER FOR YOUR MONEY, FOLKS, THAN AVERAGE OF 6 OTHER LEADING BRANDS



PEBECO
TOOTH POWDER
Super-fine for Super Shine

ALSO PEBECO TOOTH PASTE—CLEAN, REFRESHING FLAVOR—10¢, 25¢ AND 50¢

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Ellie Mae—who's worth double her salary just to have her around for laughs.

The happiest times at the Drake "drive-in" are when his blonde sister comes out from New York to be sure he's getting his laundry back okay. Bringing with her the two major women in Tom's life, her baby daughter Casey, aged twenty months, and pretty four-and-a-half-year-old Chris, referred to by Tom as "Madame," because it makes her so mad.

Tom himself is a conservative dresser. He likes gray lounge suits—or beige slacks with a brown sport coat, and has to be reminded to go buy any of them. But he'll spend hours shopping for dresses for the kids and come home with some of the wildest twin outfits you've ever seen.

When Claire starts packing to go home he invariably puts an arm around Chris and Casey and wails, "You can't take both of 'em. I won't have an alarm clock left. I'll never get up in time."

Clocks are a phobia with him anyway. He hates to be pinned down to any time for social things, but is prompt to a "T" for business appointments.

Admittedly moody, he loves to just take off like a robot on cross-country trips (when you could take off like a robot on cross-country trips) with either Mike or Claire, driving for hundreds of miles without saying a word.

The only thing that really makes him mad is being pushed around. "Mentally pushed around," he explains. People trying to shove ideas down his throat or make up his mind for him.

VERY sentimental by nature, he has the greatest nostalgia for Christmas, his four-year-old red Buick convertible, or anything that means a lot of memories (including a pair of shoes which he's had resoled for years because he thinks they've brought him luck). He has some lucky blue socks, too.

He likes to putter around on the piano in the lovely beige-toned living room and write songs, all of the *très* torchy affairs.

He rarely gets hungry but loves to eat, often ordering steak for breakfast and ham and eggs for supper, and has been known to start off with a cream puff and end up with roast beef.

He likes to dance but seldom goes to night clubs and usually has the gang in at home. He dislikes all kinds of cards because he hates to sit still.

Still unmarried, he has squired Judy Garland and other of Hollywood's most popular gals, but usually goes with girls he went through stock with or knew at that time. He likes girls with a sense of humor, vitality, a pleasant disposition—and the capacity to either be talkative or quiet—when he himself wants to be talkative or quiet. He thinks beauty isn't too important.

Tom says he's never been "settled" in one place long enough to get married. "I'm always moving on and the girls are always deciding on the other guy."

Collecting pictures of thoroughbred horses is his pet hobby. He would like to raise race horses and Great Dane dogs, neither of which he can very well do in a Beverly Hills back yard. With any landlady. No matter how wistful he looks.

He wanted terribly to get into service but a heart complication vetoed that. So instead he wants a ranch big enough to "walk around on" and to raise horses and dogs. Yet he admits that nothing fascinates him so much as a stretch of nice fresh high way winding to some place he's never been before.

Well—there he is, the serious—and the vagabond. No matter how great his success . . . there'll always be a sprinkle of oatmeal in his blood.

THE END

It Had To Be You

(*Continued from page* 52) father, had uietly disappeared.

"Mother," Jeannie said earnestly, "I now how ambitious you are for me. But 'm in love with Peter—terribly in love vith him. . . ."

Rosie was about to give vent to what he would later call "Making Jeannie see eason" when there was a tap on the door. We're ready, Jeannie," called the director.

"This is the trouble with Hollywood," eannie thought. "This is why actors so ften make messes of their lives. We're lways too busy with our character's prob- ems to work out our own. There's never ime for us and our lives. Never!"

She walked before the camera like the ood trouper she was. She listened atten- ively as her director, Paul Daniels, ex- lained she, as *Margie,* must weep because he had learned her screen father had lost is money and she couldn't go to a fash- onable girls' school. Tears came easily. But it was not for *Margie's* plight that she ept.

Peter, however, watching from the side- ines believed her tears wholly his- rionic and when he was dismissed from he set for the day he waved good-by to er happily and indicated, with panto- nime, that he would call her later.

Walking across the lot to his dressing oom, his mind conjured up pictures of he future. He did not visualize Jean- ie waiting at the door of a rose-covered ottage as he came home from the office. He saw, instead, the two of them leaving he studio together in make-up. And his ream house was complete with swim- ning pool. However, his vision of the uture differed from the average boy's nly in setting. Emotionally it was the ame. He and his girl would be together.

PETER had never meant to be an actor. Until he was seven years old there al- ways had been plenty of money. He could emember the big house on the outskirts f Cleveland with its rolling lawns and he stone lions on either side of the porte- ochere. He had often straddled the right- and lion, pretending he had just tamed it n an African jungle.

After that—when his father shot himself —he and his mother had moved into a tuffy two-room apartment. For years Peter believed that a weird Buck Rogers nonster called "The Depression" had illed his father. For his mother always poke of the depression as a highly per- onalized devil who had mysteriously aken his father's life.

It was after his mother's death that Peter ad hitch-hiked to California and found a job in a gas station. One day, filling an xpensive foreign car, he realized he was nder minute observation from the driver.

He had thought he must be doing some- hing wrong when the man had said, "I'm esting kids tomorrow over at the studio. Drop around." It was as simple as that.

Even now, however, Peter didn't pretend o be any Barrymore in the field of acting. The wave of popularity he was enjoying vas due to the fact that his nice young ersonality came through on the celluloid, hat his charm, good looks and guileless vay of playing scenes intrigued audiences.

Peter had never before been in love. And he was so deeply in love that the next best thing to being near Jeannie was being alone with his thoughts about her.

As he turned the corner of the studio street, Gloria Thornton was idling by the steps which led to the men's dressing rooms. Peter hoped she wouldn't stop him. He didn't feel like talking to Gloria —or anyone else just then. He wanted to go right on thinking about Jeannie.

BEFORE DINNER

SHERRY—Serve delicious, amber ROMA California Sherry... tangy, nut-like, appetizing...with the sun-ripe grape flavor and goodness brought to you intact by the skill and care of ROMA's noted wineries located in the choicest vine-yard districts of California.



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PORT—Open a bottle of glorious, deep-red ROMA California Port... full-bodied...richly fruity. Or serve it any time...any evening. Unvary-ingly good . . . always delightful. And—like all ROMA Wines—this superb quality and flavor for Only Pennies a Glass! Roma Wine Co., Lodi, Healdsburg, Fresno, Cal.

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MORE AMERICANS ENJOY ROMA THAN ANY OTHER WINE!

IN A MINUTE!...





From COLD Discomfort...to WARM Smiles

Rub MINIT-RUB on chest and back.

1. IN A MINUTE, Minit-Rub stimulates circulation, brings a sensation of warmth. That *quickly* helps relieve surface aches and pains.

2. IN A MINUTE, Minit-Rub's welcome pain-relieving action begins to soothe that raspy local irritation.

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MINIT-RUB is wonderful for both children and adults. Greaseless! Stainless! Disappears like vanishing cream! Won't harm linens. Get a jar—today!

MINIT-RUB

The Modern Chest Rub

COMMENDED PARENTS' MAGAZINE CONSUMER SERVICE BUREAU



PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS



HERE'S SOOTHING RELIEF — FASTER HEALING



If your hands get so red and chapped that they actually feel sore, take a tip from nurses! Get a jar of the Medicated Skin Cream, Noxzema, and see how quickly it brings soothing, grateful relief.

Noxzema is so effective because it's a *medicated formula.* It not only relieves the stinging soreness, but *helps heal* the tiny cracks. Actual tests with Noxzema show it helps heal chapped hands *faster* — definite improvement often being seen *overnight!* Surveys have revealed that scores of nurses (who have trouble with their hands from frequent washings) use Noxzema and recommend it to their patients.

Noxzema is greaseless, non-sticky, vanishes almost at once. Get a jar at any drug or dept. store today and see how quickly it helps heal *your* chapped hands! 10¢, 25¢, 50¢ and $1 (plus tax).

NOXZEMA *Skin Cream*

The hard California sun turned Gloria' flaming hair to copper and accented th sharp and beautiful lines of her face. Sh was gorgeous, Peter admitted. Jeanni wasn't gorgeous. She was soft and warı and womanly. Peter was glad.

Because Peter didn't greet Gloria gladl she was certain he was depressed. Sh was the kind of girl who believed when ever a man looked at her it was to admir her. There are girls like that in ever town, of course. There are more of thei in Hollywood.

In her famous, soft purring tones Glori said, "I'm terribly sorry for you, Peter."

Peter, on top of the world, could not be lieve he had heard right. So he smile and continued up the steps.

"Oh gee," Gloria said, detaining hin "did I spill the beans?"

"What beans?" he asked.

"Well, it's all over the lot," Gloria sai defensively. "So you might as well hea it from me. The old goose who laid th golden egg heard you were nuts for bab She dropped the story in the Old Man lap and the way I heard it they both ar agreed that with Jeannie playing 'Morn ing For Margie' and every kid in th country ready to shake his piggy bank t see it, it wouldn't be a good idea to l the great child star get involved in romance. Rosie says leave it to her, she' break it up. . . . "

"It that all?" Peter asked, relieved.

"Is that *all?*" Gloria mimicked. "Brothe that's enough! Believe me, if that dam wants to break it up, she'll break it up

"You don't know Jeannie," said Peter.

"Maybe not, but I know Rosie."

Peter waved her off and bounded u the stairs to his dressing room.

"When you find out how right I am she called after him, "give me a rin We'll dance—and forget."

GLORIA loved to make trouble. She wa a strange girl. From the time she ha read her first movie magazine she ha known she would be a movie star. It wa not that she wanted to be an actress. Sh did not have what a famous director one called "the inside dynamo" to drive he All she wanted was beautiful clothe gleaming jewels and admiration.

Her father was a shadowy characte who came in and out of her life witho affecting it. Her mother had sold the house in Seattle to finance Gloria in Holly wood.

Press agents made up a lot of stori about how Gloria got into pictures. The said she was "discovered" when she wa a car hop at a super de luxe hamburg stand; she was a society girl "discovere while dancing with a Naval officer at th Cocoanut Grove; she had been so eag to become an actress she had thrown her self in front of an executive's car.

All these stories were a far hail from th cold facts. Gloria had gone to an agent the Sunset Strip who had peddled her six studios. The sixth had consented give her a film test. It wasn't very goo but she had looked so beautiful that th had signed her to a small stock contra

Once on the lot she had made both h beauty and her hard, defensive perso ality felt. And so, at the age of ninetee she was a star; a star who furnished th news hounds with plenty of stories. H escapades included running her pale blu coupe into an interurban streetcar ju because she "wanted to see what it w like." Once she had hired the roll coaster at Ocean Park for her friends an ridden on it exactly thirty-five tim without stopping. The Boswells of Holly wood called her "good copy" but "unpr dictable."

Gloria's outstanding weakness, as on magazine writer pointed out, was me

However, Gloria never was interested in a man unless he belonged to someone else. With her it never had been a matter of love, but competition. She had seen Peter Blake around the lot for a couple of years and thought of him only as a good-looking kid and not a very good actor. But the moment she heard that Jeannie Holmes was in love with him he became irresistible. Which is why she called after him, "Don't forget to ring me up."

Peter didn't answer. He was furious that a girl like Gloria could disturb him. Jeannie, he reasoned, was honest and true. She had said she loved him. Therefore nothing could come between them.

However, the doubt Gloria had dropped into his mind lingered. He had to call Jeannie on the telephone. He had to hear her warm voice, her assurance that she loved him. The last thing in the world he was prepared to hear were the words that smote him over the wire; Jeannie's voice, tight, drained: "I'm sorry, Peter. It was a silly mistake. A girl who wants a career can't play at romance. Let's pretend—you and I—that this afternoon never happened."

With icewater running through his veins he hung up the 'phone, too hurt and bewildered to suspect that Jeannie's speech had originated with Rosie and been delivered as Rosie stood weeping beside her.

Convinced those words had stemmed from Jeannie, he took Gloria up on her "we'll dance—and forget" routine. They sailed out defiantly to Mocambo where Peter matched drink for drink with the more adept Gloria. As the evening wore on he grew quite tight, and so thoroughly did he "forget" that he didn't even remember asking Gloria to marry him. But Gloria did.

Always Hollywood is undefinable. Gossip, for instance, is filled with stories about the hard-hearted studio executive who will not let the sweet young couple get married. But D. P. Lawrentz, the chief executive at the studio, was not hard-hearted, at all. He was a sweet man who had attained eminence because—truly loving children, dogs and old people—he had bought and filmed a lot of stories about children, dogs and old people. And since ninety per cent of the world's population love children, dogs and old people he had made a fortune.

Also D. P. was wise. He knew, in his smart showman's soul, that a romance or marriage with Peter Blake would not hurt Jeannie Holmes' popularity one iota. Therefore, he only half listened—a trick he had mastered through the years—as Rosie, in her tense voice, said "D.P., you've been like a father to Jeannie . . . And now you must do something to break up this silly infatuation."

"Does Jeannie love Peter?" D. P. asked.

"Love!" Rosie gave the most beautiful word in the English language all the contempt she felt for it. "What does a girl like Jeannie know about love!"

"She might know quite a lot about it."

"Don't talk like a character!" Rosie was frantic. "You have everything to lose if Jeannie marries. . . ."

D. P. shook his head. "You mean *you* have everything to lose, don't you Rosie?"

HAD they continued their conversation things might have worked out very differently. However, at the very moment Rosie entered D. P.'s office a talent scout, Charlie Moses, three thousand miles away, put through a call to D. P. The call reached the studio switchboard just as D. P. was going to tell Rosie that so far as he was concerned Jeannie and Peter could marry with his blessing—and a bonus.

Instead he picked up the telephone to hear Charlie Moses say "Look, Mr. Lawrentz, I caught 'Arizona' last night. Yeah, it's a swell musical. There's a girl plays a bit in it—Marian Morgan—who's terrific. I think we better sign her fast."

New and terrific youngsters always excited D. P. Lawrentz. He nodded, smiling into the telephone. Rosie tiptoed out and paused in the outer office long enough to tell D. P.'s secretary that D. P. was opposed to Jeannie's and Peter's romance and determined to put a stop to it.

That's how the story got all over the lot.

The following week end Peter and Gloria were married at Las Vegas. Peter eloped because Gloria told him he had asked her to marry him and he could not remember whether he had or not. Rosie had been on the set constantly, thus giving him no opportunity to talk to Jeannie. And he had convinced himself Jeannie had planned it this way. Gloria married Peter because eloping to Las Vegas was one of the few things she had not done.

Jeannie read of their elopement in the Examiner on Monday morning as she was breakfasting alone. Jeannie forgot it was she who had hurt Peter. She knew nothing but her own hurt. Her resentment was defensive. She did not know that what she thought was an old thought: *How could he fall for anyone so cheap and common as Gloria? Well, if that's the kind of man he is then he's not the man I thought he was.*

She had to face him on the set, of course. There was no way out. So, with all the members of the cast and crew watching she walked over to Peter, stuck out her little hand and said "'Congratulations, Peter. I hear she is a swell girl!"

This moment was immortalized by a picture which later appeared in a magazine bearing the caption "Jeannie Holmes congratulates Peter Blake upon his marriage to the glamorous Gloria Thornton."

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY



"He says as long as he's going to be tied to a desk for the rest of the war, he may as well relax and enjoy it."







The next day Paul Daniels, Jeannie's director, sat in the projection room watching the rushes. He soon realized that Jeannie was not a mature enough actress to dam her own emotional turmoil while she lived *Margie's* childish problems. Her dramatic scenes weren't the simple innocent shots they should have been. Her personal suffering obliterated all else.

Paul's face darkened. Thirty-three years old and ambitious, he had come up in Hollywood the hard way; struggling with low-budget films and trying to give some validity to corny B pictures. "Morning For Margie" was his first big assignment.

He found Jeannie in her dressing room brushing the pigtail crimps out of her hair.

"I've just seen the rushes," he said.

A few weeks before she would have asked, eagerly "How were they?"

Now she sat brushing out her hair.

"I was disappointed in them," Daniels went on.

She let the brush fall to the floor. "Save it!" she told him.

"I've been hoping we would make a great picture together, Jeannie," he said.

She cried tearfully, "Always the picture! I hate the picture!"

He let her emotion spend itself. Then he said, "No matter what happens to you personally, Jeannie, the show has to go on. You know that."

"I should," she said wearily. "I've had it dinned into me ever since I was three."

He tried a new line. "Okay," he said, "You don't care whether the pictures lives or dies. But you can't let your troupe down and you can't let D. P. Lawrentz down and you can't let me down! This picture means a lot to me, Jeannie. . . ."

She smiled, then, like the child she really was. "I'm sorry," she said. "I'll try harder."

"Good girl!" He patted her shoulder.

AFTER the talent scout had talked to D. P., he went backstage to see Marian Morgan. "Here's your great chance, kid," he said. Then he repeated his conversation with the chief executive.

Marian was ecstatic. This was, indeed, her great chance. Hollywood! All the while she was making her screen test in New York under the facile direction of the talent scout she kept thinking this would show her father on the farm in Kansas that she had the stuff. This would make him eat those bitter words: "No daughter of mine shall ever go to that hell hole of sin and iniquity." Her father, she reasoned, would sing a different tune when she was a great star.

She turned in her two weeks' notice and at last it was time to go. The taxi that would carry her to Grand Central Station was waiting at the boarding house door when the telegram arrived. She read it over twice. "D. P. Lawrentz asks you to postpone trip indefinitely. He has seen your tests and thinks he has too many girls of your type under contract. Sorry." It was signed by talent scout Moses.

Marian's pause was only momentary. Gracefully she stepped into the cab, closed the door with a final click and said, "Grand Central, please, driver." Out the window of the taxi there fluttered the torn pieces of a telegram.

"OKAY, Peter," Paul Daniels said. "You've done a good job."

Peter, finished with his work in "Morning For Margie," went to Jeannie's dressing room. He had to see her before he left on a between-pictures holiday. He did not want to behave like a cad, but he had to let her know how he felt. It was vitally necessary that he tell her his marriage to Gloria was a dismal failure and that if she would give him a chance to win her back he would ask Gloria to divorce him.

He waited an hour. Then Rosie arrived. Jeannie, she said, had gone home long ago.

During the next several days Peter tried to get Jeannie on the telephone, to contact her through her hairdresser, to send her notes. But he never reached her.

At last, filled with frustration and misery, he left for Palm Springs alone. He baked in the sun. He rode horseback across the desert. And three weeks later, when he returned to the Beverly Hills Hotel where he and Gloria had taken a bungalow until, as Gloria told the press, "we find our dream house," he felt no better.

He found Gloria wearing a bathing suit in the exact color of her skin, sitting on the edge of the Beverly Hills pool.

"Did you have a nice time?" she asked.

Peter braced himself. He was ready to tell her that he had made a mistake, that his marriage to her had been a spite marriage, that even if Jeannie was not in love with him he could not be married to anyone else. But Gloria handed him the movie gossip section of the Los Angeles Times pointing to a particular item:

Peter read: "We thought that Jeannie Holmes was going to burn her fingers carrying the torch for Peter Blake. But that flame is out, apparently. The boy who doused the glim is none other than Jeannie's director, Paul Daniels."

Magazines and newspapers featured pictures of Jeannie's engagement party which followed this announcement by about ten days. One shot showed Humphrey Bogart and Jeannie laughing together. She looked very happy indeed. She wasn't.

Jeannie had allowed herself to become engaged to Paul Daniels because he was nice enough and she was lonely and frightened and, in her perverse feminine way, convinced that Peter had done her a wrong.

It never occurred to Jeannie that it was only partly because she was attractive that Paul made love to her; that his main urge was to make her a little happier so she would give a better performance in "Morning For Margie."

Rosie had raised no objections to this engagement. It was as if, having denied her daughter Peter's love, she had spent her fury, proved she was capable of guiding her star's destiny.

Rosie arranged the party. But Jeannie gave it, to show everyone how happy she was. Dorothy Lester, Jeannie's publicity girl, bought her dress at a most famous couturier's. Jeannie, however, gave her minute instructions as to the manner of dress it must be: Low-cut with a bare midriff—much too sophisticated for her.

The couturier, thinking Dorothy an obscure publicity woman buying the gown for herself, sold the same model to Gloria. Therefore, when the Peter Blakes arrived at the party Jeannie and Gloria realized they were gowned identically. There was nothing to do but laugh about it, of course, and, later, pose for the photographers arm in arm. Peter did not laugh, however.

As Rosie took Gloria into the house Peter maneuvered Jeannie into the pergola. "You shouldn't have bought that dress," he told her.

'I suppose you think it's a Gloria Thornton exclusive," Jeannie said bitterly.

Peter shook his head. "It's okay for Gloria, but you're not the type for it."

"The fine distinction evades me," said Jeannie, not realizing how young she sounded.

"But you're different," Peter protested. "Don't you see, Jeannie, you're—well, you're the simple type!"

"*I am indeed!*" she said.

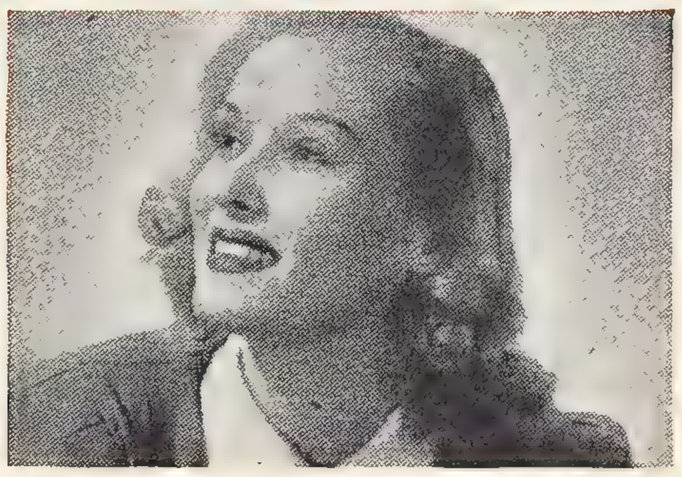
"I don't want to quarrel with you, Jeannie," Peter begged, "I want to tell you something."

"Yes?" Her voice was icy.

"The Marines turned me down."

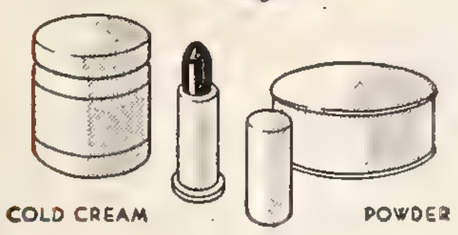
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For seconds Jeannie could not have managed a deep breath if her life had depended upon it. Peter trying to enlist . . . Peter fighting in a jungle . . . Peter in danger . . . It was almost more than she could bear to have him belong to another girl, but at least he was safe, at least she could see him sometimes.

"Peter," she said, "you wanted to be a Marine?"

"Well, I want to help somehow." Then, even if he had had a hundred wives and even if she had been engaged a thousand times she could not have stopped herself from saying, "Oh, my darling!"

Without a conscious movement on the part of either, suddenly they were in each other's arms. All the hunger of the weeks apart was in his kiss on her answering lips. At last they stood guiltily apart. "Why did it have to be you?" he asked her, desperately.

"Why did you marry Gloria?" she asked with equal desperation.

This was the moment to tell her of his mistake. But Rosie called, "Jeannie, Jeannie, darling, the photographers are here."

THE lawn and house were crowded with beautiful and exciting guests. There was wonderful food and the best liquor. Yet the party would have died on its feet had it not been for one gate crasher.

Marian Morgan, ignoring the talent scout's telegram, had presented herself at the studio just as if she had a contract. But studio gatemen are wise to bluff and she had gotten exactly nowhere. To crash Jeannie's party she had spent her last money for an enchanting Adrian dress.

It was when the party was at its lowest ebb that Marian, the only unimportant person there, corralled an impressive group into the living room and, picking out a musician at random, manipulated him to the piano. Then, elevating herself to the top of the piano, she said, "My name's Morgan. If I didn't sit on a piano it would ruin a grand tradition."

She sang all the hit tunes from "Arizona" and many nostalgic numbers. She was very pretty. Her hair was blonde and piled on top of her head and her face had a freshly-washed Kansas look. But it was her talent that held her famous audience spellbound.

A lot of people asked "Who is she?" The most important person who asked it was D. P. Lawrentz. Her pianist answered, "She tells me Charlie Moses wanted you to sign her but you thought you had too many girls her type."

D. P. laughed. "Don't tell anybody," he said, "but I'm slipping."

Upstairs in Jeannie's bedroom, Marian confessed to Jeannie that she had crashed the party. "I'm glad you did," Jeannie laughed. "You are wonderful. You can be a big star if you want to be."

"If I want to be!" Marian gave the line all her intensity.

"Why?" Jeannie asked.

"Because . . . well, it's something I feel inside of me." She smiled, "Why did you want to be?"

"I didn't," Jeannie said.

At the same time Paul Daniels and Gloria Thornton were in the pergola discussing Paul's next picture in which Gloria was to appear. "I'm going to get a performance from you if I have to beat it out of you," Paul told her.

She laughed. "Save the whips! For you I'll give the performance free!"

They were still talking as the party broke up. Rose hurried up to Jeannie, bidding her guests good-by, and whispered, "Paul and Gloria are in the pergola. Paul's kissing her!"

"Good-by," Jeannie was saying to Anne



3 Main Deodorant Troubles—

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YODORA *deodorant cream*

Sheridan. "It was so nice to see you."

"Aren't you going to stop them?" Rosie demanded.

"Good-by," Jeannie said to the Jimmy Cagneys, "You were sweet to come."

Rosie went off, defeated. For the first time in her life she wondered what her child really felt or thought. In the hallway she met D. P. Lawrentz. He asked her to tell Marian Morgan he would like to see her in his office the next morning.

At ten sharp Marian sat opposite D. P. in that strangely tentative way in which so many other girls had sat before him.

"I heard you sing at Jeannie's party," he began.

"I know," she smiled, "I was singing for you."

D. P. grinned. Other girls had talked like this. He was not impressed with Marian's line. But he was impressed with her talent. He leaned back in his big chair. "Jeannie Holmes was the best little actress on this lot until she fell in love," he said. "I'll never know why she allowed the boy to marry someone else or why she's now engaged to someone else. However, in the process of all this she has lost something on the screen. So . . . I'm going to put you in a picture I planned for her. Maybe this will bring her to her senses. Happy?"

Marian stood up. A muscle in her cheek twitched. Her hands shook. "I won't be anybody's threat," she said, her voice tight. "I won't be a second Jeannie Holmes or a second anybody else. I have what it takes. I'll do it on my own or not at all."

D. P. let her leave the office. Then, laughing, he pulled down the key on the inter-office communication. "You have Marian Morgan's address?"

"Yes, Mr. Lawrentz," said his secretary.

Marian, in the ladies' room of the executive building, was being violently ill.

Over in the make-up department Hazel was brushing Jeannie's long chestnut hair. Walter was painting a mouth over her lips. Watching all this was Dorothy Lester, the publicity girl.

"Make her glamorous, kids," she said. "Now that she's a grown-up engaged girl her new portraits *have to be glamorous.*" She spoke of Jeannie in that curious way publicity people have of speaking of stars —as if they were very rich, very powerful, very valuable imbeciles.

Hazel handed Jeannie a mirror. "Look, ducky, what Hazel dreamed up for you!"

There was a whirring noise inside Jeannie's head and the room suddenly grew dark. "I can't look," she said, although she had not meant to speak at all.

They laughed in that forced way studio workers laugh when they think a star has made a joke but aren't quite sure.

"Come along, lambkin," Dorothy said. "We mustn't keep Cupperman waiting."

"I'm not going to be photographed today," Jeannie said.

"Don't you like your hair, Miss Holmes?" Hazel asked anxiously.

"Something wrong with the make-up?" This from Walter.

"Are you ill, dear?" Dorothy asked.

Jeannie shook her head, "No, but I just can't be photographed."

Dorothy's professional good nature was wearing thin. "Honey," she said, "you look glamorous but you mustn't act it. You're Jeannie Holmes, Dorothy's old stand-by."

Tears welled up in Jeannie's eyes. "Don't do that!" Walter shouted dabbing at her make-up with a tissue.

Jeannie had hysterics. Tears streaked her make-up. Words came out of her mouth that she had not meant to utter. Her mind was a pit of darkness.

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***All-purpose* DEODORANT**

Use this positive deodorant powder on sanitary napkins

The dictionary defines "nervous breakdown" as "a condition of mental depression and unusual ineffectiveness." A famous psychiatrist once said, "It is a manifestation of the will to escape from circumstances too great to be borne. A minor death wish."

Dorothy Lester dashed for the studio doctor who gave Jeannie a hypo. She notified Jeannie's producer. She called the head of publicity, Lance Bradshaw, who got in touch with a little nursing home that had guarded stellar secrets before. She called a lot more important people whose lives and incomes would be enormously affected if Jeannie wasn't pulled together somehow. They all milled around and shouted and conferred as Jeannie went right on having hysterics.

It did not, however, occur to Dorothy to call Jeannie's fiancé, Paul Daniels. Not that she could have reached him anyway. He was in his office rehearsing Gloria for the big scene of their next picture. And he had told his secretary that under no circumstances was he to be disturbed.

"This will be a very emotional scene," be told Gloria. "I know you have emotion. I can tell—just by being around you."

Gloria smiled, "We're going to town on this picture, you and I."

BY the time Dorothy Lester got Jeannie to the nursing home the girl's hysteria had spent itself. "I'm sorry," she said lying back in the clean bed. "I don't know what possessed me to act like that."

"It's okay, honey," Dorothy said. Her professional manner was gone. In her heart now she had only pity for a bewildered girl who had somehow lost her way.

"Isn't it funny," Jeannie asked, "all the fuss they make over me because my name is Jeannie Holmes? If I were just any girl with hysterics my mother would have slapped my face and told me to behave."

"Oh Lord," Dorothy moaned, "I forgot to call Rosie."

The wild expression came back to Jeannie's eyes. "Don't, Dorothy, please."

Her terror was so real that Dorothy glimpsed the truth. Somehow, she thought, Rosie is responsible for this.

"Dorothy. . . ."

"Yes, honey?"

"Would it be bad if Peter came here?"

Dorothy knew suddenly that Peter Blake could make Jeannie well. Yet she hesitated. Lance Bradshaw, her chief, would not approve of Peter's coming to the nursing home. It was a safe enough place, away from the prying eyes of the press and all that. But suppose somebody talked and it got out that Gloria's husband had rushed to Jeannie's bedside.

Dorothy engaged in a small war with herself. Then, bending swiftly over the pale girl in the white bed, she said "I'll get Peter here. I promise."

She did not, however, call Peter from the nursing home. At the corner drugstore she changed a quarter into nickels and called the Beverly Hills Hotel. Gloria's voice came on the wire. Dorothy spoke fast. "This is Dorothy Lester in publicity," she said. "We want Peter for some special art tomorrow. Do you know where he is?"

"Yes," said Gloria "I know where he is."

"Could I speak to him?" Dorothy asked.

Gloria laughed. "Not very well. The Marines may have turned him down. But the Army took him . . ."

Dorothy sucked in her breath.

"He left a note," Gloria went on "just like in the movies. Want to hear it?"

Dorothy said, "Yes."

"Dear Gloria: The Army took me. I'm glad. Peter."

How can they untangle their mixed-up lives? You'll see—next month.

The Shadow Stage

(*Continued from page 21*)

and Fred MacMurray for another hit.

The most pleasing thing about it is the newness of the story idea—one that completely departs the tired old path trod by so many former movies.

Fred MacMurray as the returned hero who finds himself, through a misunderstanding, engaged to a girl he isn't even particularly fond of, gives a bang-up performance. And Claudette seems more at ease and happier than ever in the role of the unwanted fiancee.

Gil Lamb, an adenoidy rival, is a howl and Mikhail Rasumny as the photographer (remember him as the gypsy in "For Whom The Bell Tolls?") threw us right into the aisle.

Cecil Kellaway, Isabel Randolph, Rosemary DeCamp and Robert Benchley all fit aptly into this happiest of events.

Your Reviewer Says: So good you could eat it with a spoon.

✓✓ Sunday Dinner for a Soldier (20th Century-Fox)

WHEN "Dinner" finally gets itself on the table, as it were, and ceases its whimsical whirling about, it's as tender a little thing as you'd hope to be served. John Hodiak's entrance, somewhat delayed, is signal for the action to get going and merge into the romance that comes as dessert, of sorts.

Anne Baxter is head of a family consisting of an irresponsible old "grandfeathers," Charles Winninger, two small brothers, Bobby Driscoll and Billy Cummings, and little sister Connie Marshall.

Living on a Florida houseboat, the poor but happy family decides it their patriotic duty to give Sunday dinner to a soldier. When the meddlesome widow Anne Revere interferes, the little family, after endless scrimping and planning, find themselves with no soldier, until, wandering up the beach, comes Sgt. Hodiak.

While this is by no means a lavish and imposing film, it is nevertheless important for the tenderness of story and the acting of Anne and John.

Your Reviewer Says: It will charm the heart of you.

✓ Between Two Women (M-G-M)

WELL, happy are we to report the *Dr. Kildare* series are going right on with Van Johnson taking over as *Dr. Red Adams*, which should be reason enough for the bobby-socks to give up that "apple a day."

Van's very likable in the role of the young medico who solves the case of why a healthy girl, Gloria De Haven, a tricky little night club entertainer, can't eat, which is a new angle on those legendary "hungry blonde" stories.

Melodrama gets its inning when *Doc Red* performs a serious kidney operation and romance creeps in when luscious Marilyn Maxwell, rich and booful, tries to annex *Red* for her own. How he can resist her is the "mystery angle," we presume.

Lionel Barrymore is right in there pitching, of course, as the crusty heart-of-gold *Dr. Gillespie*. Keenan Wynn is credible as a night club master of ceremonies. Keye Luke, Alma Kruger and Marie Blake are all present and accounted for.

Your Reviewer Says: Good, even though we miss Ayres.



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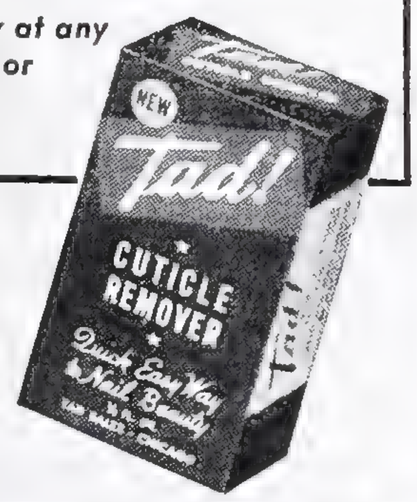
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✓ The Three Caballeros (Walt Disney-RKO)

WALT DISNEY spent five years experimenting in the use of cartooned and actual life characters on the same screen through a photographic process, and we can't help but feel the astounding result would have been more appreciated in a story of continuity with more concrete plot construction. As it is, we have three Disney characters, American *Donald Duck*, Brazilian *Joe Carioca* (the star of "Saludos Amigos") and newcomer *Panchito*, a sort of Mexican charro rooster who, through the medium of a flying serape, visit the Latin American countries, meet up with such real-life characters as Aurora Miranda, Carmen Molina, Dora Luz and many other singing and dancing stars.

The color is heavenly, the effects bewildering to the senses and the magic of Disney's pencil out of this world, but we frankly feel the box-office appeal will be felt more fruitfully below the border.

Your Reviewer Says: A breathtaking novelty.

✓✓ Here Come The Waves (Paramount)

WELL, thank goodness we don't have to wade through a lot of basic training routine and "buddies-through-it-all" stuff in this happy-as-a-lark story about the girls of the Navy—the Waves.

Rather we have the sailor girls as sort of background for a lot of musical fun and nonsense with such talent yet! There's Bing Crosby, for instance, who plays a crooner with a trick voice that the bobby-socks just adore. Now who could that be? And Betty Hutton as twins (imagine two Huttons in one film) one a blonde and one a redhead. And then there's that big good-natured airedale Sonny Tufts, always around to help the story out when it gets a bit weak in the knees.

The songs are cute, especially that "Accent-chu-ate The Positive" number that Bing and Sonny render in blackface. And a right fair warbler is Sonny even when up against the old maestro.

Betty gives personality to both her characters, looks cute, acts cute, sings cute, is cute. Her number "There's A Fella Waitin' In Poughkeepsie" is cute, too. In fact, it all adds up to quite a cute show and one you'll just naturally want to see.

Your Reviewer Says: So musical.

✓ Experiment Perilous (RKO)

AN absorbing psychological drama dealing with a beautiful woman, Hedy Lamarr, who lives in a nightmare of suppressed terror that centers around her small son and her insanely jealous husband, Paul Lukas.

George Brent as a doctor enters the story when he befriends a woman he accidentally meets on a train, who turns out to be a sister to Lukas, and who later mysteriously dies in his home. As physician and amateur detective, Brent meets and falls in love with Hedy and eventually discovers the cause of her terror at the risk of his own life.

Hedy has progressed as an actress, giving a finely shaded performance. Paul Lukas is superb and Brent his usual pleasing self. Albert Dekker, Carl Esmond, Olive Blakeney and Margaret Wycherly take part in this excellent story.

Your Reviewer Says: Fascinating.

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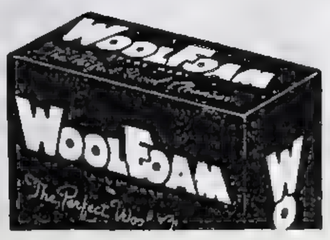




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✓ Double Exposure (Paramount)

IT all begins when Chester Morris, editor of a weekly photographic magazine, finds a new flash bulber, one Nancy Kelly, a member of his staff. But Phillip Terry, her beau from the same small town as Nancy, follows her to New York to see no harm befalls her. He shouldn't have given it a thought, for Nancy outmaneuvers the clever Mr. Morris professionally and romantically until she suddenly finds herself embroiled in a murder mystery. Then Morris comes to her rescue.

Everyone seems to have a right good time, so why shouldn't you?

Your Reviewer Says: Fair to middling.

✓ Gentle Annie (M-G-M)

GENTLE ANNIE is gentle, we suppose, in comparison to the rough and tough days in Oklahoma in 1901, but to us she seemed quite a gal condoning train robberies by her sons because the money was stolen from Yankees. But nevertheless *Annie*, as played by Marjorie Main, is a likable character and provides some really good moments of entertainment.

Half the romance comes in when Donna Reed, a girl who finds herself stranded out west, seeks shelter with Marjorie and her two sons, Henry Morgan and Paul Langton, who just love their ma.

The other romantic half enters the picture with the arrival of James Craig who pretends to be a wanderer, but is really a government detective sent to search out the guilty train robbers.

Barton MacLane is the sheriff and John Philliber a greedy old photographer.

Your Reviewer Says: It's unique anyway.

Dangerous Passage (Paramount)

NOW here's a guy that has more trouble than a homeless rat, and it's all wrapped up in the double-trouble story of one Robert Lowery who hopes to evade enemies seeking his inherited fortune by boarding a slow and moth-eaten steamer only to run into a whole new pot of stew all about a night club entertainer and a secret agent attempting to stall the ship owner's phoney insurance plot and we're all out of breath and so will you be too, if you bother about it.

We liked Phyllis Brooks and Robert Lowery, but we wish they'd stay home and keep out of trouble.

Your Reviewer Says: Anybody got a match?

✓ The Suspect (Universal)

"THE SUSPECT" is a pip of a story concerning a murderer, Charles Laughton, with whom one completely sympathizes, which is a cunning device of the writer, for we, rather than the murderer, suffer as the suspense mounts.

You'll like Charles Laughton and approve his work. Ella Raines as the girl he loves and marries gives such a fine performance it adds up to the fact that here is an actress that must not be ignored by Hollywood.

Stanley C. Ridges as the relentless inspector is a one, let us tell you. Henry Daniell gives us the shivers and Dean Harens as Laughton's son is a likable kid. Rosalind Ivan, Molly Lamont, Eve Amber and Maude Eburne aid in making this a really swell story.

Your Reviewer Says: It will clutch the interest and hold on.



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Of course the secret of Tampax is that it is *worn internally*, so it is absolutely invisible in use and can cause no bulges or ridges or wrinkles in the clothing. The doctor who invented Tampax has achieved a very dainty product composed of pure surgical cotton compressed into neat throw-away applicators . . . No odor can form. There's no chafing—you can't even feel it when in place. Easy disposal.

Buy Tampax at drug stores and notion counters. *Three absorbencies:* Regular, Super, Junior. Whole month's supply will go into your purse. Economy Box contains 4 months' average supply. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

NO BELTS
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3 absorbencies { REGULAR SUPER JUNIOR



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

House Of Frankenstein (Universal)

IT'S unbelievable! Here we have the Undying Monster playing patty cake with *Dracula* (who takes, instead of gives, a pint of blood) while the Wolf Man skips rope with that dear divine old darling, the mad scientist. There's all sorts of sticky goings-on among these reprobates, which leaves one in such a fog of bewilderment and embarrassment that anyone could even dream up such a thing let alone make it into a picture that—oh, for heavens sake, what ails Universal anyway?

Boris Karloff is the scientist (that makes a nice little change) and Lon Chaney the Wolf Man. John Carradine is *Dracula* and looks hungry enough for the role we must say. J. Carrol Naish is the deformed and nasty Monster and get this: Anne Gwynne is the girl in love with the Wolf Man. Next they'll have her going steady with that snappy old character—the Frozen Mummy. Elena Verdugo, Sig Ruman, Lionel Atwell and Peter Coe have the misfortune to know all these unattractive people.

Your Reviewer Says: What more do you want—egg in your beer?

✓ Destiny (Universal)

IN a picture called "Flesh And Fantasy" produced by one Charles Boyer, there was an episode so clever it found its way to the screen as a picture on its own. And a strange and very entertaining film it is, based on the story of an ex-convict who finds himself innocently involved in another crime which sends him into hiding.

Into the hillside farm of Frank Craven and his blind daughter Gloria Jean, stumbles this man. Thawed by their unquestioning friendliness, the man wages within his own battle—crime against decency—until another catastrophe plunges him into a headlong decision.

Alan Curtis does his best work as the convict, and Gloria Jean is splendid as the blind girl. Strange to find her all grown up to romantic roles. Splendid support is offered by Grace McDonald, Vivian Austin, Frank Fenton and Minna Gombell.

Your Reviewer Says: A very odd but interesting tale.

✓ They Shall Have Faith (Monogram)

IT was inevitable that a story on the dread disease polio, or infantile paralysis, should be made—and it seems while various factors huddled and muddled over the Sister Kenny story designed for Rosalind Russell who wanted so badly to play it, Monogram stepped in and intelligently stole the thunder.

Timely, too, is its theme, dealing with the work of Army doctors in connection with this work as applied to soldiers on battle fronts. Gale Storm, young, vivacious and athletic, is the heroine suddenly stricken with the disease, and John Mack Brown the Army major who helps her regain her health.

The cast is splendid, offering Conrad Nagel as Gale's father, Sir Aubrey Smith as the crusty grandfather, Mary Boland and Frank Craven as the uncle and aunt, Johnny Downs as her fiance and Catherine McLeod as her secretary.

Your Reviewer Says: Drumbeats for the March of Dimes.



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Brief Reviews

(*Continued from page* 25)

Woolley is priceless as a Broadway promoter, and the songs are nostalgically lovely and haunting. Anthony Quinn, Veda Ann Borg, Beverly Whitney and Clarence Kolb lend welcome support. (Jan.)

LIGHTS OF OLD SANTA FE—Republic: Dale Evans' rodeo is fast-going on the rocks, even though it's managed by Gabby Hayes. So Roy Rogers and Richard Powers, both likely lads, are interested in Dale and her rodeo, and the net result is lots of singing, dancing, trick riding, and everything but worry over the problem at hand. (Feb.)

✓✓✓*LAURA*—20th Century-Fox: Sophisticated, adult entertainment so smoothly executed and so cleverly performed that it's a joy to behold. It's a murder mystery involving interesting and alarming people, and you'll marvel at the finished performance of Clifton Webb, enjoy the magnetic appeal of Dana Andrews and appreciate the quiet underplaying of Gene Tierney. (Jan.)

MAN IN HALF MOON STREET, THE—Paramount: Nils Asther is ninety years old but looks thirty-five because he keeps transplanting into his body the glands of young men whom he murders for the purpose. Scientist Reinhold Schunzel aids in this defiance of nature. But finally Nils' loyal fiancee Helen Walker discovers his little secret. With Paul Cavanaugh and Edmond Breon. (Jan.)

MAIN STREET AFTER DARK—M-G-M: A short punchy film that serves as a warning to service men against the crooks who haunt cheap beer and dance halls. Selena Royle is the head of a family of such criminals until police lieutenant Edward Arnold cracks down on the gang. With Dan Duryea, Hume Cronyn, Audrey Trotter and Tom Trout. (Feb.)

✓*MARK OF THE WHISTLER, THE*—Darmour-Columbia: Richard Dix turns in a bang-up performance as a derelict who poses as another man in order to collect a large sum of money from a bank. He actually gets the money but collides with crippled peddler Paul Guilfoyle, and from then on he gets deeper and deeper into trouble. Janis Carter, John Calvert and Porter Hall are all very good. (Jan.)

✓✓*MASTER RACE, THE*—RKO: A gripping and grimly realistic picture showing, through the rebirth of a village freed from German occupation, how the Nazis plan to sow the seeds for World War III. George Coulouris is the Nazi colonel who pretends to be an Allied sympathizer. Carl Esmond, Nancy Gates, Osa Massen and Stanley Ridges do excellent work. (Dec.)

✓✓*MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS*—M-G-M: The *Smiths* of St. Louis in the nineties are the nicest people you'll ever meet, and the story of how they don't want to move to New York is replete with charm, color and romance. The family consists of Judy Garland in love with Tom Drake, Margaret O'Brien, Lucille Bremer, and Joan Carroll as her sisters, and Mary Astor and Leon Ames her parents. The music is delightful. (Feb.)

✓*MINISTRY OF FEAR*—Paramount: This is filled with confusion and intricacy of plot, but the actors perform so well that it has its points. Ray Milland gets released from a British asylum on charges of a mercy killing, only to get embroiled with Nazi spies hiding behind a charity organization. Marjorie Reynolds is the Austrian girl, Carl Esmond her brother and Dan Duryea a villain. (Jan.)

✓✓*MRS. PARKINGTON*—M-G-M: Those who have read Louis Bromfield's novel will find no fault with its translation to the screen, for it's superbly done. Greer Garson is the young Western girl who marries the wealthy *Major Parkington* and matures graciously into a magnificent old woman. Pidgeon as the dynamic major does his best work to date. With Edward Arnold, Frances Rafferty, Agnes Moorehead and Gladys Cooper. (Dec.)

MY PAL WOLF—RKO: Sharyn Moffett is a little girl whose parents leave her in the care of peculiar servants, and her only interest is the police dog she finds and tries to shield from her governess, Jill Esmond. The story's weakly constructed, but in spite of this, it isn't at all a bad picture. (Dec.)

MURDER IN THE BLUE ROOM—Universal: Anne Gwynne, her mother Nella Walker and stepfather John Litel, reopen a haunted mansion with a party at which Bill Williams disappears for good. Grace McDonald, Betty Kean and June Preisser sing and dance right through it all, and Regis Toomey, Andrew Tombes and Donald Cook help keep the mystery complicated. (Feb.)

MY GAL LOVES MUSIC—Universal: Bob Crosby is a crooner-band leader who puts on a local kid contest over a national hook-up to find a child prodigy. So Gracie McDonald poses as a child and wins the contest, only to fall in love with Crosby. Betty Kean warbles away, Freddie Mercer sings too, and Walter Catlett and Alan Mowbray mug at each other all over the place. (Feb.)

✓*NATIONAL BARN DANCE*—Paramount: If you like the corny but lively radio show of the National Barn Dancers you'll like their movie even better. Bob Benchley plays the radio agent to whom Charles Quigley attempts to sell his idea of a National Barn

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Dance show. Pat Buttrom is funny and Jean Heather is the girl Quigley romances. (Dec.)

✓*NONE BUT THE LONELY HEART*—RKO: The attempts of a cockney to reach out to a better life, laid against the dreadful atmosphere of London's slums, make up this tale of Richard Llewellyn's. Cary Grant gives a truly understanding performance as the cockney and Ethel Barrymore does beautiful work as his mother. June Duprez and Jane Wyatt are the girls in his life. (Dec.)

NOTHING BUT TROUBLE—M-G-M: Laurel and Hardy are still going strong after all these years, and this time they get involved in political intrigue, attempted assassinations and kidnaping charges. They have good company in their boy-monarch foolery in the persons of Henry O'Neill, Philip Merivale and John Warburton. (Feb.)

ONE BODY TOO MANY—Paramount: A life insurance salesman, Jack Haley, finds himself an appointed watcher over a corpse in a house full of ghoulish relations, and the things that go on are out of this world. Jean Parker is the niece of the deceased, and the cast includes Bela Lugosi, Blanche Yurka, and Douglas Fowley. Haley is a scream. (Jan.)

✓*RAINBOW ISLAND*—Paramount: A lush Technicolor dream with Dottie Lamour roaming around in her well-filled sarong. Merchant Marine Eddie Bracken tells the fantastic tale of his adventures to his pals, of Dottie and her romance with Barry Sullivan, of Gil Lamb's capering, of Lamour's full-blown loveliness, and of the comical situations in which Bracken finds himself. (Jan.)

✓✓*SAN DIEGO, I LOVE YOU*—Universal: A refreshing, zany story packed with chuckles and laughter, this has professor Edward Everett Horton and his mad family traveling to San Diego to be near the testing plant of Horton's invention, a collapsible life raft. Louise Allbritton as the daughter turns in a fine performance, and Jon Hall is so good as the wealthy railroad owner. (Dec.)

SHADOW OF SUSPICION—Monogram: Those jewel thieves are back again, as busy as usual. This time they slip priceless gems into a pair of bronzed baby shoes and you get all the resulting nonsense you've seen before. Anyway, Tim Ryan is cute and Marjorie Weaver pretty, and Peter Cookson a brave newcomer to tackle this one. (Jan.)

✓*SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS*—20th Century-Fox: A typical Technicolor musical, with Vivian Blaine, Carmen Miranda and Phil Silvers inheriting a rundown southern plantation which is taken over by Sgt. Michael O'Shea for army wives who cavort all over the place. Miranda garnishes a few laughs as a walking radio set and the tunes are pretty, but on the whole it's just an average movie. (Feb.)

✓✓*SONG TO REMEMBER, A*—Columbia: The influence of a shrewd woman on the life and works of a genius is here splendidly portrayed by Cornel Wilde playing Frederic Chopin, and Merle Oberon as George Sand, the woman who brings him into the limelight of fame. Paul Muni plays Chopin's old teacher, whom Merle tries to keep away from him.

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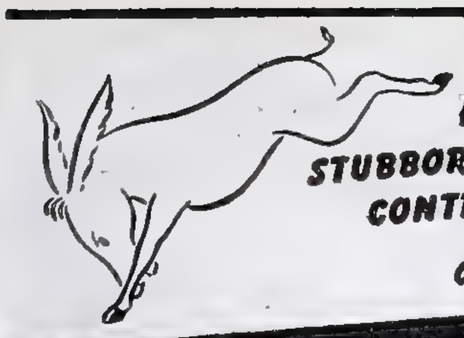


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The music is exquisite and exciting, making the picture the musical treat of the year. (Jan.)

SWING HOSTESS—PRC: Martha Tilton makes her debut as an actress-singer, and puts over her songs in fine style. The story has to do with a juke-box operator whose voice leads to another girl getting a singing job through an error, and it takes a lot of time before it gets all straightened out. Iris Adrian, Cliff Nazarro and Betty Brodel seem happy to be in it. (Feb.)

✓✓*TALL IN THE SADDLE—RKO*: A Western mystery drama with action and romance, and John Wayne as the new ranch foreman who arrives in town to find the man who hired him has been murdered. Ella Raines becomes his boss instead, and Wayne is romantically caught between Ella and the Eastern Audrey Long. The fight sequence between Wayne and Ward Bond is one of the best screen fights you've seen. (Dec.)

THAT'S MY BABY—Republic: Richard Arlen is the best thing about this picture, which could have been funnier. The screen's crowded with actors, specialists and all kinds of music. Ellen Drew is mixed up in it, as are Leonid Kinskey and Minor Watson, and you can hardly find the poor little plot. (Dec.)

THIN MAN GOES HOME, THE—M-G-M: This long-awaited renewal of the series proves very disappointing in all departments, including the performances of Myrna Loy, William Powell, and *Asta* the dog. Lucille Watson and Harry Davenport are Powell's parents, and the suspects in the mystery are Gloria De Haven, Helen Vinson, Leon Ames and Anne Revere. (Feb.)

✓✓✓*THIRTY SECONDS OVER TOKYO*—M-G-M: Told with sincerity, integrity, simplicity and authority, this picture of Doolittle's first bombing of Tokyo is a great one. Van Johnson as Ted Lawson proves himself a fine actor, and Phyllis Thaxter as his wife is a charming, gracious actress. Spencer Tracy plays Doolittle with strength and purpose, and Robert Walker is splendid. The suspense created throughout the picture is terrific. (Feb.)

THREE IS A FAMILY—Lesser-United Artists: Babies are all over the place in this wartime problem story, even right in the apartment of Charles Ruggles and Fay Bainter. Marjorie Reynolds is the mother of twins, Helen Broderick the maiden aunt, and Arthur Lake, Jeff Donnell, Cheryl Walker and William Terry keep the plot whizzing. (Feb.)

✓✓*TOGETHER AGAIN*—Columbia: Irene Dunne is a small town mayor who goes to New York in search of a sculptor to create a statue of her late husband. So the sculptor turns out to be Charles Boyer who follows her back home, captures the fancy of her step-daughter Mona Freeman, and things happen in all directions. Charles Coburn is cute as her father-in-law, and the audience howled with laughter. (Feb.)

✓✓*TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT*—Warners: The news of this picture is a newcomer named Lauren Bacall whose performance is so intriguing it has Humphrey Bogart fighting like mad to stay in the running. Despite the repetitious theme of Bogart in Martinique, with Vichy France slugging it out with its enemies, you'll never lose interest. Hoagy Carmichael as the piano player is very good. (Jan.)

✓✓*TOWN WENT WILD, THE*—PRC: A crackerjack story full of surprises and cozy laughter, with Eddie Horton and Tom Tully as bickering neighbors. When it appears that Horton's son, Freddie Bartholomew, and Tully's son, James Lydon, may have gotten switched at their births, the town really goes wild. Especially as Freddie wants to marry Tully's daughter, who may now be his sister. (Feb.)

✓*VERY THOUGHT OF YOU, THE*—Warners: Dennis Morgan and Dane Clark are soldiers on furlough who plunge headlong into romance, Dennis with Eleanor Parker, although her family tries to oppose the match; and Dane with Faye Emerson, Andrea King plays Eleanor's sister married to a sailor whom she hasn't seen for two years, and Georgia Lee Settle the kid of the family. It's a delightful little story. (Jan.)

WHEN THE LIGHTS GO ON AGAIN—PRC: A post-war story of pre-war vintage, with Jimmy Lydon as a Marine back from the South Pacific who suffers amnesia in a traffic accident. Regis Toomey is good. Grant Mitchell and Dorothy Peterson are the parents. (Dec.)

✓✓*WINGED VICTORY*—20th Century-Fox: An entertaining, almost documentary film stressing the personal angle of our Air Force. The story begins with three boys, Lon McCallister, Don Taylor and Mark Daniels entering the Air Force, proceeding through basic training, on their ultimate destinations. All the boys in the picture are members of the Air Corps, and there are too many splendid performances and touching moments to list. It's an American triumph. (Feb.)

✓*WOMAN IN THE WINDOW, THE*—International-RKO: Edward G. Robinson is a mild, home-loving professor who inadvertently kills a man in the home of Joan Bennett. Their efforts to get rid of the corpse and evade the law is the theme of this neatly constructed story in which suspense runs high. Raymond Massey is the district attorney friend of Robinson's, and Dan Duryea the blackmailer after Joan. (Jan.)

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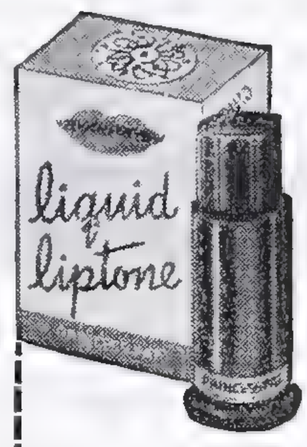
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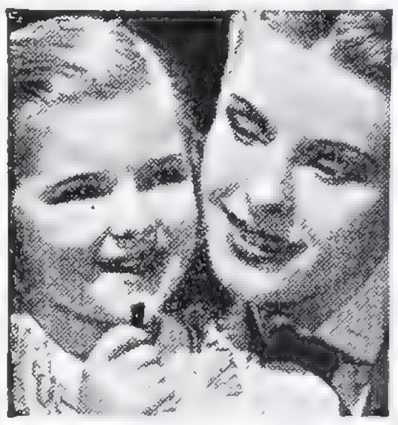
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(*Continued from page 23*)

felt letters, spelling out "Janie" pinned on their sloppy joes.

This picture showed the real teen-ager. There is no hint of delinquency in it, while some pictures produced in Hollywood picture us as delinquents who haven't a chance. We are getting sick of these films because the majority of us are good kids.

So let's have more pictures like "Janie." It helps our morale!

Dixie Shour,
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I am referring to the recent Elsa Maxwell party which was cruelly slandered by John Knight in the Chicago Daily News. I would like to ask Mr. Knight how many parties he has attended recently. Don't you think, Mr. Knight, that it is better to spend one's money to make others happy and forget their worries for a while, than to store it in vaults? The stars' salaries are common knowledge, but it is the business tycoons with unknown hoardings who should be condemned.

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Sheila Kastner,
Cornwall, Ont.

HONORABLE MENTION

IF I could have my way I would start out by picking Loretta Young to tell my troubles to. For long talks by the fire, I'd pick Bette Davis.

Next I believe I would go to Orson Welles' house, drag him to the nearest barber shop and hold him down till he no longer looked like the "Hairy Ape!"

I'd then go to see Dixie Crosby and have her show me all of Bing's pastel-colored shirts and jackets.

My last stop would be Frank Sinatra's for a spaghetti dinner and a concert of my favorite songs by Frank himself.

Janet Grisetti,
San Diego, Calif.

ORCHIDS to George Sanders! If you've seen "Summer Storm" you'll know what I mean. I've seen every picture he's made, but the latter convinced me he can't pretend any longer to be the woman hater he's made out to be.

Eunice Collins,
Santa Monica, Calif.

HOLLYWOOD prides itself on being a stickler for detail. After seeing "Thief Of Bagdad," "Arabian Nights" and "Ali Baba And The Forty Thieves," I have come to the opinion that, in their eagerness to produce such "fairy-tale" pictures, the producers don't keep their finger on details. A Muslim daughter never speaks out before her sire as she is shown doing in Ali Baba. She is timidity itself in her conduct with the male persons of her household. She keeps to her own secluded part of the house. And she would never dare to defy her prospective husband. These are but a few of the things in which Hollywood wrongs the Muslims.

Doulatrao Parshuran,
Karachi, India



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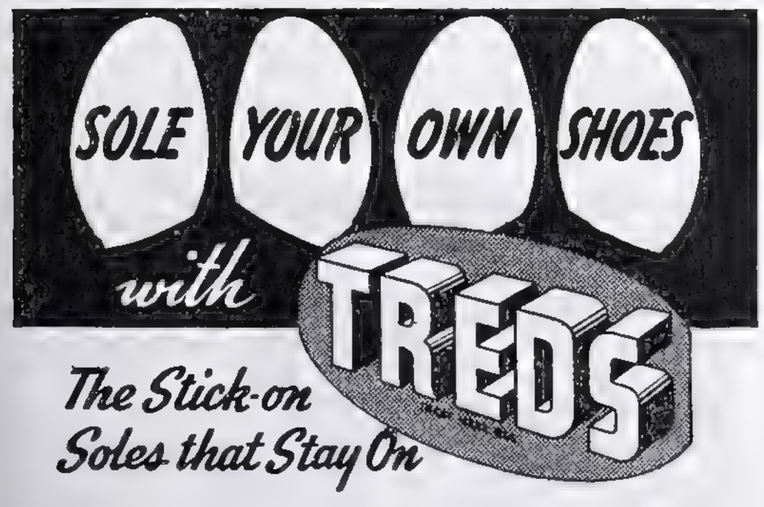
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You and Frank Sinatra

(*Continued from page* 49) much for her," and her mother's problem is to find what this is and correct it. For girls of fourteen just don't leave homes in which they're happy, even though the reasons why they are unhappy may be things their parents never realized, or thought important. Perhaps this girl's parents don't get on too well together, so that the home atmosphere is strained and painful. Or they may have overstrict ideas, so that their daughter cannot get the fun a girl needs except in her private dreamland. Or perhaps nobody ever helped her learn to get on with her playmates—boys, particularly—so she grew discouraged and quit trying.

I had quite a talk with Frank about girls like her, and he seemed to agree with my idea that there really aren't any "delinquent children": There are only parents who—often through no fault of their own—have fallen down on their job. This job in the present case (and it's the girl's job also in the long run) is to help her find a better way of making up to herself what she is missing. It is to discover real things she can get fun out of doing, and real people she can learn to care for.

TO begin with, people don't really develop into the right sort of men and women by what they read in books—even though books are important, as Frank himself often tells you. Our characters are formed mainly by our mental pictures of the people whom we either want to be like, or like to imagine caring for us. You can't be in love with a man, even a dream man, without trying to be what you think he'd want you to be—beautiful and sweet, for instance.

But what made you choose Sinatra as your dream man? Or, if not him, then some other famous person whom you probably will never meet, and certainly can never hope to have a chance to spend the rest of your life with?

Primarily, there is the fact that "everybody's doing it," and that's even more important to you now than it will be when you're a little older. Because you're still more than a bit scared inside and find it easier to do what other girls your age do than be different and run the risk of being thought peculiar. This, in fact, is the real reason for most of the "crazes" young people go in for, and it's too bad that more older folks don't understand it.

Then again, it's a lot simpler, at first, to love a dream man than a man you know and have to "do something about." I dare say that on your first real date, you were too much worried over the impression you were making to enjoy the evening, and I'll bet ten to one that you'd be scared speechless if you had to spend an hour with Frank "in person." But so long as all you have a chance to do is dream about him, you can be as glamorous and irresistible, and can make him as devoted as you please, and nobody can stop you. Of course, someday you will realize that the real thing, even if it isn't perfect, is better than dreaming; but right now your dreams are necessary as a sort of dress rehearsal for the big moment that's coming.

The men, old and young, who make fun of your "swooning" are in fact much more to blame for it than you are. For, in recent years, there's grown up what amounts to a conspiracy to cheat girls out of romance. I don't know how the idea got started that a man who's thoughtful and attentive to a girl is the next thing to a sissy, but I do know that idea has cheated a whole generation of girls out of what ought to be every woman's birthright. And if the girls try to make it up to themselves by falling hard for somebody who acts the way they'd like to have their

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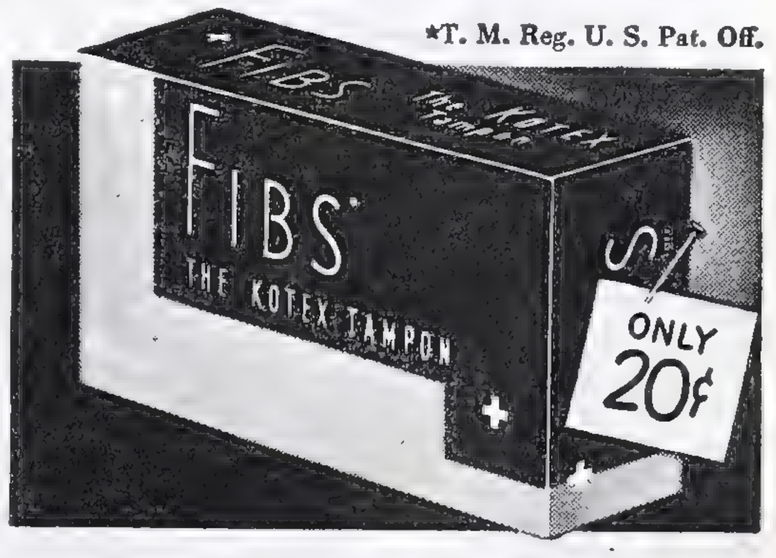
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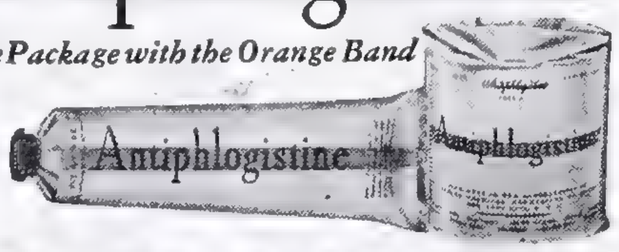
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friends act, whose fault is it? Not theirs!

This of course, in his way, is the thing that Frank Sinatra is particularly good at. I'm not going to talk about his singing from the standpoint of a music critic, because that is not my business. But he does get into his voice something for which the best word I can think of is "pleading." He makes you feel that to him a girl's love is precious beyond words, and that he will be heartbroken if he fails to win and keep it. And by making yourself feel you are the girl to whom he's singing, you get the sense of your own importance—the "build-up" in your own eyes—which you must have before you will have the confidence to face the world as a woman. No wonder you love to listen to him.

And now I am sure you'd like to have me tell you how I think Frank feels about you. The thing that surprised and pleased me most about him was the seriousness with which he takes the job of meaning what he does to the future wives and mothers of the country he loves. I believe that he not only likes you and is grateful to you for the success you have given him; he believes in you and in the future for which he is helping you get ready. In fact, as I write he is just starting on a tour in which he plans to speak to a good many thousands of you in your schools and churches on the things he feels are most important to you: Racial and religious tolerance and the need of staying in school as long as you can.

For himself, he's human enough to enjoy your admiration, but would like to have you think of him in private life as the happy husband and devoted father he is. In fact, there is nothing he appreciates more than the way in which most of you have taken his wife and his babies into your hearts with him.

Anyhow, so far as Frank is concerned, your devotion is safe with him until you are ready to transfer it to one who'll give you in return a love that will be all yours.

THE END

Casts of Current Pictures

BETWEEN TWO WOMEN—M-G-M: *Dr. "Red" Adams,* Van Johnson; *Dr. Leonard Gillespie,* Lionel Barrymore; *Edna,* Gloria De Haven; *Tobey,* Keenan Wynn; *Ruth Edley,* Marilyn Maxwell; *Molly Byrd,* Alma Kruger; *Sally,* Marie Blake; *Dr. Lee,* Keye Luke; *Nurse Parker,* Nell Craig; *Nurse Morgan,* Edna Holland; *Marian,* Lorraine Miller; *Dr. Walter Carew,* Walter Kingsford; *Eddie Smith,* Tom Trout; *Nurse Thorsen,* Shirley Patterson.

CAN'T HELP SINGING—Universal: *Caroline Frost,* Deanna Durbin; *Johnny Lawlor,* Robert Paige; *Prince Gregory,* Akim Tamiroff; *Lt. Latham,* David Bruce; *Senator Frost,* Ray Collins; *Koppa,* Leonid Kinsky; *Aunt Cissy,* Clara Blandick; *Frances MacLean,* June Vincent; *Jake Carstair,* Thomas Gomez; *Sam Archer,* Andrew Tombes.

DANGEROUS PASSAGE—Paramount: *Joe Beek,* Robert Lowery; *Nita Paxton,* Phyllis Brooks; *Daniel Bergstrom,* Charles Arnt; *Mike Zomano,* Jack LaRue; *Buck Harris,* Victor Kilian; *Saul,* William Edmunds; *Dawson,* Alex Craig; *Vaughn,* John Eldredge.

DESTINY—Universal: *Jane Broderick,* Gloria Jean; *Cliff Banks,* Alan Curtis; *Clem Broderick,* Frank Craven; *Sam Baker,* Frank Fenton; *Betty,* Grace McDonald; *Phyllis,* Vivian Austin; *Marie,* Minna Gombell; *The Warden,* Samuel S. Hinds.

DOUBLE EXPOSURE—Paramount: *Larry Burke,* Chester Morris; *Pat Marvin,* Nancy Kelly; *Ben Scribner,* Phillip Terry; *Dolores Tucker,* Jane Farrar; *James B. Turlock,* Richard Gaines; *Sonny Tucker,* Charley Arnt; *Smitty,* Claire Rocheller.

EXPERIMENT PERILOUS — RKO: *Allida Bederaux,* Hedy Lamarr; *Huntington Bailey,* George Brent; *Nick Bederaux,* Paul Lukas; *Cissie Bederaux,* Olive Blakeney; *Claghorne,* Albert Dekker; *Alec,* George M. Neise; *Elaine,* Stephanie Bachelor; *Maitland,* Carl Esmond; *Maggie,* Margaret Wycherly; *Miss Wilson,* Mary Servoss; *Deria,* Julia Dean; *Young Alec,* Billy Ward.

GENTLE ANNIE—M-G-M: *Lloyd Richland,* James Craig; *Mary Lingen,* Donna Reed; *Annie Goss,* Marjorie Main; *Cottonwood Goss,* Henry Morgan; *Violet Goss,* Paul Langton; *Sheriff Tatum,* Barton MacLane; *Barrow,* John Philliber; *Gansby,* Morris Ankrum, *Hansen,* Noah Beery Sr.; *Jake,* Frank Darien; *Childers,* Robert Emmet O'Connor.

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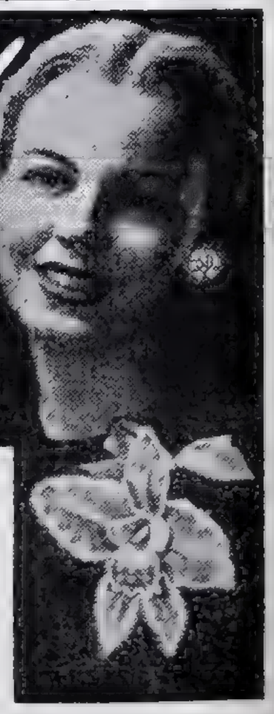
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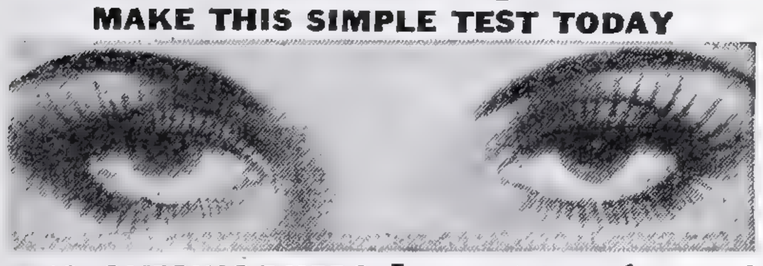
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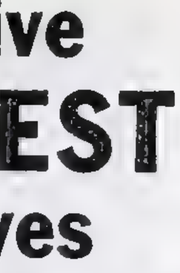


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HERE COME THE WAVES—Paramount: *Johnny Cabot,* Bing Crosby; *Susie Adams,* Betty Hutton; *Rosemary Adams,* Betty Hutton; *Windy,* Sonny Tufts; *Ruth,* Ann Doran.

HOLLYWOOD CANTEEN—Warners: Andrews Sisters, Jack Benny, Joe E. Brown, Eddie Cantor, Kitty Carlisle, Jack Carson, Dane Clark, Joan Crawford, Helmut Dantine, Bette Davis, Faye Emerson, Victor Francen, John Garfild, Sydney Greenstreet, Alan Hale, Paul Henreid, Robert Hutton, Andrea King, Joan Leslie, Peter Lorre, Ida Lupino, Irene Manning, Nora Martin, Joan McCracken, Dolores Moran, Dennis Morgan, Janis Paige, Eleanor Parker, William Prince, Joyce Reynolds, John Ridgely, Roy Rogers & Trigger, S. Z. Sakall, Zachary Scott, Alexis Smith, Barbara Stanwyck, Craig Stevens, Joseph Szigeti, Donald Woods, Jane Wyman.

HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN—Universal: *Dr. Niemann,* Boris Karloff; *Larry Talbot* Lon Chaney; *Dracula,* John Carradine; *Daniel,* J. Carrol Naish; *Prof. Lampini,* George Zucco; *Rita,* Anne Gwynne; *Carl,* Peter Coe; *Arnz,* Lionel Atwill; *Hussman,* Sig Rumann; *The Monster,* Glenn Strange.

I'LL BE SEEING YOU—Selznick: *Mary Marshall,* Ginger Rogers; *Zachary Morgan,* Joseph Cotten; *Barbara Marshall,* Shirley Temple; *Mrs. Marshall,* Spring Byington; *Mr. Marshall,* Tom Tully; *Swanson,* Chill Wills; *Lieut. Bruce,* Dare Harris; *Sailor on Train,* Kenny Bowers; *Hawker,* Olin Howlin; *Salesgirl,* Dorothy Stone; *Paratrooper,* John James; *Charlie Hartman,* Eddie Hall; *Sailor in Coffee Shop,* Joe Haworth; *Counterman,* Jack Carr; *Soldier-Father on Train,* Bob Meredith; *YMCA Hotel Attendant,* Robert Dudley; *Mother of Boys,* Margaret Bert; *Boys Outside Theatre,* Mickey Laughlin, Hank Tobias, Gary Gray; *Dog Owner,* Earl W. Johnson.

KEYS OF THE KINGDOM, THE—20th Century-Fox: *Father Francis Chisholm,* Gregory Peck; *Dr. Willie Tulloch,* Thomas Mitchell; *Rev. Angus Mealy,* Vincent Price; *Mother Maria-Veronica,* Rosa Stradner; *Francis (as a child),* Roddy McDowall; *Rev. Hamish MacNabb,* Edmund Gwenn; *Monsignor Sleeth,* Sir Cedric Hardwicke; *Nora (as a child),* Peggy Ann Garner; *Nora,* Jane Ball; *Dr. Wilbur Fiske,* James Gleason; *Agnes Fiske,* Anne Revere; *Lisbeth Chisholm,* Ruth Nelson; *Joseph,* Benson Fong; *Mr. Chia,* Leonard Strong; *Mr. Pao,* Philip Ahn; *Father Tarrant,* Arthur Shields; *Aunt Polly,* Edith Barrett; *Sister Martha,* Sara Allgood; *Lieutenant Shon,* Richard Loo; *Sister Clotilde,* Ruth Ford; *Father Craig,* Kevin O'Shea; *Hosannah Wang,* H. T. Tsiang; *Philomena Wang,* Si-Lan Chen; *Anna* Eunice Soo-Hoo; *Alex Chisholm,* Dennis Hoey; *Ned Bannon,* J. Anthony Tughes; *Bandit,* Abner Biberman.

NATIONAL VELVET—M-G-M: *Mi Taylor,* Mickey Rooney; *Mr. Brown,* Donald Crisp; *Velvet Brown,* Elizabeth Taylor; *Mrs. Brown,* Anne Revere; *Edwina Brown,* Angela Lansbury; *Donald Brown,* Jackie Jenkins; *Malvolia Brown,* Juanita Quigley; *Race Patron,* Arthur Treacher; *Farmer Ede,* Reginald Owen; *Miss Sims,* Norma Varden; *Ted,* Terry Kilburn; *Mr. Hallam,* Arthur Shields; *Entry Official,* Aubrey Mather; *Tim,* Alec Craig; *I. Taski,* Eugene Loring; *Mr. Greenford,* Dennis Hoey.

PRACTICALLY YOURS—Paramount: *Lieutenant Daniel Bellamy,* Fred MacMurray; *Peggy Martin,* Claudette Colbert; *Albert Beagell,* Gil Lamb; *Marvin P. Meglin,* Cecil Kellaway; *Mrs. Meglin,* Isabel Randolph; *Ellen Macy,* Rosemary DeCamp; *Commander Harpe,* Tom Powers; *La Crosse,* Mikhail Rasumny; *Judge Oscar Stimson,* Robert Benchley; *Uncle Ben,* Arthur Loft; *Musical Comedy Star,* Jane Frazee.

SUNDAY DINNER FOR A SOLDIER—20th Century-Fox: *Tessa,* Anne Baxter; *Eric Moore,* John Hodiak; *Grandfeathers,* Charles Winninger; *Agatha,* Anne Revere; *Mary,* Connie Marshall; *Mr. York,* Chill Wills; *Kenneth Normand,* Robert Bailey; *Jeep,* Bobby Driscoll; *Mrs. Dobson,* Jane Darwell; *Michael,* Billy Cummings; *Samanthy,* Marietta Canty; *WAC,* Barbara Sears; *M.P.'s,* Larry Thompson, Bernie Sell; *Photographer,* Chester Conklin.

SUSPECT, THE—Universal: *Philip,* Charles Laughton; *Mary,* Ella Raines; *John,* Dean Harens; *Huxley,* Stanley C. Ridges; *Mr. Simmons,* Henry Daniell; *Cora,* Rosalind Ivan; *Mrs. Simmons,* Molly Lamont; *Merridew,* Raymond Severn; *Sybil,* Eve Amber; *Mrs. Packer,* Maude Eburne; *Mr. Packer,* Clifford Brooke.

THEY SHALL HAVE FAITH—Monogram: *Joan Randall,* Gale Storm; *Grandfather,* Sir Aubrey Smith; *Tex,* John Mack Brown; *Uncle Charles,* Frank Craven; *Dr. Randall,* Conrad Nagel; *1st Soldier,* Billy Wilkerson; *Aunt Mary,* Mary Boland; *Ricky,* Johnny Downs; *Martha,* Catherine McLeod; *Williams,* Selmer Jackson; *Alabam,* Matt Willis; *2nd Soldier,* Russ Whiteman.

TOMORROW, THE WORLD!—Lester Cowan-UA: *Michael Frame,* Fredric March; *Leona Richards,* Betty Field; *Jessie,* Agnes Moorehead; *Emil Bruckner,* Skippy Homeier; *Pat Frame,* Joan Carroll; *Frieda,* Edit Angold; *Stan,* Rudy Wissler; *Ray,* Boots Brown; *Dennis,* Marvin Davis; *Millie,* Patsy Ann Thompson; *School Principal,* Mary Newton.



BONITA GRANVILLE, Starring in Universal's "IT'S NEVER TOO LATE", finds her pet canary another one of her many "admirers."

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Canaries continue to be four-star hits in Hollywood while, more and more, the hobby captivates America. Why not have a "Hollywood corner" in your home with one of these lovable, golden-voiced little creatures? They're easily cared for and will bring you no end of cheer. And, as Hollywood does, let French's help *keep* your canary a happy singer!



OWN A CANARY... *THE ONLY PET THAT SINGS!*



For Magnetic Lips

LIKE YOU SEE IN THE MOVIES

. . . take a tip from Hollywood . . . fashion your lips with TIPSTIK. You'll find the clever, pencil-pointed, unbreakable applicator wonderful for precise lip lines. No more messy fingers, smears, ragged edges! And the rich, creamy rouge, concealed in the black plastic case, is just right in texture . . . stays on for hours, too. Yes, with TIPSTIK you can be your own make-up artist.

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25c (PLUS TAX) AT DRUG AND 10c STORES

Choose from 5 Glamorous Hollywood Reds

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My favorite store is out of TIPSTIK. Enclosed is 30c (25c plus 5c excise tax). Please send TIPSTIK postpaid in shade checked.

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Beauty Workshop
by Betsy Sanford

You're On His Pedestal



Louise Allbritton currently starred in Universal's "Bowery To Broadway"



He remembers the lovely you he left behind. Here are some tips to practice—for perfect results on his return

THE man in your life, far from home, thinks of you in glowing terms. He brags about you, tells his buddies you're lovely, perfect. "You've a lot to live up to," says Carole Landis who, like Louise Allbritton, June Clyde and so many other screen favorites, has talked with and entertained our fighting men overseas. "The story is always the same," Louise told us. "They want to find their homes and their families just as they remember them, when they come back. And they remember them at their best."

Home Beauty Courses . . . You're high on his pedestal. If you've been asleep at the switch since he went away, put your beauty on a schedule. For professional guidance, look into beauty courses you can take by mail. They don't cost much but they can make you look like a million. You learn to eat, sleep, exercise, dress, speak, carry yourself graciously for beauty and charm. No department of hair, skin, voice, make-up, hands, figure, clothes, colors for you *personally* is overlooked. You become lovelier than you or he dreamed.

Or—You're on Your Own . . . Every woman who cares a fig gives time daily to the obvious beauty rites. But without a schedule, the beauty *extras* are often neglected. Over your mirror, pin up one that works for you. *Monday* . . . Check up on your clothes. Maybe a hem needs its stitch in time, a slip needs shortening. Any buttons missing? Do you need a new girdle? *Tuesday* . . . Experiment with new cosmetics. Have you read any new beauty tricks you ought to try out? Read aloud to improve your voice. Do you need a new permanent? Maybe a wonderful relaxing bath with all the trimmings will make body and spirit sing. *Wednesday* . . . For mid-week pick-up, give yourself a facial, apply a mask to rouse circulation, help brighten your skin. Pluck straggling eyebrows. *Thursday* . . . This is a good day to prepare for week end loveliness. Use a good depilatory or hair-remover on legs and under arms. Then do your hair, preferably under the shower for thorough rinsing. Try a new hair style this week. *Friday* . . . Give yourself a good manicure. Shape nails, work on cuticle, apply base and one coat of polish a couple of hours before you go to bed. Before you turn out the light, on goes the second coat of polish to dry while you read, say your prayers and dream of tomorrow. *Saturday* . . . Even if your date isn't with *him*, take time today to look your most ravishing. Go to luncheon, shopping or the movies as though this is the most wonderful date you've ever had. Spend extra time getting ready for an extra lovely effect. *Sunday* . . . This is a day of rest, but there's no day on the calendar when beauty can be forgotten. Catch up with the inner you. Be the prettiest girl in church. Catch up with the world. Read your Sunday papers. Take a long walk. And go to bed early to face the new week looking and feeling grand.

You'll be a new woman as the result, and he'll come home to the girl whose loveliness has haunted his every dream.

Hollywood Says . . . .

When she washes her face, June Haver adds lemon juice to the final rinsing water to help keep her lovely skin white.

A beauty expert says that rolling your arch over your old-fashioned kitchen rolling pin is one of the best exercises for foot strengthening.

Before and after a swim, Esther Williams applies baby oil generously not only to her face but to arms, legs and body as well.

Edith Head, designer, okays the velvet-bow fad as still the smartest coif decoration.

"Love is a lot of Little things!"

Famous Star gives advice on how to win romance and hold it!

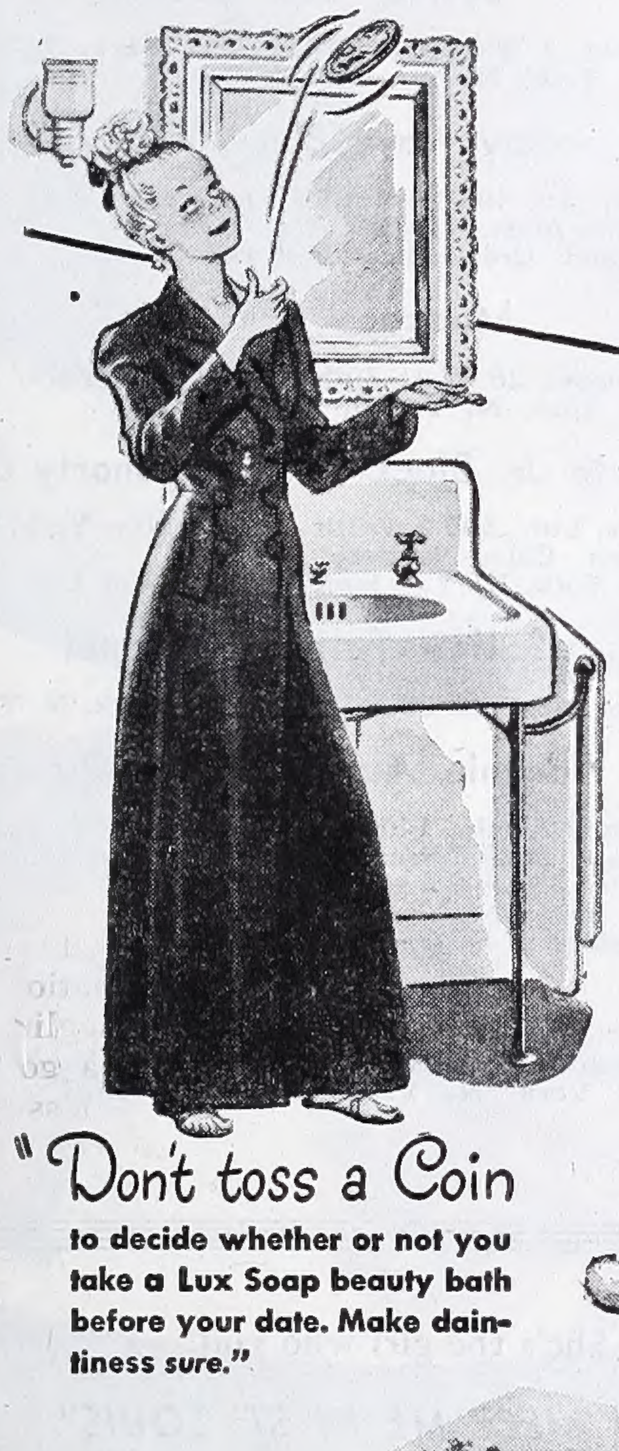
"Every girl knows that in love *everything*'s important! What you wear, what you say, how you *look*," says charming Anne Baxter. "So don't be careless, don't risk losing the loveliness that wins Romance and *holds* it!"

IN RECENT TESTS of Lux Toilet Soap facials, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time!



Starring in
20th Century-Fox's
"A ROYAL SCANDAL"

ANNE BAXTER



"Don't toss a Coin

to decide whether or not you take a Lux Soap beauty bath before your date. Make daintiness *sure*."

"Don't believe a word of it

when temptation whispers: You're much too tired for beauty care tonight. Regular Active-lather facials with Lux Soap take just a few moments—and they really make skin softer, smoother—*lovelier*."



"You get your Man

—and you *hold* him, too, when you take the *right* beauty care. I use Lux Soap every single day —for my complexion, and as a *bath* soap, too."



9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it—*This Beauty Care really makes skin lovelier!*

P
M
M



Are your hands ready for that sweet moment when he places the ring on your finger? Are they smooth, white, caressingly soft to his touch? They will be if you use Sofskin as a regular part of your daily beauty routine. Sofskin softens and smooths wrists, elbows and ankles as well as hands. Get your jar today.

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This *homogenized* facial helps give face and neck remarkable 'BEAUTY-LIFT'



Helps Skin Appear Firmer, Smoother—
So Caressingly Soft With Each Application!

Now! Right in your own home you can give your face and neck a thrilling new 'Beauty-Lift' with Edna Wallace Hopper's Homogenized Facial Cream.

This famous method of skin care gives you a *complete* de luxe facial in only 8 minutes. It's really inspiring to see how it leaves your skin looking so much smoother, firmer, with an enchanting baby freshness.

The Hopper Method—Why It's So ACTIVE

Briskly pat this especially *homogenized* lubricating cream over face and neck (follow arrows in diagram). Gently press an EXTRA amount of Hopper's over any lines or wrinkles. Leave on about 8 minutes. Then tissue off.

The reason Hopper's Cream is so ACTIVE and lubricates the skin *so expertly* and evenly — why it gives such an effective facial — is because it's *homogenized!* Faithful use helps maintain *natural* dazzling beauty thruout the years. At all cosmetic counters.

Edna Wallace **HOPPER'S HOMOGENIZED FACIAL CREAM**

More stores from coast-to-coast where you can buy these young and gay fashions on page 76 to 78—or write directly to the manufacturer for further store information.

Jr. Deb Grey Striped Suit

Simon Cohen & Co., 512 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Dallas, Tex.—A. Harris & Co.
New York, N. Y.—Saks Fifth Avenue
Philadelphia, Pa.—Gimbel Bros.
Washington, D. C.—Lansburgh & Bro.
Block and Kuhl Stores throughout Illinois

Betmar Black Sailor

Betmar, 1 West 39th Street, New York, N. Y.
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale Bros.

Judy Bond White Blouse

Judy Bond Blouses, 1375 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Jaunty Jr. Flannel Suit

Morris W. Haft Co., 500 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Chicago, Ill.—Mandel Bros.
Los Angeles, Cal.—Bullock's
Newark, N. J.—L. Bamberger & Co.
Portland, Ore.—Chas. F. Berg, Inc.
St. Louis, Mo.—Stix, Baer & Fuller Co.

Betmar Felt Cloche

Betmar, 1 West 39th Street, New York, N. Y.
New York, N. Y.—Best & Co.

Arkay Navy Blue Wool Suit

Arkay, Jr., 498 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Boston, Mass.—Jays, Inc.
Portland, Ore.—Meier & Frank Co.

Madcaps' "Fun Cap"

Madcaps', 28 West 39th Street, New York, N. Y.
New York, N. Y.—B. Altman & Co.

Hi-Ho Jr. Black & White Shorty Coat

Leeds, Ltd., 500 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Denver, Col.—Neusteter Co.
New York, N. Y.—James McCreery & Co.

Salfair Felt Play-topper

Salfair, 65 West 39th Street, New York, N. Y.

Tommie Austin Casual Dress

Tommie Austin, 1400 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
Dallas, Tex.—Sanger Bros.
New York, N. Y.—Stern Bros.
Washington, D. C.—S. Kann Sons Co.

Madcaps' Bonnet

Madcaps', 28 West 39th Street, New York, N. Y.
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale Bros.

She's the girl who said,

"MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS"

You'll want to meet

JUDY GARLAND

in the delightful

story about her by

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

in the

April Photoplay

NEW 15 MINUTE HOME TRIAL TINTS HAIR

BLACK • BROWN • AUBURN OR BLONDE

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This remarkable discovery, Tintz Color Cake Shampoo, washes out dirt, loose dandruff, grease, as it safely gives hair a real smooth colorful tint that fairly glows with life and lustre. Don't put up with faded, dull, off-color hair a minute longer, for Tintz Color Shampoo works gradually—each shampoo leaves your hair more colorful, lovelier, softer, and easier to manage. No dyed look. Won't hurt permanents. Get this rich lathering shampoo, that gives fresh glowing color to your hair, today. In six lovely shades. Only 50 cents each or 2 for $1.00.



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NOW YOU CAN GET TINTZ AT LEADING DEPARTMENT STORES, WALGREEN'S, WHELAN'S, MOST DRUG STORES AND 5 & 10c STORES

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Send one full size TINTZ COLOR SHAMPOO in shade checked below. On arrival, I will deposit 50c plus postage charges with postman, on guarantee that if I'm not entirely satisfied I can return empty wrapper in 7 days and you will refund my money.

☐ 1 CAKE 50c ☐ 2 CAKES $1

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Check shade:
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- ☐ Black
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- ☐ Medium Brown
- ☐ Auburn (Titian)
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And when your G. I. Joe steps out of khaki into a blue pin-stripe and he's home for keeps, you'll again enjoy Chesterfields together and agree that nothing measures up to their . . .

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